

SOUTH AFRICA AT HOME



BASUTO-
LAND

ORANGERY

BECHUANA-

RHODES-
LAND

SLA

SWAZILAND

ROBERT H. FULLER



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SOUTH AFRICA
AT HOME



CAPETOWN AND TABLE MOUNTAIN.

[Frontispiece.]

SOUTH AFRICA AT HOME

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The author takes the opportunity of thanking his friends, both in South Africa and England, for their help in giving him up-to-date information of the movements, both in town and country, and thus enabling him to give as much freshness as possible to his book.

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DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR

TO

SIR THOMAS E. FULLER, K.C.M.G.

(frater fratrum)

ALSO TO HIS

‘TRAVELLING COMPANION,’

WITH GRATEFUL MEMORIES

1216915

INTRODUCTION

THE idea of writing a book on South Africa with its diverse populations, without reference to politics and scarcely to history, was a very happy one. Looking the other day over the well-furnished library of the Royal Colonial Institute, I found that since the commencement of the war between three and four hundred books had been published about South Africa and its people. Many of them were the personal experiences of soldiers during the war, and criticisms or descriptions of military operations ; others were of a more general character, with views and advice on the development and government of the country. They embodied a great deal of intelligent observation, and much picturesque and even brilliant description of the new features which attracted them to the country.

Such an array of literary achievement might well be the despair of any writer who felt he had still

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something to say on South Africa. But the book to which I am glad to write a few words of introduction deals with a still unoccupied corner, and will, I hope, find a sphere of its own. It passes by the conflicts and controversies—political, racial and social—which have troubled South Africa for so many years, and essays to give a picture of the people in town and country—‘dwellers at home’ and wanderers under ‘hoop and tilt.’

South Africa lends itself to such a study. The scattered homesteads, the vast open veldt, the wild animal life in the mountain kloofs and the open plains; the differing characteristics of Briton, Boer, and Native give an air of romance to the country, and an interest to its isolated, social, and to some extent predatory life, which has for years charmed tourists and sportsmen, to say nothing of travelling politicians.

The life and occupation of the writer of ‘South Africa at Home’ fitted him for such a task. As Principal of the Dale College—the leading educational institution on the frontier of the Colony—he was brought into contact with the youth of the community, and with their haunts and homes in town and country.

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He soon evinced genuine love for the Colonial life. He made many friends and spent vacations in up-country trips, which brought him into sympathetic contact with its bold scenery and its social life. Some of these friends will recognize in this volume some of the experiences and impressions, which are, I know, to him and to them still delightful reminiscences of his sojourn on the frontier of the Colony.

T. E. F.

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CHAPTER ONE

THE COUNTRY

MOST new-comers make their first acquaintance with South Africa at Table Bay. For whether Capetown is their ultimate goal or some point further east, all the great liners call at this port. Happy is the lover of beauty who, when he draws out from the immensity of the lonely sea, first makes the land at early dawn in brilliant spring weather.

A sight opens on his view never to be forgotten. The change from the vast unbroken horizon, with the sea on every side, to a panorama of mountain and terraced heights, with vast expanse of land and sky, is like a sudden awakening from a somewhat bewildering dream to a yet more entrancing vision. As our ship turns eastward from its long southerly course, far away the jagged tops of the Hottentots' Holland stand revealed crisp in the dawning light. The sun, not yet risen, throws up a glamour of light reflected from the waste of sand all round them, then as it takes a sharp curve to the right Table Mountain itself comes full square before us, flanked on the east by the well-known Devil's Peak, and on the west by the great Lion's Head. The clouds on the top of Table Mountain itself, mostly white in their vapoury march, assume for a brief moment the

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appearance of a golden gauze. The waters of The Bay, as smooth as glass save for a succession of long unbroken tidal ripples, are rich crimson with a fringe of blue. A swarm of seafowl seem sleeping on the quiet water in front of us, taking no heed of the coming ship. Then as we move slowly on they lightly rise, streaming off in two directions, gently rippling the water with their webbed feet. Soon the town, almost enveloped in trees, is before us. The whole scene is enhanced by the open vastness of the atmosphere. A quite new conception of earth and air comes glancing into the mind: there are no clouds, no haze, to half reveal and half conceal the light of the now risen sun. One clear shining light fills all things. The sky seems infinitely more remote than when at its clearest in England.

Yes! the first impressions of South Africa are boldness, spaciousness, grandeur; long acquaintance brings other thoughts, too, but these impressions are never lost—we are all parts of what we have seen. As the new-comer draws near the Dock Pier, inside the great breakwater, he soon escapes the glamour of the landscape and a certain feeling of strangeness creeps over him. A motley crowd is there waiting. The helmets worn by the cautious, the turbanned heads of the Malays, the half-naked bodies of the Kroomen from the west coast, and the Kafirs from the east strike the eye with a quite unfamiliar aspect, an effect not lessened, as the ship draws close up, by the sight of the sandalled feet of the Malays, with their curious wooden toe posts, and the cunning, inscrutable faces of one or two pigmy Hottentots. A relief to this strangeness is given when he catches sight of a sprinkling of top hats with the frequent bowler, and still more when a row of hansom cabs comes into view, albeit the cab itself has a style of its own, and perhaps a Malay sits on the perch instead of the familiar smart London Jehu; but most of all when a hearty English handshake gives its greeting from some friend who is down to meet the new arrival, and who hurries him off in a hansom

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after handing his luggage over to some one who knows the ropes, to pass it through the customs.

The town is a mile or so from the docks. As one passes through the streets, he notices the stoeps or verandahs in front of the houses, so different from the bare fronts of English houses. Many of these used to block the path, and the foot passenger had to go into the road to pass them; most if not all such have now been removed, but verandah life, not only in Capetown but all through the South African Colonies, is still a delightful element. Early morning coffee, in the freedom of the dressing-gown, and quiet talks in the cool of the evening, as well as midday lounges: we Colonists all know them. For the verandah not only gives air and shade but a genial shelter from the heavy dews, and opportunities alike for lover and friend. As for the suburbs of Capetown, or the villages, as many still call them, they will receive due attention when we come to speak of the town itself as the leading seaport and seat of government.

As most are aware, the country may be said to climb as you go inland; you go up, and up, and the descent on the inland side is always less than the ascent. You at length reach plateaus some three or four thousand feet above sea-level. In your upward progress you come on vast rolling uplands familiarly known as veldt, sometimes long stretches of level country, and ever over all the vast unbroken arch of blue. This never leaves you. Even in the most rugged Kloofs it is there, in its silent wonder. The great silence of Russia is said to be depressing; this never is. It may oppress by its heat, but it always uplifts by its clear shining spaciousness. Some one says, 'There's more happiness diffused by one day's sunshine than by a hundred Acts of Parliament.' Here the sunlight is almost perennial. The veldt or field grass is mostly composed of loose-growing blades; you rarely, if ever, find the firmly-knit growth which in England we call turf. Even the grassy plains

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of Albany have no turf. The nearest approach to it which the writer knows, is the open pasture land at the foot of the Stormberg Mountains, or between the top of Pen Hoek and the town of Molteno. This characteristic is partly due to the fact that it is never mown for hay, but when it has grown too long for pasture is burnt. I have seen these annual grass fires extending for forty or fifty miles with only a few breaks. The residents in the towns often feel a sultriness in the wind which blows over them. The uprising of the land referred to gives the more inland parts a delightful coolness even in summer, and in winter, in spite of the latitude, an intense coldness. But for it, the heat would be almost intolerable in many places where the climate is most enjoyable. Large parts of these rolling downs are covered with bush several feet in height.

When this bush is on the fringe of the mountain, and occasionally where it is very dense on the plain, it is the freehold of the oldest extant occupiers, viz., the leopard (the Cape tiger), the hyena, the jackal, the various kinds of bok, and other animals, and last, but not least, the baboon. Freehold? Yes; but the title is being more and more disputed by the hunter, sometimes in pursuit of sport, of which more anon, and sometimes to avenge the loss of a few sheep or a young calf carried off by a hungry beast. As a rule, however, the beasts find feed sufficient in the bok (buck) and the baboon without interfering with domestic life. I doubt if a man is ever attacked by them unless he is the aggressor. I have ridden alone on a road through the bush surrounded by mountainous heights, and at nightfall heard distinctly the 'barking' of the leopard and the chattering crack of the baboon, but the fear of attack never occurred to me. Once when the guest of the hospitable Road Magistrate on the Katberg, I found his children playing on the skirt of the forest, where at almost any time we could hear the tigers and baboons 'barking' and chattering. I expressed some wonder,

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but their father said they were quite safe; although not long ago a young calf had been carried off. During the same visit to the Katberg I witnessed an interesting example of fatherly devotion in a huge baboon. Riding with a friend up the narrow road which zigzags up the face of the mountain, we startled a family of baboons on the side of the forest away from their home. They crossed the road about a hundred yards in front of us. The mother led the way, following came nine children of different sizes, then the father, a huge dark-furred creature. After he had crossed with a little one under each arm, he stood facing us about twenty yards from the road, guarding the retreat of the family; his eyes glared defiance while his shaggy breast swelled with a daring anxiety. He waited on guard till we had quite passed. I sadly wanted to shake hands with him, and have respected baboons ever since.

I have witnessed more dangerous aggressiveness in a wild cat than in any other of the South African wild beasts. I was stopping on a farm (near where General Gatacre's camp was afterwards pitched), a sojourn full of grateful memories. One day when walking round the side of the house my host suddenly laid his hands on my shoulder, and looking up I saw the keen eyes of a monster cat from the bush crouching on the roof ready for its spring; happily standing close by was one of the sons of the house with his sure rifle. In a moment a sharp click and the cat rolled over. My host told me that if once these animals clutch you with their talons they are very dangerous and difficult to deal with, but their visits are rare, and small birds and small animals usually occupy their feline attentions.

Even snakes, so much and so rightly dreaded, are never aggressive to man unless interfered with, either by accident or design. The rinkhalse will attack any one getting between it and its nest—its courage then is splendid; such is the force of motherhood in the wildest. A friend of mine met one of these creatures on a path in

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the bush, and a severe fight ensued. He had as weapon his stout riding whip only, the snake its fangs, but the man was well protected with riding overalls. These were covered with foam as the snake lashed and lashed at him in its fury, heedless of the well-laid strokes of the whip. At last both were tired out, and each went his own way. On another occasion, riding on the open veldt one Sunday morning with the same friend, we heard his little dog, who had gone on ahead (very likely scenting danger), wildly barking. He seemed circling round what in the distance looked like a flower. Riding on we soon saw it was the bright-coloured head of a large rindhalse; as we approached, the dog, who thought he had done his work, fell to the rear. We had with us nothing but the lightest of riding-whips. We searched everywhere for a stick, but all in vain; a Colonist's honour is touched if he leave a snake unkilld, but we were helpless. We returned afterwards with sticks but could not find our foe.

The main climb of the land to the great inland plateaus is, of course, by the ranges of mountains which mostly run parallel with the coast. To the great Karroo tableland the railway climbs up the Hex River Mountains. Of the great chasms and wild ravines in these we will talk when we touch on days spent on the railway from Capetown to Kimberley. The route from Port Elizabeth will take us up the Great Winterberg, that from East London climbs the Stormberg to the high land round Molteno to Burghersdorp and Aliwal onwards, that from Natal and Port Durban crosses the spurs of the Drakensberg by Colenso, Spion Kop, or by Ladysmith, finally crossing the Drakensberg into the Orange River Colony. Much varied interest attaches itself to all these, and each will have its place in the account of the trade routes.

In order to give some idea of the cross routes in the country, we may take that from King William's Town to Queenstown *viâ* Debe-nek, Fort Beaufort Seymour or Elands Post up the Katberg through the famous pass



DAIRY HERD.

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and then on to Queenstown. The writer with his travelling companion (we have travelled together many a canty day between thirty and forty years), started in his trap with a pair of stout ponies from King William's Town. In the trap we took with us our saddles, intending to leave the trap at Seymour, and there take to horseback. It was just the beginning of winter, the mornings deliciously cool. Debe-nek was our first stopping-place, where there is a comfortable little hotel kept then by a vigorous Irish hostess who regaled us, both with a good lunch and a full description of an engagement there in the last Kafir war. She told us how on the very day of the fight, the post cart went its way from King William's Town to Grahamstown with the mailbags and passengers quite unharmed. This, indeed, it did three times a week, all through the war, and the fact is worth recording as typical of the restraint maintained by the Kafirs toward non-combatants in their last war. The driver, Lang by name, was presented with a gold watch at the close of the fighting in testimony to the pluck shown in having regularly taken that lonely drive, seventy-two miles in length, week after week.

Leaving Debe-nek, instead of going the direct road for Seymour, we made for Fort Beaufort after another rest at Alice. Spurs of the Amatola mountains, covered with bush, reach down to the road near Alice. Here was the scene of many a deadly fight in the old Kafir wars. At Alice life is enlivened by the great Kafir schools at Lovedale near by, where about seven hundred native pupils receive instruction in religious, general, and technical subjects; it is conducted by the Presbyterians. Fort Beaufort is a bright little town in the midst of vast pasture plains. It is a great centre for dairy produce. When nearing this town we saw large herds of cows trending homeward for milking; this is always all done by the 'boys,' the men never allowing the women to share in cattle tending. When we reached Seymour, the hotel was in a state of commotion by reason

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of a serious cart accident in crossing the somewhat swollen Kat river. For rivers in South Africa are mostly crossed at drifts or fords; bridges are somewhat rare. As we walked along the streets every one was full of the disaster. One man had had his ankle broken. The doctor, who lived fifteen miles off, at length arrived on a noble-looking young black horse. He was a young Scotchman proud of his profession, proud of his country, but proudest of all of his horse. While the doctor was in the patient's room stillness reigned in the hotel, broken only by whispers, as the man's life was supposed to be in danger. The doctor's face as he came out in about an hour's time was very grave. It was evidently his first serious case of the kind. He talked with us about it before leaving, over the evening meal which we took together. He feared much that pyæmia was setting in, as the laceration was great. I was charmed with the young fellow's sense of responsibility. He could not stay the night, as other cases required his return; but as he galloped off he said, 'I shall be back to-morrow morning early.'

Nothing can exceed the comradeship shown in these colonial villages at such times. Separated from any other community by tracts of uninhabited land, a sleepy stillness mostly resting over them, they are as one man when a calamity happens. There is no difficulty in getting some one to go for the doctor, even though he live fifteen miles off. The incident, though grievous, was deeply interesting as revealing this phase of colonial country life. The man recovered, but his life was long despaired of. Years after I saw him in the same town hobbling about with two sticks.

In the evening we had a call at the hotel from the young clerk to the Resident Magistrate and Civil Commissioner of Seymour. The Resident Magistrate and his staff, as we shall have cause to note more than once, form a prominent feature in Cape life. Their official functions of course come first, but besides attention to

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those they keep going an amount of social life which without them would be apt to grow monotonous. We found our visitor delightful company, as well we might, for he was full of poetry and description. His poems and novels are now well known (I refer to Mr. W. Scully). Instead of going on to the Katberg the next day, we went with him for a long ride up the mountain known as Gaika's Kop (head). The top itself presents the appearance of a huge square block, with all but perpendicular sides stuck on the top of a fairly steep hill; we did not ascend this castle-like block, though our friend had made the ascent by zigzag ways on the very horse he then rode, called, by the way, Lazarus from the fact that, when he bought it, it had come back from the war full of sores. It was a gaunt-looking creature, but as nimble as a cat, and outpaced our plumper ponies, though the very pony I rode had been one of the best known for its speed in the siege of Morosi's Mountain. We parted from our friend next day with vows of eternal friendship, and many a happy crack we have had since. Next day after a ride of a few miles we reached the base of the Katberg. The mountain rose like a huge cliff, covered with richest foliage, forest trees, bush, etc. The road up the face of it was one of the achievements of the adventurous engineer Bain. Theron's hotel was to be our starting-point for the ride up. This hotel has since been turned into a sanatorium by Dr. Lawrence. On our way thither we met a face I well knew, that of the Road Magistrate. 'Whither bound?' sang out his cheery voice. 'Mrs. — has heard of your coming and here am I to meet you to say "*No; no!*" to all talk of hotels. See, there's our house and a warm welcome.' So up we turned our horses. 'Now about going up the mountain,' said he. 'Yes! you must go to-day, though you are almost sure to have a storm, but to-morrow may be worse. Your mackintoshes and leggings, however, are too light to be of any use.' So after greetings at

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the house with the lady and her children we were rigged up in true mountain style, fit to stand any ordinary storm.

The ascent was the most interesting ride we ever had. The road zigzags. It was winter, but the trees were green. I have already described the baboon adventure. Then, as we rode on, came a wagon block. Two wagons met in a narrow part of the road; there was the precipice below and the height above. In trying to pass each other the wagons had jammed. Shrill whistles brought the Road Magistrate. His skill, combined with that of the drivers of the well-trained oxen, soon relieved the situation. The drivers screamed, and the oxen of the up-going wagon backed, as if knowing well the meaning of each scream. More screaming, more straining back, and the jam was relieved. Then the down-going wagon swerved to the left, and came flush with the edge of the precipice. It was a perilous moment, and made us hold our breath, as we watched from a distance ^{down} below. It then became an anxious time with us in our turn, till we had passed the excited oxen with the descending wagon, but we got past all right, for was not the ubiquitous Road Magistrate down to see us safe through? Mounting higher, the part of the road which zigzagged to the right got no sun, and was intensely cold, with frost on the ground; while that to the left was in the full blaze of sunshine, and quite as hot as our English summer sun. At last we reached the toll-bar near the top, kept by an Englishman who had married a Kafir woman. Their half-dozen children, with crisp black curls and whitey-brown faces, evidently enjoyed life. Their mongrel parentage in no way disturbed them. They capered about like wild goats, and laughed gleefully when I called the two eldest to hold the horses while we dismounted to get some refreshment and have some talk about the famous Devil's Bellows and the pass we were approaching. The toll-man urged us to go on at once before the storm broke, as the pass would then be

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impassable, and to leave refreshment till our return. So on we went. We had not very long in which to do it, as the storm was not far off. Presently a low rumbling sound reached us, not of the storm, but of The Bellows. It soon broke into a loud roar. To our left was a deep precipice, opposite which opened a wild chasm valley with steep high rocks on either side; it looked desolate, grey, and melancholy, and suggested to one that it might have been the height down which the Gaderene swine rushed, and that they had been bellowing ever since. Through this deep gorge the wind rages and roars more or less at all times; hence its name of Devil's Bellows. We now reached the famous pass. The precipice on each side is about two thousand feet. It is a perilous crossing in a heavy storm. We were told that a wagon with a team of sixteen oxen had not long before been blown right over, and rolled down into the abyss below. When we turned again to make for the friendly shelter of the tollhouse we could see the storm careering towards us on the lower spurs of the Little Winterberg. Dense clouds hung about with their edges torn by the driving wind, with the storm-lights coming and going. Before we reached shelter the storm broke, the lightning danced about us in jagged lines, the thunder, combined with the wind roaring in 'The Bellows,' was deafening. Then the rain came in sheets. Happily we were soon off the pass, and we reached the toll-man's hut not much the worse, as the stout mackintoshes and leggings were quite a match for what we had encountered. The toll-man and his wife made us very jolly, gave us hot tea and good bread and butter, and sent us on our way rejoicing, as soon as the worst had passed over. The descent of the mountain was very cold, but a blazing fire and a dishful of hot mutton-chops soon dispelled all discomfort, while the charming geniality of our good friends gave the day a most delightful finish.

We stayed for several days at this lovely house, embowered in forest trees. During our stay a white man

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called and asked for a day's work ; he spoke well, and with the intonation so unmistakable in a gentleman. The Road Magistrate was out. Mrs. — told him that if he could see anything to do in the garden he might do it. She said to me, 'He is so gentlemanly I must ask him to lunch if you don't mind, and as you are here I shall not be nervous.' During the meal the Road Magistrate returned ; the 'gentleman' turned deadly pale, stood up, and walked out. 'Go,' said the Magistrate, 'and as I see you have done some work, this is yours' —he gave him some silver—'but never try this dodge on again.' He said he was one of the wastrels, and a thorough scamp, sent to the Colony as so many are, thinking that there some magic change would be wrought, but he told his wife she never ought to trust a white tramp. 'All respectable men *ride*.'

I could tell many similar yarns. People 'at home' used to think that if they shipped a ne'er-do-well off to some colony all would be well. But, as Horace says, 'The climate may change, but not the man.'

But 'What is a Road Magistrate?' may here be fairly asked. His duties are numerous. He tries all light offenders on the road ; the more serious ones he sends on to the nearest town. He has jurisdiction over the repairing-parties, and in general has to see that the road is kept in good condition, and to intervene in all road difficulties. This road up the Katberg needed much looking after. It was a fine piece of engineering, but of doubtful benefit, as it was very costly to maintain, and the wagoners often preferred a pass further east, where the height was less, and the slope so gradual that the wagons made their own road. It was a case of frontal attack, so dear to the adventurous engineer, where a commonplace flank movement was safer and wiser. The road is no longer maintained by the Government ; the 'flank movement' has taken its place. My friend Dr. Alfred Hillier, in that capital series of sketches entitled 'On the Veldt,' tells us that he found the old toll-bar dwelling a

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deserted hut, which none the less gave him and his companion in 'The one-horse shay' a much-needed shelter. In spite of all that I bless Mr. Bain. The whole way up the road the scene is magnificent, and at the top is in its way unrivalled. We found in course of talk that our friend the Road Magistrate was suffering from a grievance about his pension. I advised him to send all his papers to an influential M.L.A., to whom I promised to write, and I had the gratification of hearing that all had been put right. Oh, wise and friendly M.L.A., how many wrongs hast thou righted !

'C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour
Qui fait la machine à la ronde.'

The road on to Queenstown from the top of the Katberg which we traversed a few days after, is at first a steepish descent, but after that it goes over a rolling down-like country with good grazing ground, chiefly occupied by Dutch farmers.

From these various sketches it will be seen that there are many spots in South Africa of exceeding beauty, to which in some places the term magnificent is not too strong to apply. Here and there, indeed, 'the eye is satisfied with seeing,' but the country at large is not beautiful. I have heard of one German who was going back to Europe with his pockets well lined and who said that the best sight of South Africa was when on board a homeward vessel—you saw it as a faint ever-decreasing blue line upon the horizon—while another, with a touch of ribaldry, said, 'Nature had not enough stuff left to finish it when she was making South Africa.' There are thousands of square miles, such as the great Karroo, which seem to justify such a description, where

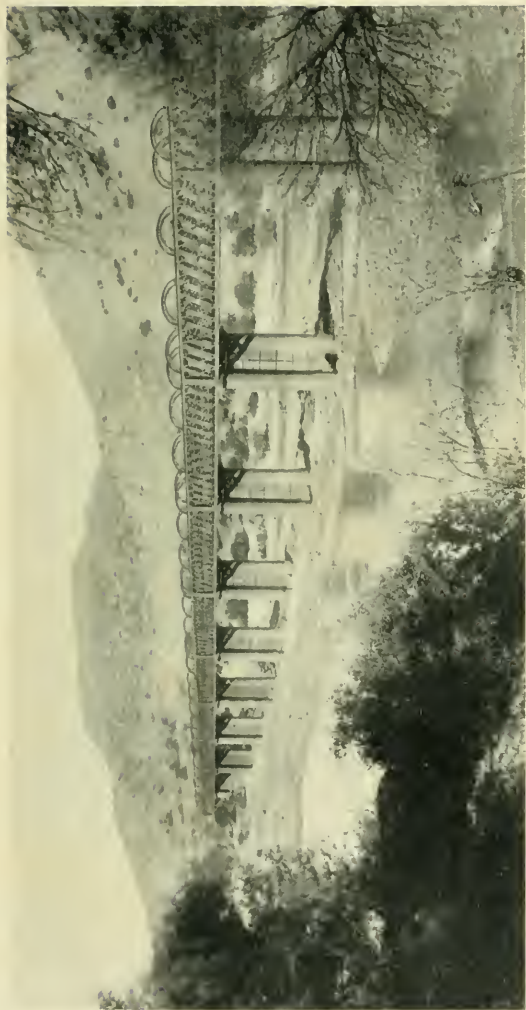
' . . . Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears, to refresh the aching eye :
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round
Spread—void of living sight and sound.'

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In these vast grassless solitudes there is no temptation to linger. Putting your horses to their best speed, the Cape cart jolts along, the treeless waste seems to roll and sway round you. Now and then you see a few dismal-looking sheep cropping the low scrub. Keeping near the margin of the wilderness the road is flanked by low sun-baked hills, which, wild and weird with their bizarre-like jagged rocks sticking out from the summits, add almost an element of horror to the lonely desolation. Yet even here, after heavy rains, I have seen the desert literally blossoming as the rose, with a brief-lived veritable garment of brilliant flowers. The silence of these sun-scorched plains a few years ago was broken only by the crack of the merciless whip and the scream of the driver as in no comforting way he called the oxen by name. To-day this is almost supplanted by the shrill whistle of the engine.

In other parts are vast regions of bare hills never trodden by the foot of man, and inhospitable even to the wild beast. On their bare rocks and stony gorges, through which no refreshing stream hustles along its merry way to a larger river, the sun pours down its pitiless heat and the stars look down with cold silence, with no responsive emotion from any living being. Amid these hills no valley farms nestle ; dreary plains, possessed by the gaunt euphorbia and the seemingly useless elephant bush, lie tenantless and silent as death. If greatly daring you enter them, as you pass through weariness of weariness lays hold of you. No streams make them glad, no lofty trees relieve. Even the cry of the jackal or the mocking laugh of the hyena would be welcome. Yet over all the spaceless blue rests serene.

In South Africa no mountains reach the snow line, for which reason there are only three or four rivers in the whole Colony which flow in perennial stream. No rivers are navigable. At flood time, after heavy rains, the trickling streams, which thread their way among stones and huge boulders, become immense volumes of water,



THE RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE ORANGE RIVER AT NORVAL PONT. OPENED FOR THE TRAFFIC IN
1890. COST OF CONSTRUCTION, £75,600. LENGTH, 1690 FEET.

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scouring wide channels in which they rush to the sea. Even the Orange River, which crosses almost the entire continent, and drags its watery length for twelve hundred miles, carries no sails upon its lonely way. It is just a vast drain, conducting the fierce and fitful mountain torrents to the Atlantic. In Basutoland it is, after heavy rains, almost grand with its mighty rush of chocolate-coloured water. Yet in dry weather, crossing over one of the great bridges which span it, you almost wonder what it is there for, as you could easily jump the tiny trickle. In so long a river, you of course come on certain level reaches which are more or less deep. The frequent floods denude the land of the alluvial soil, tear it up into sluits and dongas, and so continually lessen its fertility. Tennyson must have had such in his eye when he wrote of much lesser streams which

‘Draw down Æonian hills and sow
The dust of Continents to be.’

This is in a degree the characteristic of most, if not all, South African rivers.

Some never tire of praising the climate of South Africa, and in many respects the eulogy is well deserved. Near the coast the heat is relieved by refreshing sea breezes, while on the higher altitudes the air is dry and in the evening often cool, even in summer. The upper parts have been much praised as a resort for those troubled with lung mischief, and the air there often proves curative. Some tell us they never knew the bitterness of cold till they spent a winter on one or other of these uplands. The intense heat by day makes the cold of the night correspondingly intensely felt. The physique of the regular inhabitants is a standing testimony to the excellence of the air, but most English-born, in whatever part they reside, need a visit ‘home’ every few years to recruit both mind and body. Personally I enjoyed the climate in many ways, but felt none of the inducement

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which I do at home to outdoor pursuits, such as gardening and walking through fields and country lanes.

I have endeavoured thus to give an impressionist view of the country in general, and have drawn from my own experience. But should the reader wish to feel the intense heat of the upland farm, and let the solitude of the weary sun-dried plain enter his soul, let him read Olive Schreiner's 'Life on a South African Farm.' Or would he follow the Kafir through the pathless bush and forest, or over the trackless mountains, there is Mitford's 'Romance of the Cape Frontier.' Or to follow the still trekking Boer in the arid sandy wastes of Bushman's Land, there is that vividly written book of my friend of Seymour memories, Willy Scully, as we used to call him, 'Twixt Sand and Sun.' Or better still, let him mount a good horse, and with due appliances tackle the waste himself. Those who have once done it never forget it.

'Oh! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed
And to bound away with the eagle's speed.

Afar in the desert I love to ride
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side.
Away—away—in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed.'

Amid all these tracts of land, covered with rock and boulder, thick bush and arid plain, there are fertile expanses which yield abundant results to man's efforts. Round Capetown and the Paarl the vineyards vie in productiveness with any in the world. Cornfields stretch all round Malmesbury and other districts to the east and west. Rich pasture-lands abound in many parts, while round King William's Town and other places are thousands of acres of fertile soil devoted to market gardens and fruit culture. Orange groves, peach orchards, and fig gardens, the pretty trailing grenadilla, the pomegranate, the loquat, with the prolific Cape gooseberry are

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found both east and west. The district round Grahams-town grows much fruit, and yields an excellent crop of apples, as well as the kinds more special to the warmer climates.

The thunderstorms are perhaps heavier and the winds fiercer than in England, while the hot winds that blow from the north are very oppressive in the eastern districts. South-east winds are especially strong across the Cape peninsula, and in Capetown itself, often blowing tiny pebbles into the face if you brave them in the streets. Such a typhoon as that which lately laid low over a hundred houses in Malmesbury is, however, of very rare occurrence, and quite unheard of in most parts of South Africa. Some may remember Pringle's fine lines about the tornado, in which he describes—

'The lion gaunt with hunger
Glaring down the darkening glen ;
But a fiercer power and stronger
Drives him back into his den,
For the fiend Tornado rideth."

The scenery near the coast is softer in character owing to the moisture than that more inland. Anthony Trollope, when a guest at my house, told me that the Outeniqua Mountains and the Knysna Forest were a great delight to him owing to the richness of the grass and foliage. In Knysna Forest elephants roam wild, protected by the Government from the hunter except under special permit.

To any one steeped in the beauty of the deep English country the feeling of strangeness is never quite lost. One who has stepped over the springing turf of Sussex Down is never quite at home on the stony veldt with its frequent boulder. To one who has wandered up the English or Scotch trout streams, bag over shoulder, warily casting the tempting fly, the rocky channels of the well-nigh dried-up water-ways whisper no homely sounds. To one who has sauntered in the cool shades of the English lane between banks rich in the speedwell with

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its darling blue, and watched with tenderness the spray of the wild rose, and lovingly lingered among the dear little folk who half hide and half reveal their sweet heads in the 'Dell without a name,' or who hides in his soul memories of meadows covered with what Maeterlinck calls golden dew-drops, or who has revelled in the thousand kind hay-fields, no wild beauty of kloof or vastness of sun-swept veldt ever sufficiently appeals to rid him of a sense of strangeness and almost unreality. It is much a question of habit. We carry with us ever the scenes through which we have passed in childhood and young manhood. So to the English-trained eye South Africa, even in its beauties, is wild and weird, while to one brought up amid African sun-swept spaciousness, English scenery is somewhat tame, and English skies oppress with their nearness and cloudy covering. Happy is the man who, spite of all previous experience, can open his eyes to every fresh beauty, and let his mind expand to every new revealing of Nature's marvellous work. This is the true spirit of the traveller, and the true tone of the emigrant colonist. Such soon keep under all repining, and grow happy and more or less at home in their new country. I know no more objectionable man than he who is always disparaging the country where his life work lies, whether he be an Englishman in the Colony or a Colonist in England.

CHAPTER TWO

THE PEOPLE

NATIVES and Colonists, or Blacks and Whites, are the general divisions of the people of South Africa which both nature and art suggest. Looking closer, the Colonists quickly subdivide themselves into Dutch and English, with a considerable number of Germans, and a sprinkling of French. But even this is a rough classification. Each of these has its component parts. The Dutch not only include the Hollander and the old Colonist, but there is a sharp division between the cultured and progressive Dutchmen, both in town and country, and the Boer who still adheres to old traditions and old habits. If we listen for a while to the talk of the English, so-called, the frequent burr of the letter 'r' of the Scotch and Irish soon reminds us that British rather than English is the word to use. On the other hand, the Germans fall into the two classes of the pushing and often highly cultured merchant and professional man on the one hand, and the peasant agriculturist on the other, to say nothing of minor divisions. Moreover, belonging both to English and German, but chiefly to the latter, are many of Semitic origin, and among them some of the most prosperous of the people. Each of these sections contributes its own particular quota to the general character of the people of South Africa. Each modifies the other in a much larger degree than is generally recognised.

The enterprise of the British, the tenacity of the Dutch, the thoughtfully methodical business habits of the German,

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the patience of the peasant settler, act and react, and will eventually produce as fine a race as the world has yet seen. They have not only to subdue the earth in one of its most intractable regions, but to solve the problem of how to deal with the undeveloped powers of an ever-increasing 'native' population. This, by taxing their mental and moral energy, will largely influence and develop their characters.

We must not forget in this summary the tone imparted by the colour-loving, pleasure-loving Malay, now spreading into every part of the Colony, and almost monopolising the trade of distributing fruits and vegetables. Perhaps of all the dwellers in South Africa these people best understand the art of enjoying life. Many of them are the descendants of the slaves brought by the Dutch from Java in the old days, but a people further removed from slavery now it would be difficult to find.

In a country where there are but few manufacturers, it will be at once seen that the merchants play a most important part. We shall speak of their great business capacity and of the methods employed in the chapter on the seaport towns. In passing it may be remarked that hitherto they have furnished no distinguished members to the Government of the country. Perhaps some day they will come to the front in this respect, and fulfil Lord Rosebery's ideal of the business of the country being more effectively carried on by business men. I do not think I shall be treading on any political toes if I say that had any one of the great Eastern-province merchants taken part in the Government of that day, no such foolish attempt as the disarmament of the Basutos, in advance of the other tribes, would have been allowed, a measure which resulted in that country being removed from the jurisdiction of Cape Colony and transferred to the immediate control of the Crown.

In taking a general survey of the white people of South Africa, the most prominent fact is, that the Dutch are in a great majority in the west, the British and Germans in

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the east. A few years ago the Transvaal was almost entirely Dutch. Now the numbers of burghers belonging to Dutch and English on the register are about equal, with a slight advantage for those who used to be the Uitlanders. It is a matter of common knowledge that the Dutch made the first settlement in South Africa. It is not, however, so well known that the early Dutch felt quite as bitterly to the Government of the Dutch East India Company, as those with the most disloyal tendencies have done to the Government of England.

It is to be feared that most English people at home chiefly think of the Dutch of the Colony as represented by the less cultured class. Residents in the Colony—and, indeed, many out of it—know better than this. In Capetown and throughout the country you find some of them as highly polished gentlemen as there are anywhere in the world; men, moreover, as progressive as any Englishman. It was my lot to meet with some most delightful men and women, both descendants of the early Dutch settlers and more recent arrivals. When we reflect upon what the Dutch did for Europe in the cause of progress and liberty, as well as in the cause of literature, art, and science, we shall see that this must be so. And these cultivated Dutchmen have stuck to their adopted country, while the best of the English have been largely birds of passage. It is this fact which gives the Dutch, and rightly gives them, so much influence in the country. Whoever comes and goes they abide. They are found in every walk of life; their forefathers in Holland by long and toilsome work and clever engineering rescued their land from the inroads of the sea, and made fruitful fields where once its salt waters held sway over marshes and lagoons; they themselves, joined by the English and the Germans, will yet turn the waste places of South Africa into a land flowing with milk and honey, and growing all the cereals they require. As of all countries in the world, it is true of this, that no sudden magical changes can be wrought, but railways have begun the

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development, and irrigation is on the increase. As yet the Dutch farmers, and in a large degree the British are not fully awake to new demands, but the day is surely coming when, instead of four people to the square mile, there will be many times that number. Gold and diamonds are not for all time, but grass and wheat and corn of all sorts will grow for ever. The soil is there ; the sun is there ; all that is wanted is water. But far up in the country are vast basins only needing huge dams to hold up the water, and Dutch perseverance with English enterprise will yet accomplish this on the large scale, instead of the comparatively puny attempts of to-day.

The British and Germans form the greater part of those engaged in mercantile pursuits. Many of these from small beginnings have built up huge businesses. In earlier days these firms had stations broadcast in the up-country districts. As trade increased these were taken over as independent businesses, and the merchants concentrated their attention on their town affairs (both as merchants and forwarding agents). The spirit of enterprise which led these men to leave their homes in Europe has shown itself in a marvellous adaptability to every fresh condition of things. In the Transkei are principally found English farmers. They are nearly all doing well so far, and now that the country is more settled, now that Kafir wars have ceased to be periodical, much better work will be done. They have scarcely yet ceased to be pioneers, but greater security will bring greater enterprise. Only seventy years ago there was not a farm across the Great Fish River, and even later the Transkei and Dordrecht districts knew nothing but scattered fields of Kafir corn. It is only a few years, barely a generation, since the farmers in these districts may be said to have held the stock-whip in one hand and the gun in the other. The time has as yet been short for real development, and yet I myself saw, twenty years ago, on more than one farm finely organised irrigation work, streams flowing from large dams of private

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construction, and watering vast tracts of waving corn and fruit orchards.

It has been said, somewhat in derision, that all along the roads up-country, cast-away tins, which brought meat and vegetables from other countries, tell a tale of lack of enterprise and local industry on the part of the farmers ; but how could it be otherwise in the early days ? Fifty years have wrought great changes ; another fifty years will show that there is no lack of enterprise in the sons of men who peopled a country which half a century before them knew no white man as a settler. In the towns thirty years ago a cabbage was a costly purchase, and a few pounds of potatoes needed silver coins. Now this is all changed by the peasant emigrants. The work of market-gardening started by the soldiers of the German Legion has been taken up by them near all the towns of any size. Speaking generally, the people of all parts are well off, and the struggle for a mere livelihood is hardly known, except at rare times of great depression.

A few remarks may be expected at the close of this survey of the white population about some characteristics of the Colonist in general, though it is not easy to speak as a whole of a people containing among them such widely different components. One may, however, say that the Colonist as a rule is a happy and free fellow, not given to trouble about rank or precedence, though pleased enough when a mark of distinction comes from the old country. He has been charged by writers in the Colony itself with a lack of reverence. In some respects this is true. I doubt if the grandeur and wonder of Nature impresses him as much as it does the more reflective European. Vast solitudes which, occasionally visited, lead to reflection, tend when regularly dwelt in to daze rather than deepen. Reverence has in it a touch of emotion ; Cape scenery rather astonishes by its massiveness, than stirs the feelings by any tender beauty ; even the spaciousness of the sky does not appeal so much to wondering awe as does the depth of the English

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sunset. The light so widely luminant seems to set free the heart; it is light shining from clouds and darkness that brings depth of awe.

In the towns of South Africa it may be well asked what is there to call forth this feeling? Most English villages and towns have buildings mantled with legend and consecrated by generations of worship and struggle. Yet in spite of the absence of these things there is in the Dutchman's nature a deep principle of reverence. Brought into contact with a man of real worth, and especially of real strength, he is at once impressed, and his reverence for the Bible is unbounded. Many may think it bordering on the superstitious, but the feeling is there. Living as the Colonist does in constant contact with an uncivilised people, he cannot have the same deep respect for man as man that the European has. So what Mr. John Morley calls the 'crowning grace' of humanity is probably less developed than in the older countries. Yet let no one think of the Colonist as wanting in the least the elements of civilisation, though he may live on the outskirts of it. No man is more naturally at home in unwonted places. He strikes you as *inside* life and no 'outsider.' Sometimes you are struck with a grace of courtesy far beyond that of men in the same circle of life in England, not only in the towns, but in out-of-the-way country places where he has lived since boyhood. His hospitality is almost unlimited, his life is happy and free, and all this is true of the Colonial women quite as much as of the men. In the Colony love-making proceeds much in the same way as in England. The English lane is made up for by the picturesque growth round the boulder or the quiet nooks in the kloof and verandah. The Colonial girl has perhaps more freedom than is enjoyed at home, but she certainly is quite as well able to take care of herself as her more closely guarded sister. The Colonial boys and girls educated in England are generally popular in their schools, and hold their own both mentally and physically.

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At first their best characteristics are sometimes rather taken out of them as their freshness goes off, but the real nature reasserts itself, and among my most charming young friends are these home-educated young Colonial people.

If you casually meet a Colonist he has a pleasant way of talking to you as if he had known you all his life—easy and direct, without being vulgar or intrusive. His freedom is never rudeness, though I have seen him turn his back on a 'cad' as naturally as he would on a toad, quite without seeming to know what he was doing, yet with a flicker of the eyelid and a twinkle of a smile on his lips. There are, of course, exceptions, chiefly in the case of those whom Burns calls the 'Unco guid,' or the aggressively bad. These have no such body of public opinion as there is at home to hold them in check, and they are seen at their worst in their own country. We all know them there, the solemn sneaks and the shamelessly reckless, but happily they are few and far between. Personally I have formed friendships while in the Colony which have stood the test of years; not fair-weather friends, but friends true as steel under any and every circumstance. Over some of them the grass grows green, but with some I still meet in happy companionship, and experience all that is best in the term 'friendship.'

Of course '*We* are the people'—we British, Dutch, Germans. But there is the appendix, the survival of other days, and a very important survival it is, almost as various in quality as in kind. The dog mostly wags the tail—but if the tail gets out of joint it upsets the dog, and the appendix in this case being a very long one threatens appendicitis. At any rate it needs to be taken into very serious account. I will try in this chapter on 'The People' in a very few pages to introduce what Mr. Dudley Kidd in his admirable book calls the 'Essential Kafir,' and afterwards, under the title of 'The Natives,' in a later chapter to give some

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more detailed account of 'the Problem' in its present aspect.

The Bantu Kafir is not the aboriginal native, he is as much a foreign invader as we are. Older than even the Bushmen and the Hottentots are the Valpens. Some of these curious little people through the extension northwards of the Empire have been brought into it. They are probably aborigines, and quite distinct from the Bushmen. They are a tribe of pygmies not quite four feet in height, and are called by the Boers, Valpens. These tiny creatures crawl about in the dust and live in holes in the ground. If by any chance their skin is seen through the dust and grime it is found to be jet black, and their hair is the same colour. They are divided into groups of about forty each, but they have no tribal chief or tribal system. They are the scavenger dogs of the Baralong Kafirs, the very dregs of humanity, lower than Fuegians. Their only clothing is the Kaross. They receive thankfully the offal of the game which they have helped to skin. They have not and do not seem ever (as the Bushmen) to have had either arts, industries or religion. If any one of them become infirm through sickness or age, he is said on good authority to be eaten by the others. They are found in the district about the Middle Limpopo, and in Zoutspanberg, in the North Transvaal. They click to each other in a kind of chatter, but no outsider has ever mastered their talk. Boers and Kafirs alike communicate with them by signs. They are evidently not a case of degeneration, but of arrested development. The Bushmen, on the other hand, are a degenerate tribe. There are still extant volumes of their literature, no fewer than 3600 pages of which are in the Capetown Library. Though like the Valpens they live in caves and holes, these dwellings are decorated with coloured drawings. I have looked at many and found that the animal or man depicted was generally performing some action. Sometimes, after studying carefully one after the other, it seemed to me

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that they were pictorially recounting some adventure. The literature consists of tales and poems about the sun, moon, and stars; crocodiles, etc.; also of myths and fables, and legends of other people before them. They are a diminishing race, and will probably soon disappear. Their chief chance of survival is that they have become hangers-on to the Hottentots; but the Hottentots are themselves a decaying race, one might almost say a vanishing race, for they are now chiefly represented by the half-castes of Griqualand, descendants of those once held as slaves by the early Dutch settlers. A few of pure breed still remain; they are mostly herdsman, and are a lighthearted and imaginative people.

The Kafir tribes, such as Gaikas, Galekas, Basutos, Zulus, etc., are by no means in their decadence. They retain to the full their virility, and are steadily increasing in numbers. Perhaps of them all the Fingoes are the most progressive. Many of them have become land-owners, and have saved considerable sums of money. When the British came to be masters in the land the Gaikas and Galekas were given to sulk, but the Fingoes, who had been their slaves, at once gladly accepted the new order of things and advanced accordingly. It is said, however, by some that they are now among the least loyal of the natives. Speaking for myself I should say that this merely means that they are the most prominent agitators for more political privileges for the natives. But I am not going to weary the reader with distinctions in the everlasting Kafir; nor to talk about the 'splendid savage,' nor the 'degraded heathen,' though this general sketch of the people of the Cape would be incomplete without some account of the mode of life of the Kafir in his own wild habitat.

The kraal, *i.e.* the assembly of huts, is generally in a romantic situation; near by it is the cattle kraal, where the beasts are enclosed for the night. I never had the pluck of Mr. Dudley Kidd to sleep in a native hut. The first occasion I entered one was to take shelter from the rain,

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and for some time I could see nothing for the dense smoke; for there is no chimney, and the smoke from the fire in the middle has to find its way through the thatched roof, or else it circles round to the door. As soon as my eyes got used to the smoke and the half-light, I took stock of the interior. It was fairly orderly, and not badly swept. I learned afterwards that the woman in charge had once been in service in town. Now she was a genuine red Kafir, and her husband likewise. I noticed a line stretched across from pole to pole from which hung articles of clothing. Fixed in the roof were other things, and round the sides were rolled the sleeping mats; there were also some calabashes and other milk utensils, and Kafir pillows made of hard wood. After a while the rain stopped, and the sun shone out, and a number of children were soon playing about like rabbits out of a warren—fat, plump, little laughing creatures all of them. The women who had been working in the mealie and sorghum patches came swinging home with their babies tied behind them, the usual swarm of flies attending. I shall never forget the startled look of one young maiden when she first caught sight of a white man sitting, or rather squatting, smoking among the circle of huts.

On one visit I got into talk with one of the younger men who had been a servant in town, and could talk English well. I asked him if he had been out in the late war. He said, 'No, Baas.' 'Why not?' 'Oh, Baas, I was bunged for the English.' 'What is "bunged"?' 'Bunged, Baas, O! that's frightened.' 'Why were you frightened?' He took out from a pocket a dirty piece of wall-paper folded up. It had a pattern of flowers on it. 'Well, Baas, the people who could make that are too clever for us to fight with.' That is a true Kafir way of reasoning.

I remember one night returning from a long ride, when a fierce storm of hail and cold wind suddenly broke over the scene. I took temporary refuge in a hut where there

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were two or three young men cowering over the fire. Presently the herd boy came rushing in and said that an ox had fallen into a sluit and had somehow lamed itself and couldn't get out. (My 'boy' William was with me, and told me what he said.) But the young fellows, instead of going to help him, only huddled themselves closer round the fire. I shamed them into going out by offering to go with them, but they evidently thought me rather a fool. For all that, the Kafirs are not wanting, as Mr. Kidd seems to think, in kindly feeling towards their animals. When I told some of them of the English way of removing the calf from the cow as soon as ever it could be taught to suck up milk from a basin, they were genuinely shocked. 'But the milk is theirs, Baas, it's cruel not to let them have a suck,' and my Kafir boy who interpreted added, 'So it is, Baas.' At another time when I was not letting my dog eat any meat or much of anything, because it was getting unwell, and I feared distemper, the boy was really troubled, and wanted to give it some of his own food.

The men have little to do ; they attend to kraaling the cattle and letting them out in the morning as soon as the dew is on the grass, but quite young boys act as herds when they are on the veldt, and others, rather older, do the milking. The women are strictly forbidden in any way to interfere with the cows ; but they are full of work. They have to attend to their babies, till the soil, and when they return in the evening they find various things to occupy them. They stamp or stomp the mealies (this is done by pounding them with the rounded ends of thick sticks in a hollow made in a block of wood) ; they grind the corn and make beer ; they mend the thatch of the roof.

How do the men spend their time ? Smoking, talking, lounging in the open air with the everlasting blanket to keep off the scorching sun or the biting wind. They vary this by doing certain wood and wire work, for most Kafirs are very clever at binding things with wire.

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Mr. Kidd says they think little of hollowing out a milk pail from a solid block of wood. I can well believe it, for I have seen them cutting dishes out of solid wood. But they chiefly talk. Such being their habit 'in the bush,' it is not astonishing that they do not readily take up with hard work in the towns; the wonder is that they work so well with a little training. Their talk is all about the most trifling details of many things, such as the affairs of their own and their neighbours' kraals, and the like. They will be sprawling on the ground as they talk. Mr. Kidd tells of how he listened to one man giving every conceivable point, size, weight, colour, etc., of the last calf born in his kraal. I have myself heard them asking riddles of each other of a kind of which the famous Sphinx riddle may be regarded as the prototype. Mr. Kidd gives the well-known long one of 'The Eye,' as related by Callaway. Here is the pith of it. 'Guess ye a man who does no work but just guides his people like a great chief to where there is food; he gives no hand to bring it back; if his people deny his authority he just sits still and looks on the ground. Then they fall into pits, and over precipices, and are caught by wild beasts. If he get ill the people are distressed, for though he never works himself the people can do nothing without him. He never washes, but is always clean,' etc., etc. Simpler ones are such as—'Do you know a mountain peak over a ravine?' Answer, 'The nose.' My own Kafir boy asked me with a grin showing his white teeth —'What is that upright person that carries all his treasure in his head?' Answer, 'A cornstalk.' They are full of old sayings or proverbs which have been handed down from generation to generation, such as 'The pot must be made when the clay is wet,' reminding one of our own 'Strike while the iron is hot.'

The Kafirs are among the most conventional of people. Custom with them is sacred in its literal sense. If a woman contrary to custom touches a milk sac she is

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charged with witchcraft, the cows will die, and so forth. It is quite enough for them for a thing to be customary to guard it with all kinds of penalties. It is consequently very difficult to induct a farm labourer into modern methods. But are they alone in this? It is well known that they will not kill a snake in the cattle kraal. It is, they say, the spirit of their ancestor come to visit them, and they eat and drink in his honour. They will identify him with one or other of their ancestors according to his movements. They will, however, freely kill a snake on the veldt, as then it is not identified with their ancestral life. The air and the woods to them are full of spirits of ancestors to whom they carry on a kind of worship, but no religion much troubles a Kafir save the observance of custom. But Mr. J. A. Picton, in his 'Mystery of Matter,' narrates a curious incident given by a French traveller who spoke to a Kafir of the teachings of the Church about God. 'Your tidings,' said the Kafir, 'are what I want, and what I was seeking before I knew you, as you shall hear and judge for yourself. Twelve years ago I went to feed my flocks. The weather was hazy, and I sat down upon a rock and asked myself sorrowful questions. Yes ! sorrowful, because I was unable to answer them. Who has touched the stars with his hand. On what pillars do they rest? I asked myself. The waters never weary ; they know no other law than to flow without ceasing from morning till night and from night till morning, but where do they stop, and who makes them flow? The clouds also come and go and burst in water over the earth. Whence come they? Who sends them? The diviners certainly do not give us rain, for how could they do it? And why do I not see them with my own eyes when they go up to heaven to fetch it? I cannot see the wind, but what is it? Who brings it, makes it blow and roar and terrify us? Do I know how the corn sprouts? Yesterday there was not a blade in my field, to-day I returned to the field and found some. Who can have given to the earth the

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wisdom and the power to produce it? Then I buried my head in both my hands.'

Reading this, let no one imagine that this man is a typical Kafir, or that this is more than the passing mood of the man, possibly a little exaggerated by the narrator. Yet however unformed he may be, the Kafir has all the emotions which lay him open to religious influences. However uninstructed he may be, he has a very definite conscience. Even the raw Kafir will tell you that he has two hearts, one bad and one good, and that when he does a bad thing it troubles him. What, however, he considers bad and what he considers good would startle a scribe instructed into 'The Kingdom,' yet he would certainly bring out of his treasure things old and new.

It has been said that the custom of polygamy is a safeguard against immorality. It is just the reverse, at any rate as we understand morality. It is well known that men with many wives often lend the inferior ones to the younger ones not rich enough to pay the needful cattle to get married. They do this to secure their services. Adultery by Kafir law is punished with a fine, and often let pass. It is true, however, that among some Zulus it is punishable by death. One inviolable custom may be here noted, viz., that a Kafir woman while suckling her baby is strictly secluded from her husband; he visits her during the day, but in the presence of other women. Childbirth with the women, though a time of great interest, is rarely if ever the serious physical strain that it is with the more highly nervous European. A child will sometimes be born on a journey, and the mother within a very short time be found continuing her march with the new-born child strapped to her back. But this immunity from severe and lengthened labour is, I think, found everywhere in a degree with people accustomed to an open-air life. The splendid physique of the Kafir women is due to their work in the field; and their upright carriage to their invariable custom of carrying their burdens, both small and great, on their heads; I have

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seen women walk for miles with a bottle of brandy in that position without a single falter. Enough has been said to give at least a few gleams of the life among the raw Kafirs. Now and then this life is varied by a great hunt, but for the most part it is very monotonous.

CHAPTER THREE

THE EXPLORERS, THE TREKKERS, AND THE SETTLERS

SPEAKING broadly, it may be said that the British have been the explorers and the Dutch the trekkers, while to each race belong the settlers. The work of exploration has been considerably aided by the Germans. The names of Livingstone and Stanley, of course, stand pre-eminent; but Carl Mauch in the district north-east of the Transvaal, Thomas Baines in Matabeleland, and J. F. Ingram in Pondoland and Swaziland, are the men whose toils and triumphs in exploring these countries have led to immediate practical results. 'Trekking' literally means 'pulling,' so at least Mr. Scully (who ought to know) tells us in "Twixt Sand and Sun." It now means moving from one place to another. The trekking of the Dutch farmer began in old times, and arose from the monopoly and the restrictive government of the Old Dutch East India Company. By this movement Dutch occupation was carried bit by bit much beyond its proposed limits, and finally in 1788 the Great Fish River was declared by the then Cape Government the extreme boundary of the Colony. But this declaration did not hold back the farmers. The life they lived necessitated continual change. They lived by cattle farming and hunting, and like the nomads of old they found that this could not be long carried on in one district where no land was under regular cultivation, and no limit was placed to the destruction of game. When the English

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came into possession of the country the desire to move 'further on' was emphasised. With an Englishman, taxation and freedom mean almost the same thing. If a man pay taxes it is his right to have a voice in their imposition and expenditure, and if he pay no taxes he can expect no voice. The Boers' idea of freedom was 'free grass' with no taxes, and to be let absolutely alone. He wished to be a law to himself. Furthermore, he believed that to make slaves of the inferior race was his birthright as a white man. He contended that Scripture ordained it, and that it was better for the native himself. The English Government thought otherwise. Slavery was abolished. This combined with Lord Glenelg's policy of undoing all the results of the Kafir War of 1834, gave the finishing touch to Boer discontent. In 1835-36, from all parts of the Colony, Dutch farmers with their families went eastwards. 'They despised,' as a great writer of that day said, 'the haunts of industry where men worked after the manner of bees in a close hive, and like wild horses they tossed their heads and with a neigh of exultation plunged into the wilderness.' Their march to Natal and thence finally to the Transvaal is as marvellous as the famous march of the Greek Ten Thousand in Asia. Beyond doubt this tendency of the Boer to trek has been an important factor in the advance of the Colony, and to some extent in its civilisation. Mr. Scully, in the book already mentioned, gives a most interesting account of the trek farmer of recent times. The district in which he still roams is on the south of the Orange River near its torrent-like rush into the Atlantic. It is still known as Bushmanland, though the Bushman has ceased from it. It is a wild arid region some three hundred miles long, and perhaps there are no people in the world who could live there save these trek Boers. Far removed from the haunts of settlers these adventurous men own no land, but wander with their flocks and herds 'over the vast unsurveyed tract which is all the world to them.' They follow the tracks of the

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storms and find water in the cuplike hollows in the sand. In favourable times these people become rich in the numbers of their sheep and cattle, but anon a season of drought occurs, and then, alas! the stock dies from thirst and starvation, and the struggle for livelihood begins over again. Such conditions of life are unfavourable to moral and physical development, and the trek Boer in consequence cannot be considered as rising in the scale of humanity. He lives in tents and mat houses, easily erected, and easily pulled down when a new migration is necessary. But he is proud of his dwelling, and it is as truly his castle as an Englishman's house is said to be. In character he is different from all others. He maintains a kind of patriarchal religion, but his notions of morality are primitive. He is described as 'untruthful' (but is he alone in this?), 'prejudiced, superstitious, lazy, dirty and cunning.' It is inevitable that this should largely be so, but one may well ask whether for these qualities we need travel as far as Bushmanland. The trekker may have them in a greater degree, but do not some of the dwellers in the slums of our great cities rival him in them all, in spite of mission efforts and settlement endeavours? And are not some of them attributable to men who wash their faces and wear clean collars? Be it remembered also, he is of the poorer sort, the mere fringe of the great trekkers who have now settled down on their vast farms, and done so much towards reclaiming South Africa from absolute savagery and sterility. Travellers and traders who have traversed these regions have found him always ready with his hospitality, simple as a child, gentle and trustful in nature. 'The desert life,' says Mr. Scully, 'which once filled the Arab with poetry and a sense of the higher mysteries, has sapped the last remnant of idealism and left him without an aspiration or a dream.' He suffers, too, from this desert life in his physique. He rarely if ever gets any vegetable diet, his meat is mostly dried flesh, and the bread is poor. Perhaps his women feel

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the effects most ; they are said to be anæmic and short-lived, and certainly cannot be described as beautiful. It is curious, and one may say pathetic, to find these men, the descendants of those sturdy primitive men, who in the dawn of civilisation in Europe, fought with the sea to preserve their sand and mud heaps from its inroads, who eked out an existence where any other race would have starved, and tenaciously clung to that life for the liberty it gave them, now fighting for life with sand, almost bereft of water, yet inspired by the same hatred of interference. It may be true that their dream has vanished, but certainly their love of freedom is unforget, and the kindest disposition is unimpaired. Even in all their lonely life, far from the ameliorations of intercourse with others, those who know them tell us that they are lovable in spite of all peculiarities.

The majority of the Great Trek Boers, after experiences of strife and hardship quite unparalleled, settled eventually in the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. No one can read without the deepest admiration and considerable emotion, the account of their march through the north of the Colony eastwards to Natal in 1835, of their desperate struggles first with savage foes, then with the British, of how when the latter claimed jurisdiction in Natal, with stern determination to be free from British control, they turned northwards over the Drakensberg into their present dwelling-place. Their subsequent struggles with the natives were, it is true, often conducted with that brutality which comes of weariness, and their want of judgment and good feeling in their dealings with the British in their government of the Transvaal may fill us with disgust ; but they have written an imperishable name on the scroll that holds the records of human bravery and tenacity. In whatever light we view the late war which has finally drawn them into the flow of progressive life, all, British and Dutch alike, must be proud of the story of their brave patriotism, and together take deep interest in spots made sacred by

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heroic deaths on both sides in this great struggle, and say without a vestige of grudging—

‘Here once the embattled farmer stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.’

One of the most interesting books on the growth of nations might be written about the varied ‘settlers’ in South Africa. The curious contrast of the submissive-ness of the early Dutch settler to his tyrannical rulers with his tenacity of his rights when in contact with an alien people, and a hundred other things, might well occupy attention. Our present object is, however, only to touch on history just sufficiently to give some clue to the present position and life of the Colonial peoples. The Dutch have been both the chief trekkers and the chief settlers. They came first and they came to stay—not to make a fortune and then leave the country, but just to live a peaceable pastoral life as far as the natives, whose land they coolly appropriated in the inland regions, would let them. The early Dutch Government, as we have seen, did not encourage this spirit of spreading about. But it took place, and then when it had taken place they legalised it, and surveyed the land and gave titles to the farms. The incoming of a large number of French Huguenots strengthened the hands of those who wished to go further and further inland. They brought an element of civilised aggressiveness with them, which, combined with the stolid determination of the original settlers, enabled them successfully to cope with the restraining element of the powers at Capetown. The complete fusion of these Frenchmen with the original Dutch is one of the most wonderful facts in all history. The de Villiers, the Marais, the du Toits, and a hundred other names now denominate men as truly Dutch in sympathy and character as the Van der Byls, the de Wits, and the Bothas; they were completely merged, yet needless to say they leavened the original stock with a spirit of progress and refinement. This

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compound race, with only a sprinkling of English, are now the farmers in the whole Western Province. They extend eastward beyond the Katberg to Queenstown, and northwards on to the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, and carry with them a strong reverence for the Bible and religious customs and beliefs of the Calvinistic order. They may be called the 'backbone' of the land, but the backbone is not everything. And the truly progressive element has come with the English settlers and the English merchant. The fact that most of the mercantile class did not come to settle, but to carry on business and then sail away, has not been on the whole bad for the country. True, it has been, and still is, a considerable drain on its wealth, but it has brought elements of freshness and possibilities of a wider culture. Each new merchant, as he took up the threads of the old business, and took the place of the former trader, came with up-to-date ideas both of business and life in general. A wider culture and a greater love of music and art of a progressive kind have been the result. But to the British and Irish settlers of 1820 the Colony, perhaps, owes most of its present freedom and civilising progress.

The readers of Cape history will remember that to meet the exigencies of the time caused by the constant friction between Colonist and Kafir, the vast region between Bushman's River and the Great Fish River had been declared neutral ground; neither Kafir nor Colonist was to dwell there. This was all very well as a temporary expedient. But in course of time neither side kept to it; it was too rich a country to be left waste. When Lord Charles Somerset, the then Governor, visited it, he declared the Zuur Veldt (now Albany) to be 'unrivalled' in the world for beauty and fertility, and he issued a proclamation affording facilities for settlement. There were not sufficient people in the Colony to take up the land. The state of things in England, however, favoured emigration, for a state of great depression had followed the close of our great wars with Napoleon.

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Hence in various parties four thousand picked emigrants were landed in 1820 at Algoa Bay. The story of their settlement is worthy of a great epic poem. It has been well said that the list of Homer's ships, with their chiefs, might be rivalled by the names of the men who led these parties—the Seftons, the Southeys, the Richardsons, the Greatheads, the Stanleys, the Bowkers, and others; last, and perhaps most worthy of note, the Fairbairns and the Pringles. The followers of these men brought with them the bustle and push characteristic of freemen. The generation to which they belonged at home were those who worked for and afterwards carried the great Reform Bill of 1832, and who pioneered a stirring career of commercial and manufacturing industry which soon placed England in the van of the nations. These men were possessed of the same spirit. In all this they were backed by the sterling qualities of the Cape Dutch. Fairbairn and Pringle in Capetown fought the battle of the freedom of the Press, while the settlers took prominent part in the struggle for the pre-eminence of law over the capriciousness of individual government.

But the struggle of these settlers to gain a livelihood was at first very great. In spite of the luxuriance of the country their difficulties sometimes seemed unsurmountable—drought, followed by equally destructive floods, failure and ruin of crops, want of knowledge of the different character of certain parts of the veldt, Kafir attacks. Many of them were reduced almost to nakedness and starvation; literally they wandered often in sheepskins and fed on roots. But English endurance carried them through, and Albany is now one of the most prosperous parts of the Colony, and the name of 'The Settlers' is there held in the deepest respect. While these things were transpiring in the Cape Colony, in attempt at settlement was made in 1824 in Natal by Lieutenant Farewell, who referred to the country—at that time under the rule of Chaka—in words which are still applicable to-day. 'The climate seems perfectly

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healthy, with a good soil for any purposes, and well wooded and watered. . . . I therefore suggest to your Lordship [Lord C. Somerset] that many of that class at the Cape [particularly agriculturists], who, it appears, have been living in great distress, would here find a comfortable asylum.' Lieutenant Farewell was afterwards murdered while returning from a visit to Capetown by a chief hostile to Chaka. The early settlers in Natal had even greater difficulties to contend with than those in the Cape. The English Government for many years refused to sanction them. Nevertheless, small settlements rose, and these eventually expanded to the present flourishing Colony.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE NATIVES AND THE COLONY

IF you asked any surface observer to-day what was the greatest difficulty to be met in South Africa, his thoughts would probably at once turn to the Transvaal and Orange River Colony; he would speak of Boer and Briton, and of how their inherited and war-intensified antagonisms were to be overcome. But that is a question which might almost be left to answer itself. A little while ago it was different. Only blundering of the worst form now can prevent the two peoples gradually working together for the common interest. They may have little encounters, just as schoolboys sitting at work at a common table now and then kick each other's shins, but their collisions with each other will only be such as we have in home politics; they may be sharp, but they will not be volcanic, bitter, but not subversive. The British have no other idea than that the Dutch Boers shall ere long be on a political equality with them in the Empire.*

The native question is a far more serious problem, and its solution will need the united wisdom and the united front of all the civilised people. It will need more, for it demands all their justice and mercy and patience. Among other thorny obstacles in the already difficult course is the religious movement recently imported from the negroes of the United States. Some

* Since this was written these vaticinations have been amply fulfilled.



DAMARA CHIEF "THERAWA" AND HIS BODYGUARD.

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are inclined to scoff at these religious developments of the Kafir, to dismiss them with a laugh as 'all damned nigger talk,' but the 'damned nigger' mode of dealing with the matter will not do much longer. The laughter is the laughter of fools, and is like the crackling of thorns under the pot. The intervention of the American negro has introduced quite new ambitions into the more civilised and religious of the Kafirs. In America the negroes have not only a large church organisation, but colleges and institutions which, like our universities, give degrees. The Kafir leaders are visiting these colleges, studying them, and some are sending their sons. They are rousing passionate emotions among the mass of the negroes in the United States. An Ethiopian Church has been formed in South Africa with its own bishops and deans, and among the Methodists their own superintendents, ministers, and teachers. So far so good, it may be said, but those who know the inner working are well aware that a political propaganda goes on *pari passu*. The word is passed from mouth to mouth. 'Equal rights for Black and White,' and sometimes words with even a great tendency to overthrow the present order of things. Religious fervour once started is nowhere a stronger power than among the half-educated and half-civilised. There are to-day thousands of members of these Black Churches entirely cut off from the white men either as ministers or teachers, and the fact that the black man is far more rapidly increasing than the white adds gravity to the position. The emotional element is strong in proportion as the intellectual grasp is weak, and we can never view with equanimity the race inferior in civilisation holding the preponderating influence in the councils of the nation. One sees already in some of the constituencies the white man cap in hand to the black man, and each party, Progressive and Bond, outbidding the other to secure his vote. The cloud may hardly yet be as a man's hand above the horizon, the murmur of the coming storm hardly articulate, but a kind of

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wireless telegraphy tells of its approach with no uncertain signs.

Apart altogether from special movements of this character, 'Native affairs' are in a state of flux. It is best it should be so. The most hopeful part of British rule is the absence of doctrinaire methods. Our success as a colonising power rests largely upon a belief in natural processes. We have been all along in all parts of the Empire acting as evolutionists without knowing it. It is, as Maeterlinck says, when speaking of quite other things, 'The state in which things are to-day offers a noteworthy spectacle. It is fretting, bubbling, and being precipitated like a fluid into which a few drops of some re-agent have been let fall; evaporation goes on at the top, and the crystallisation is gradually taking place.' The part of the statesman is to watch the process, and to drop in at the right time the right re-agent. In this way man uses his endowment of reason to aid and quicken the more general natural processes. The state of flux is exemplified in the gradual waning of the power of the chiefs. This is even taking place in the native reserves, *i.e.* in the parts where the Europeans are not allowed to acquire lands, such as Basutoland, Bechuanaland, and certain parts of the Transkeian territories. It chiefly arises from the transference which has taken place of the ultimate ownership of the soil to the British Government. No alteration in individual possession can now be made without reference to the British authority. Thus in Basutoland the paramount authority is the representative of that Power. One of the most important factors in this fundamental change is the tact and judgment of the Resident Authority in all parts. No words of praise are too high for the 'Native Magistrates.' They administer justice with an even hand, not only between native and native, but between native and British trader or farmer. In the justice and merciful considerateness of these men is the real stronghold of British power; their justice is no dry rule and line, but is enriched with

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human sympathy. Of course this is more marked in some than in others. If any reader will take the trouble to note attentively Mr. W. Scully's (himself a 'Native Magistrate') short sketch in a book recently published entitled, 'The Natives of South Africa,' he will find this quality gleaming in every page of his article. There may be individual exceptions, but this is their prevailing characteristic. Hence a native often distinctly wishes to have his case tried by a magistrate rather than his chief. The bulk of the natives are still governed under the tribal system, each with its own special peculiarities, but the hand of the paramount power is everywhere felt as a modifying influence. But when we come to the trial of more serious crimes by a white jury, the same even-handed justice is hardly maintained. It is the rarest thing for a jury to convict a white man of the murder of a native, even where the evidence of his guilt is clear enough. The attitude is much the same as that of the woman condemned to death for killing her two children : 'What ! hang the likes of me for the likes o' they !' But in such cases the injustice often raises a loud outcry among the Europeans themselves. Many will remember one striking instance in which the whole population of King William's Town, one of the most English towns in the Colony, turned out to welcome the Rev. Mr. Don, who had been tried for libel and acquitted. Mr. Don had publicly maintained the guilt of a Boer farmer who had been charged with the murder of a Kafir and acquitted against the evidence. The present writer had the honour of drawing up the address presented to Mr. Don on that occasion. It is only fair, though rather grievous, to add that where an English farmer was more recently in a somewhat similar position to the Dutchman concerned, the outcry for justice was not so resonant.

It is difficult to convey to any one who has never resided in the parts of the Colony where the Kafirs abound, any adequate idea of the general conditions of government under which they live : in one place the

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tribal system, in another but little or no heed paid to it. In the towns, of course, the Resident Magistrate tries all minor cases as in England, and the serious ones are reserved for judge and jury. The Glen Grey Act was a gallant and well-conceived attempt to bring the Kafirs into a form of individual tenure of the land, and into a kind of local self-government. The general feeling is that the condition of the native is hardly ripe as yet for its universal adoption, yet it is, in the writer's opinion, one of the greatest and most practical achievements towards the solution of the native problem. This Act was initiated and carried out by the late Mr. Rhodes. It was founded on a work already begun through the recommendation of the Resident Magistrates in Tamboukieland, near Queenstown. There was a great unrest among these people and frequent awkward quarrels arose with the neighbouring farmers. Mr. Rhodes, the then Prime Minister, with his usual directness and vigour went and resided in a Kafir hut specially prepared for him in the district. He there interviewed all sorts and conditions, from the white farmer to the Kafir labourer. He listened, but said little. Then he propounded his scheme. It was enacted in 1894, and is entitled 'An Act for the district of Glen Grey and any other district that might be found suitable and willing to adopt the new measures by way of further attempt to assimilate the internal government and system of land tenure of native districts to the requirements of progress and development.' It provides for the disposal of lands and for the administration of local affairs. By its provisions the district is divided into locations, each under the control of a board composed of three native landowners appointed by the Governor with the *approval of the inhabitants*. A central board is then partly chosen by the district boards and partly by the Resident Magistrate, who acts as chairman. The central board has power of taxation up to twopence in the pound on all property-owners. Besides this, an individual levy of 5s. per

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annum is made on every registered holder of land, and every male capable of labour. The money raised is to be spent in salaries of head men on dams, bridges, trees, etc. The arable land has to be divided into allotments of eight acres each, besides a site for a dwelling-place, and the rest is set apart as commonage for grazing purposes for the use of registered holders of land, due regard being paid to individual titles already granted of a larger extent. Two years after its adoption the Resident Magistrate reported that it was working well. It is worth while quoting his words : ' The council, formed as it has been, of the leading advanced natives in the district, has secured the confidence of the people, its members have taken a keen interest in the welfare of the district, and have evinced a considerable grasp of work which at the beginning of the year was absolutely new to all of them. The council rates have been well paid up, the natives realising that under the changed condition of affairs this tax is expended for their benefit by their own representatives.'

With certain modifications the Act has also been put in force in various territories in the Transkei and in other parts, sometimes with equal success, but in some with less. The great difficulty is to get the Kafir to support himself and family on a much smaller area of land than under former conditions. This, as we shall see, in discussing the settlement of the land in the Transvaal, is the same on a larger scale in the case of the white farmer. One thing is making itself felt, viz. that in individual tenure of the land as opposed to tribal tenure will be found the individual evolution of the native. There is need of constant watchfulness and restrictive measures to prevent one owner selling or mortgaging to another. The idle try every scheme to do this, and the progressive to take advantage of their readiness.

Alcoholic liquor, where he can get it, wrecks every good purpose of the Kafir. In many districts, such as

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Khama's country and others, it is totally forbidden, and there all goes well for the time. Mr. Scully and other Resident Magistrates bear testimony to the fact that the natives in their own reserve are the most law-abiding of people, and need only good and firm government to be fair and loyal. And this view is endorsed by the Native Affairs Commission as prevalent throughout the country.

Where Kafirs are mixed in with the white man, either in their own locations or as squatters, it is natural that their control should not be so easy, arising from the many opportunities they have for stock theft, etc., etc. But without these locations the farmer cannot get the extra supply of labour needed for the special demand which the seasons both of ploughing and reaping make. The squatter is a man who with his wife and family is allowed to settle on a farm and work a portion of it for himself, giving in return a fixed portion of his produce, and sometimes aiding the farmer with his personal labour. In former times the farmer could always get what labour he wanted, and it must be admitted that the remuneration was often scant, but in recent years the competition of the mines increases the farmer's difficulty.

An interesting example of successful squatting on a somewhat unusual plan is given in the book on the native races already referred to. 'In the district of the Orange River Colony known as the "conquered territory," an English gentleman has a large estate. He has six Basuto "families" lent him by a chief in Basutoland. As one man has seven wives and forty grandchildren, the six "families" made up three little kraals. Mr. — gives to each man land. This the wives till, and the Kafir corn and mealies they use themselves. They also have flocks and herds on their land. They build their "rondooles" in groups, and Mr. — gives them trees if they care to plant them. The men get a shilling a day on his estate; the women do washing, cleaning, and some gardening, and are paid nearly as well. All

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the natives in his employ are prosperous and happy. Mr. ——'s six "families" come every year to ask for changes of land.'

Personally I know most of the Gaikas, and Galekas, and Fingoes. When living at King William's Town, I saw much of them. To more than one of my Kafir 'boys,' as we call them, I became sincerely attached. I found them good workers. I do not join in the prejudice against the school Kafirs, and I am pleased to find that feeling shared by more than one of the leading employers of labour in that district. We found them make fairly good domestic servants, both men and women. Their general honesty was most marked, but had both curious and interesting exceptions. One very good girl had been with us for years as housemaid. If money was by chance left about she had always brought it to us, and the same with any articles of jewellery. At length she left us to be married. Then certain things were missed, a few handkerchiefs and table napkins, as well as three or four knives and forks. On inquiry we were told that E—— had taken them, as she was going to be married. It was naïvely added by one of the other servants that this appropriation of property was fully understood to be the custom. They were her perquisites. At another time I had a highly-educated groom. When going round the outhouses late at night I used sometimes to hear him praying. His room was next the harness-room, quite away from the house. For some nights his prayers came to be groans and outcries. In the deep stillness when no one was supposed to be about they sounded both weird and impressive. A day or two after, the cause was revealed. One of the masters in the college of which I was the Principal had missed a jewelled ring. It had been seen on Joel's finger; I confess I was astonished. I summoned Joel, when this colloquy took place:—

‘ R. H. F.—‘ Joel, they tell me you have stolen Mr. ——'s ring ?’

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J.—‘Yes, master, it is true, it’s dreadful.’

R. H. F.—‘Where is it?’ (He took it from his pocket and gave it to me.) ‘Why did you take it?’

J.—‘Oh, Master, it was so pretty; it was like Eve tempting Adam.’

R. H. F.—‘But what a fool you were to wear it, so that the boys saw it.’

J.—‘Yes, master, but it was so pretty, I couldn’t help it.’

I talked it over with the master and a few of the bigger boys. (All the boys were English in the King William’s Town schools, save one or two German lads.) I asked, ‘Ought we to send for the police?’ There was a unanimous expression, ‘Oh, no! Joel’s too good a boy for that.’ Nothing else had ever been missed, and Joel was clean and always civil. I turned to Joel—

‘Well, Joel; what’s to be done? Would you like to try again?’

‘No, master, please, I would like to go back to my father. Please write and tell him about it.’

The next day was Saturday. I rode with the boy and saw his father and the missionary. Of course, many would call the ‘boy’ a hypocrite and scoundrel. I think many others would say, ‘Lead us not into temptation.’ I heard years afterwards many excellent things of the ‘boy.’

As a general rule, in my experience as a householder both in England and the Colony, I have found all household servants remarkably honest, black and white alike, but there have been as many aberrations from it among the Whites as Blacks. It is well known that Kafirs are faithful to their trust in small as well as great things. At the auction sales, which were mostly held out-of-doors, standing round them would be forty or fifty ‘boys,’ and directly anything was knocked down to a buyer, to whichever of the ‘boys’ first caught his eye it would be given to take up to the house. I never knew anything missing or anything broken. A tray full of

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wine-glasses would be as safely carried as if perfectly packed.

During one long drought I wished to send one of my cows to a part some fifty or sixty miles off where the grass was better. I told my 'boy' William to take her. 'I don't know that country, master, but there's a boy passed here this morning who comes from there.' The cow was taken by this other, though quite a stranger, through a wild country with no inhabitants save blacks, and safely delivered, and I had no fear when I sent her that it would be otherwise. An interesting story of this sense of trust is now quite a chestnut, but may be fresh to some. A Kafir took a flock of sheep from one farm to another some hundred miles away. On the way there were plenty of chances for stealing. It was easy to have made excuses as to how a sheep or two were lost, but they were all safely delivered in good condition, and the receipt was accordingly given. That night several were stolen, and the man who had driven them was never heard of again in the part of the country from which he had stolen the sheep; he had merged himself in the great mass of blacks and gone to some other district of his tribe. I remember a striking example of this fidelity to trust in the Kafir war of the 'seventies. Mr. Frost, who was one of the ministry of the day, was also Commandant of the Volunteer forces. He had, I think, three farms in the Queenstown district. He called together the three headmen (Kafirs) of the different farms, and told them that he was going 'to the front' and must leave his sheep and other things in their charge. These men belonged to the tribes with whom we were fighting. They took the trust, and on his return he found everything as right as when he left it.

I often at week ends took long rides quite alone among Kafir locations. I thus saw the natives in their natural life. More than once I found some of the older men sitting smoking, quite naked except that they were covered with red clay, which keeps them cool and dry.

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They mostly, however, wear a blanket. The pipes they smoke are often cut by themselves out of some hard wood. If I wanted a drink they were always ready with a calabash of fermented milk, for the Kafir never drinks fresh milk. I never met with anything but civility and kindness from them. It was sometimes distressing to see the flies swarming on the eyes of the babies as they lay in their mothers' laps or hung on their backs, but neither mother nor babe seemed to heed it much. Is it not said that eels get used to skinning? Now and then when much pressed the child would give a cry, and then the mother would wave the flies off, but back they came.

Once during one of my jaunts I came upon a scene I shall never forget. In a pleasant kloof-like valley I saw a large number of Kafirs assembled, some on horseback, some sitting on the ground. A loud noise which sounded like beating on several trays, attracted me off the road to this secluded spot. It was at a time when rumours of native unrest foreboding war were about, and I was a little alarmed when I came in sight of this wild encampment, but curiosity got the better of fear. I rode down the side of the slope. There in the midst was a temporary erection with two figures standing at the doorway arrayed in what looked like a hollowed-out sheaf of wheat, and also in a kind of breast-plate of straw, and with cockades of long wheat stems on the head. These figures moved up and down in a stately kind of dance with untiring rhythmic step. A long monotone sound accompanied the movement, for each held in his hand a large metal tray which he beat with a stick as an accompaniment. I saw some of the groups of men on the other side of the kloof talking and pointing to me, so I rode round and halted about one hundred yards from the group. I had no idea what was going on and wanted to find out. Presently an intelligent-looking fellow rode out from them and came to me. I asked him what it was all about, and he said the circumcision ceremony was going on in the enclosure. They did not quite like white men to be in the neighbourhood,

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but some of them knew me and evidently thought me a harmless sort of individual. I asked him various questions, which he answered very fully. I took a few coins from my pocket and said it was to help them make merry after the ceremony. He rode back to his fellows and I rode away with considerable waving and cheering from the company assembled.

Upon one occasion, and only one, I proved myself not quite so harmless a fellow. I narrate the circumstance as it brings out a curious trait in Kafir character. I had in my employ a young Kafir man or 'boy,' standing over six feet and big in every way. He was a stranger to the Kafir women servants. One day one of the maids came to me and said that Tom (the 'boy's' name) had been using filthy language to them about themselves and some of the ladies in the house. She was fiercely indignant, asked me what I was going to do, and she said she and the others would leave if Tom got off free. I took my thick walking-stick and went over to him and asked him if it was true. 'Yes, master.' The fellow looked so nasty over it that for the only time in my life I used physical arguments to a Kafir. They were strong and well applied. When over, I took the necessary money from my pocket and said, 'Now go and take out a summons against me for thrashing you.' He took no heed, but sat on the heap of wood which he was in course of chopping, for a good hour yelling. Then he got up and went away. I got in his place another 'boy,' a most excellent fellow, whom we all grew to like and who was very kind to my little boys. At the end of a year this new 'boy' came to me and said that he must go. 'Why?' said I. 'Oh, master,' said William, 'Tom has come back.' 'Oh,' I said, 'but Tom left me a year ago.' 'Yes, boss, but it's Tom's place and he has come back. I don't want to go, but I must.' 'No, no,' I said, 'you must not. Even if you do I won't have Tom back.' So I went over to where Tom was standing and asked why he had come back. 'Master,' said he, 'I deserved

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that thrashing and now I've come back.' Needless to say, I kept William and sent Tom away happy with a few shillings.

A groom's wages in the towns vary from a pound or thirty shillings to three or four pounds a month with food and lodging. William remained with us to the end of my residence in King William's Town, and when I left the Colony I was as sorry to part from him as from any one in the place. He had two wives, whom he had secured with cattle purchased by money saved while with me. One of them lived in his room with him and the other in the bush a few miles off.

Anthony Trollope visited King William's Town while I was there, and in his book of 'South African Travels' * he bears the following testimony to the excellence of the service rendered him by a native servant. This man I knew well, and he was no exception to the well-paid Kafir servant. 'A gentleman had kindly let me have the use of his house, and with his house the services of this treasure. The man was so gentle, so punctual, and so mindful of all things, that I could not but think what an acquisition he would be to any fretful old gentleman in London.' When visiting, as I often did, the stores of many leading merchants with whom I was intimate, I was always struck with the quick industry of the 'boys.' In conversation a short time ago with one of these gentlemen now in London I asked if he thought my impressions correct. His reply was 'Most certainly. The "boys" are quite honest, too, except that if they are handling sugar or such-like they will pilfer a little now and then, and of course like other workmen they need oversight.'

The education question is one of extreme difficulty, but to this I shall refer later more particularly, and incidentally when speaking of up-country towns. In a country where so much freedom is allowed, the educated Kafirs have their political associations. Especially is this the case among the Fingoes. During the recent

* Vol. I. page 98.

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meetings of the British Association in Capetown Mr. Way, Principal of Graaf Reinet College, contributed a paper in which he alluded to a speech of the President of the Native Political Association of that town, in which speech the latter openly declared to his coloured brethren that 'the time had come for asserting that the land belonged to them.' It remains to be seen what further developments will arise, but the incident is instructive as illustrating and enforcing my statement that the condition of things with the native is in a state of flux, and wise statesmanship is needed to bring about a prosperous and peaceful issue.

CHAPTER FIVE

SEAPORT TOWNS—CAPETOWN

SOUTH AFRICA, like the brain of man, has five gateways by which outside life can enter. And just as the brain has no communication with the outside world save through its five senses or gateways of knowledge, so South Africa is practically limited to its five ports for its give and take with the rest of the civilised world. When the Cape to Cairo railway is accomplished it will have a back door, but, till then, as Pat Kelly said to the Liverpool detective when looking for Fenians in his public-house, 'The back door, was it, your honour was asking for? Sure, the only back door is in the front.' The entrance by sea is limited to its seaports, for the land, with its rock-bound, surf-battered shore, admits of no landing on quiet spits of sand as on most other coasts. It is like a vast walled castle with frowning front, to which no entrance can be made save by its appointed gates. There are no rollers in the world, so Sir John Coode, the marine engineer, told me, equal in size and volume to those on the African strand. I measured the length of one of these at East London, and found that it exceeded three-quarters of a mile. Even the best of the ports have to be protected by vast sea walls. The rivers, which in other countries give ingress and exit, are here blocked by great bars of sand which these huge toilers of the sea roll up. Two of these great sand barriers have been successfully dealt with, viz. those at Natal and East London. At the latter, where the mouth

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of the Buffalo now, after years of work, forms a magnificent dock, only a few years ago all the cargo from steamer and sailing ship alike was unloaded into surf boats which, guided by a huge hawser fixed to a floating buoy in the bay, made their somewhat perilous dash over the bar. Now, however, by long sea walls and by constant dredging, the bar is literally held 'at bay,' and the great steamers can make their way into the quiet water of the Buffalo where 'no anchor with crooked fluke' is needed, but where they can be moored in safety alongside the quays. Capetown, however, with its splendid breakwater and docks, still stands first among the sea ports of South Africa, both in position and safety. Here in the year 1865, after a great storm, no fewer than fifteen ships were stranded in one night. Such a catastrophe is now rendered well-nigh impossible by the great works alluded to. Capetown is connected by railway with the distant Kimberley, Rhodesia, and the Transvaal, and, indeed, with almost every part of the Colony.

As a city, Capetown is to-day well worthy of its place in Colonial history. The oldest of the settlements, it is still as go-ahead as any. Now it is a thoroughly sanitary city, but a few years ago the great drains poured out their foul contents close by the jetty, as daring visitors who wandered there often found, not only to the cost of their olfactory nerves but to the derangement of other organs. All this is now altered, and Capetown is as healthy as it is beautiful. The life of Capetown is as varied as that of any city of its size in the world, perhaps more so. It is as yet free from the smoke and grime which nearly always accompany manufacturing industries. The shipper, the merchant, the storekeeper, are the business men. The Government officials of all classes are very numerous, while professional men, doctors, lawyers, and clergymen, are always in evidence. The constant coming and going of sea-faring men, from the smart naval officer to happy Jack with his easy gait, also add a lively item. Among the various classes of workers, the presence of

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many foreigners gives an additional interest. Adderly Street presents a busy scene with all these pursuing their callings. Ladies going shopping in carriages which vie with many a London equipage, travellers from up-country on their way to Europe, or merely bent on a visit to this Colonial metropolis, officers and soldiers from the barracks, give a concentrated variety to the life of the town. In larger cities, where these different forms of life abound, they are so merged in the multitude of inhabitants that the vividness of the varied types is lost in the mass.

Mingling with this medley of cosmopolitan life, and adding an element of picturesqueness, we have the grave faces and supple forms of the Malays with their dignity-adding turbans and gorgeous garments, lorry men, office messengers, fruit vendors, and skilled workmen; while now and then a huge dark-hued Kafir strays from the docks, or a Hottentot, with his inscrutable face, from heaven only knows where. All this stir of activity is set off by the noble buildings, business structures, public offices, and gay shops. The lack of uniformity in size and style detracts from the stateliness of the street, but to some the very irregularity has a kind of charm. When there is any wind, the red dust blown about gives a tinge of colour to everything, not omitting the faces and linen of the busy crowd, and emphasises that touch of unkemptness which characterises in a degree most Colonial towns.

Standing in the middle of the roadway looking down Adderly Street, it seems to lead right on to the shore, with the blue sea beyond, silhouetted against which stands boldly prominent the statue of Van Riebeck, the first 'commander.' Facing upward the street merges into the famous avenue of oak trees now over two hundred years old. On the left of this cool and shady walk we have the Houses of Parliament and Government House; on the opposite side the Public Library, the Botanic Gardens, the Fine Art Gallery, and last but not least the group of buildings forming the South African College.



KALK BAY, SEVENTEEN MILES FROM CAPETOWN.



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The whole city has for its background the granite front of Table Mountain, which rises in a sheer precipice of 3,500 feet, and stands there like a huge mailed giant guarding and dominating the moving mass below. The throbs of Adderly Street are felt from Sea Point to Plumstead, one might almost say to Kalk Bay, as this is the chief resort of the citizen tired by the city's heat and work. The change, from the sultry closeness of the city to the suburbs, is much the same as if you were suddenly taken from the spent atmosphere of a London drawing-room at the close of the season and placed on the top of Snowdon.

Capetown is a 'city,' not only because it has a large population and a cathedral, but because it has a distinct life of its own. To compare small things with great, like London the city proper is devoted to business; private residences are fast disappearing, the occupants moving out to what were once the adjoining 'villages,' but are now incorporated in Capetown. Wynberg, Rondebush, or Sea Point, etc., once as separate as Charing Cross and Ealing used to be from London, are now parts of one great whole. The means of communication are abundant; in addition to the suburban railways, with their capital service of trains, a complete system of electric trams (with cars starting every ten minutes) extends right from Plumstead on the extreme eastern slope of the Mountain along the rear of the town, and continuing its course climbs the beautiful Kloof Road and winds round Camps Bay to Sea Point.

The Capetown man carries the thought of his city wherever he goes; his pride in it is growing and shows itself in many ways, chiefly in the interest taken by the best citizens in municipal affairs, in the adornment of the city proper, its better paving and splendid lighting, and in all sanitary matters. The old residential quarters are growing, and new suburbs are creeping up the slopes of Lion's Head, and the face of the Mountain itself.

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The places of amusement are many. There are theatres, music-halls; and chamber concerts of high-class music on the same lines as in the old country, and other forms of amusement are not wanting. General club life is well provided for. The City Fathers find genial companionship at the City Club; the younger men resort to the various clubs formed by themselves; and, of course, the Civil Service has its Senior and Junior Institutions. The Germans, too, have their national fun, the Scandinavians theirs, and other nationalities according to their numbers. There is a St. George's Society, a Caledonian, a Cambrian, a Men of Kent Club, a West of England Association, etc. The Greek and Italian navvies work for high wages, live on very little, and sit in the sun for enjoyment. Churches and Chapels, Mosques and Bethels of every sect and nation are better attended than the places of worship in England, while the various philanthropic and scientific societies are in full activity.

So much for the cosmopolitan nature of the city which the polyglot character of the patients in Somerset Hospital shows in a nutshell. A glance at Capetown at play, at Capetown society, and at Capetown at work will enable us to understand how this heterogeneous population spends its life. Being British, cricket is played in summer-time. Every available field has its game of cricket, but the big fixtures take place at the ground in the suburb of Newlands, which is delightfully situated at the foot of the Mountain. These matches are important social and inter-Colonial functions, for teams from all parts pay their visits nowadays under the *Union* arrangement. The Malays are keen sportsmen and indulge in blazers and colours marvellous to look upon, and in wonderfully named clubs. In the winter, football clubs are in full swing, some under the League, some independent. Both sexes play hockey with zest. Golf, hunt clubs, race meetings, and gymkhanas, and every other sport which the Britisher knows, have their supporters and places of resort. The Dutch South African plays side by side with

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the British, and very keen they both are. In this, be it well noted, the Cape Dutch are 'British.' They are not *Continental*; the German and French boy cannot *play* in the same sense. The Cape Dutch boy plays cricket and football well; he not only is an athlete but a sportsman, and in this matter he is no continental nor even akin to one. The motor, too, has invaded the land and freely scatters abroad the red dust. This, too, is the land of picnics, now to the seaside, now to the mountain slope.

Forgive, O hardy mountaineers! if I have left your club till now. Few towns have so many charming resorts so near at hand to satisfy the demands of your adventurous fraternity. I well knew one enthusiastic mountain-climber who went to the top of the Peak, a climb of four thousand feet, every Sunday morning, and was back in time if he wished to attend Church service. And what of the sea oarsmen and the deep-sea fishers? The men of the rod and line are quite 'fishermen unregenerate.'

And what of 'Society' life? 'Government House, the home of the representative of the King, is the hub of the social wheel. If I may be allowed a commonplace figure of speech, the rim of the wheel touches a fairly representative lot in its revolutions, which is as it ought to be in a Colony. Those who cling to the spokes in the whirl round, narrow down until they merge into the most exclusive set immediately around the centre. These comprise the Judges, the Legislators and Cabinet, the Navy, the Army, official heads of departments, etc. In summer there are Government House garden-parties, which include practically all callers; exclusive luncheons and teas touch others. In winter there are one or sometimes two of the inner circle balls, and a musical party or so which reach the crowd. Dinner parties and small 'At Homes' bring in the rest. This obtains in full force with the present Governor, and the skeleton of it carries with all. Some Governors have perhaps created more of an atmosphere round their home, and have in consequence

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had something more charming than either the *official* or the closely *intimate* life of entertainment. One characteristic of Government House at present is the *official* interest taken in philanthropic bodies by Lady Hely Hutchinson. Admiralty House and the General's residence attract a somewhat similar life round them with smaller scope. Next deserving note are the beautiful homes, chiefly in the suburbs, which are centres of social life, and supply many delightful garden parties in the summer, and private dances and 'At Homes' in the winter. Some of these (alas ! too few here as everywhere else) are centres for talks of things beyond the purely frivolous. Of these the home of the Royal Astronomer is one. Old Bollihope, the residence of the quondam senior representative of the City, used, long ago, to be quite unique in this respect, and is a great loss. As of old, Groote Schuur dispenses hospitality to distinguished visitors. But the master mind is only a spirit now, and the flesh and blood of daily doings is sadly missing, however ably carried out by the representatives. In the summer there are, as I have said, social functions at the cricket matches. Besides these there are lawn tennis and croquet 'At Homes,' and garden parties on a small scale ; it may be almost called an entirely outdoor-sport existence, truly British in style. In the winter there are, in addition to private dances, public subscription dances, assembly balls, concerts, and many private musical 'At Homes' and parties. Too much time is possibly taken up here, as elsewhere, by the womenfolk in the pasteboard scrambles known as afternoon calls, but of late people are beginning to adapt themselves and to cast off the absolutely frivolous shell of 'calling.' As a substitute for which, the Peninsular Social Club holds periodic meetings on the playing grounds in the summer in the way of 'At Homes,' and in the winter is endeavouring to bring friends and acquaintances together in pleasant meeting, so as to minimise the tax on time and energy levied by formal



GROOT SCHUUR, RONDEBOSCH. THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE RT. HON. CECIL RHODES,
NEAR CAPETOWN.

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calls. In certain circles there is evidence of a healthy intellectual tone in social life. This, as might be expected, chiefly arises from the impetus given by the educational institutions of the city. Among these is the Public Library with the Gray Library attached to it; but the chief active work of this character is being done by the South African College, apart from that among its regular students.

Doubtless the social life here is largely influenced by the climate. It is sunny and free and bright, and very little bound by over-civilised conventional methods. This has been characterised as 'Colonial' and often sneeringly so, but I am inclined to think that there is something more than mere surface unconventionalism in it, that there is something deeper to account for it. Certainly those who from older custom-bound countries have once breathed it and known it, have yearned for it again and again on leaving it. Does not this 'colonialism' perhaps indicate the dawning of a race as different from the old settlers as the modern American is from the old European stock?

The docks and the shipping may be said to be the chief source of wealth by giving the main impulse to the trade of the town, not only through the large number to whom they give direct occupation, but by the outlet they afford for the produce of the country, and the facility they give for the importation of goods. The carrying on of this export and import trade, which, during and after the Boer war, became the largest in the Colony, involves the presence of several large mercantile houses with their varied staffs of clerks and buyers, and finds business for many shipping agents. Among other important neighbouring sources of wealth to Capetown are the vine and fruit growers, whose vineyards and fruit orchards extend many miles. No dweller in Capetown will be likely to forget the extensive trade in dried fish, both for home consumption and exportation.

It must also be remembered that Capetown, being the

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seat of the Government, draws money from the whole Colony. Beside the numerous officers of the Civil Service from the Governor down, there are the members of the Legislature, who reside here during the Parliamentary Session. Here also flock many students to the South African College and the several educational institutes. These various interests not only bring money to the town, and so increase its trade, but result in a variety of life only known to a metropolis. There are but few residents in the city itself who are men of leisure, and few women who have to kill time by a dilettante kind of philanthropy, for their charitable work is of a practical character. In Capetown, as elsewhere, they have the poor always with them, yet there are no Poor-houses and no Charity Organisation Society, but the city men band themselves together, and aided by the women, dispense personally the relief funds placed in their hands by voluntary contribution. Some regret this want of organisation. Others say, 'Let us stick to it as long as we can meet the demands made upon our time.' Charity thus administered has more humanity in it, and its recipients have not the official brand of pauperism. Official charity loses the vital sap of individual good will. Help administered in this way by the genuine sympathy of the individual often aids the poor to recover their position. It may sometimes be imposed upon, but for all that it leads to fewer professional parasites.

'It's not what we give, but it's what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare.'

Yet withal let me warn some people who think to foist on the Colony their own ne'er-do-wells, the halt and the maimed in the battle of life. These men can find no standing ground. The work is too vigorous for them. The charitable, ever ready to assist their own poor, look askance at these incapables from another land; they go under and disappear.

The public spirit indicated in this personal attention

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to the relief of the necessitous is everywhere manifest. The busy commercial or professional man whose living depends on his own exertions, gives a definite number of hours a week to public work—the Town Council, the Hospital Board, the Public Library, the Fine Arts Association, Immigration and Educational Committees, and so forth. It is noteworthy that these are the very men who hesitate to hand over the work of charity to any public body, but, assisted by the women, keep it going as purely voluntary help. A new Town Hall has just been built, with a very fine organ on which recitals are often given. The South African College is determined to keep pace with the times. Laboratories for botany, zoology and engineering have lately been added. They are said to be equal to the finest in Europe. The new Professors for this work are men of high standing, and cannot fail to advance these studies, which are of such immense importance to South Africa. But more than this, their very presence in a city like Capetown spells new life, better work, higher culture. Their day courses are well attended, but this alone does not satisfy; evening classes are held by them for the people, and thus for a mere nominal fee their learning and culture, backed up by their fine laboratories, are brought within the range of the masses. The men on the council of this institution are not old-world fossils, but the hard-working professional men of the city, resolute that Capetown shall not lag in educational progress. All the expense involved in this new activity has been incurred since the war.

We hear of great depression all over South Africa since that terrible experience, and its presence is felt acutely in Capetown. There have been failures owing to overstocking while the war was in progress. Government, moreover, has had to intervene to find work for the numbers of unemployed who have trooped from the country into the town, as well as for some belonging to it who were thrown out of work. But residents in the

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Colony well know the elasticity possessed by Colonial affairs, and in all this movement in Capetown there is evidence that there, at any rate, is an undercurrent which makes for recuperation and progress. It is one of the many notes already heard, that the day is not far off when the South African States will be blended in one great progressive Federation, or, perhaps, complete unification will take place, and the Imperial Mother will be able to say to her as she said to Canada—

‘ Daughter in her Mother’s house and Mistress in her own.’

But I must not say good-bye to Capetown without a reference to its suburbs, which are quite unique in their character. When Sir Bartle Frere said there was only one Table Mountain in the world, he was thinking, probably, more of the clothing and form of its slopes than of its summit, although the miniature plateau which the top of the mountain really resembles, is not without charm, particularly when the south-east cloud falls like a cascade over its crest, melting before it reaches the valley below. It is these slopes, curving eastward to the plain below and facing the mountain several miles across the flats, that make the suburbs of Capetown so picturesque and beautiful. There is a road encircling the mountain, with its seaward extension, which, from the fine scenery it opens up, is perhaps equal to anything in the world. If we follow this road, we shall touch at all the suburbs. From Capetown travelling eastward, the road is somewhat tame as it passes on the left the town of Woodstock, now a large suburb adjoining Capetown, and stretching along the shore of Table Bay. After passing the Observatory, conspicuous by two small domes, where Herschell and Maclear, Stone, and Sir David Gill have done such noble work for astronomical science, the road sweeps southward, and continues for five miles round the base of the mountain, which, facing eastward, catches the light of the sun, rising over the Hottentots Holland Mountains, and, stealing



THE OLD DUTCH HOUSE AT PAPENDORP (WOODSTOCK), NEAR CAPE TOWN, WHERE THE ARTICLES OF THE
CAPE WERE SIGNED IN 1806.

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colour from the mists, glows with a brilliant carmine. The upper face of the mountain, composed of jagged slate rock, floored out by the wind and rain of centuries, rises sheer out of the richly wooded slopes which mount gradually upwards from the road. These slopes are broken by kloofs or ravines, covered with oaks and pines, brightened with patches of silver trees, whose silken leaves gleam like scimitars in the African sun. In one ravine is a waterfall, falling about a hundred yards down the rocks, and in others, at the mountain end of the kloof, are tree ferns, while outside, in the smaller recesses, is a great variety of wild flowers, with a setting of maidenhair ferns. The *tout ensemble* of foliage and rock, seen from the mountain top or the road below, is extremely beautiful.

From the famous Block House, a dismantled fortress on the spur of the Devil's Peak, the four suburban towns through which the road winds can be clearly seen, Mowbary, Rondebosch, Claremont and Wynberg. At Rondebosch, about a quarter of a mile above the road, is Groote Schuur, the residence of the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes. No one ever loved the mountain more than he did. The broad verandah or stoep of Groote Schuur, looking mountainwards, was his favourite resort, and he was impatient if any of his friends, who were sharing his leisure, turned his chair towards the house instead of the mountain. Mr. Rhodes' latest achievement was to cut a splendid public road at a high level of the mountain slope, three miles in length, and joining at either end the road below. Outside the villages, on the mountain slopes and on the plain below, are the residences of the Capetown citizens (almost all with stoeps or verandahs for a summer lounge), standing in spacious grounds, many of them approached by avenues of pine or oak. At Wynberg, eight miles from Capetown, one road leads in a southern direction to Kalk Bay on the Southern Ocean, and round the Bay to Simons Town, the great Naval Station, where a large dock is being constructed

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by Sir John Jackson. Simons Town is almost a *cul de sac*. The shore of False Bay, of which it is a small corner, stretches away to the most southern point of Africa, with only a roadway to a few houses, and then a footway skirting the mountain to the Cape Point Lighthouse.

Nor must I lose sight of the road round the mountain which I have been extolling. At Wynberg it winds westward to the Constantia Wine Farms, where old Van der Stell used to sit on a stone seat and smoke his pipe under the shadow of a huge oak. Then it mounts what is called the 'Nek' (a dip of the mountain range), stretching from Table Mountain to Cape Point, winding round False Bay and Simons Town. At the 'Nek' we are at the back of Table Mountain and about eight or nine miles from the front of the Table, which looks down on Capetown. From thence the road winds down to the sea, on the other side of the range, through Hoets Bay Pass. It is a magnificent valley, fertile in the centre, and flanked right away to the shore with lateral extensions of the Table Mountain range. Just before reaching the shore of Hoets Bay the road leaves the valley for the sea, and for about ten miles winds round the rocky slopes of the 'Twelve Apostles' and the 'Couchant Lion,' which guard the western side of Table Mountain. For the last four miles of the journey the road leaves the mountain slopes, and passes through Sea Point, a thickly-peopled suburb of Capetown, which is chosen as residence by those who prefer the strong westerly sea breezes to the somewhat milder air of the Wynberg side of the mountain. The excursion I have described covers a distance of about twenty-four miles. It is a great favourite with the inhabitants of the town when leisure can be found for it, and the visitor who joins in it will feel that he has taken a drive rarely, if ever, surpassed.

CHAPTER SIX

PORT ELIZABETH

ALMOST every one knows that Port Elizabeth stands on the shores of Algoa Bay, and that Algoa and Delagoa mean respectively to and from Goa. But what is Goa? Goa is a Portuguese settlement in India, and the old Portuguese merchants who called at Algoa Bay on the outward voyage to Goa, and at Delagoa when homeward bound, gave them these names. Port Elizabeth is by some known as, and itself rejoices to be called, 'the Liverpool of South Africa.' The name when bestowed was, indeed, well deserved, as the shipping and trade there centred was far in excess of any other Cape Colonial Port, and its community, which is essentially a commercial one, is most business-like and up-to-date in every respect. Although of recent years the revenue derived from the customs at Port Elizabeth has not held the first place as in former times, the Port is believed to be gradually resuming its old position as the premier port in the Colony. The harbour, which is well protected from all winds except the south-easters, is an open roadstead; but its three jetties are amply provided with all the most modern landing appliances, and landing and shipping work is carried out with great speed, care, and efficiency. Many schemes for the making of docks in Algoa Bay have been mooted, the latest being the establishment of docks at the mouth of the Zwartkops River, on the north-east side of the Bay. This scheme, which would be an immensely costly one to carry out, is

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hardly likely ever to be seriously considered, as even if it were more feasible than it is, the vested interests of Port Elizabeth would be absolutely against it.

Viewed from the Bay, Port Elizabeth is not an interesting place. The business town lies along a narrow strip at the foot of a low range of hills, while the residential quarter is on the slopes and summits of these hills. On landing a more favourable impression is, however, conveyed, and one cannot help being at once struck by the very business-like appearance of the town, with its network of electric trams, its huge business houses and fine public offices and buildings, and the business-like air of the men as they walk the streets. There is no other town in the Colony quite like it. There is none of the old-world appearance to be seen as in parts (even now) of Capetown and the older Dutch towns: none of the 'new township' appearance of East London, and the other places of the 'tinopolis' style, but more of that of a bustling English town, though, again, it differs much from the English seaports, and has an individuality of its own.

This is very noticeable in the residential quarter of 'The Hill,' which is laid out more like an American town, with broad streets well lined by trees, crossed at right angles by slightly narrower roads. Although Nature has not been lavish, for the soil is very rocky, man has made the most of his opportunities, and the result is very pleasant and reflects great credit on those responsible. The 'Mayfair' of Port Elizabeth is Park Drive, the circular road round St. George's Park, where there are many charming villa residences and gardens: some with fine open views over the Baakens Valley, and others looking on the expanse of veldt near the Cape Road. In St. George's Park are fine cricket and football, tennis and athletic grounds, and bowling greens, and around these much social life is gathered. Although Port Elizabeth is essentially a business town it is not entirely given over to catching the 'almighty dollar.

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In addition to outdoor games and amusements, much entertaining is done in the way of dances, a form of amusement in which young men and maidens in the Colony are always ready to join. Many of the clubs, tennis, golf, cycle, and football, give annual dances, and at these more public functions the gatherings are representative of almost all classes with any social pretension, and are, for this reason, often more enjoyable than those in the more select and somewhat stiffer circles. The winter weeks seldom pass without a dance being given, and the young people have a good time. Most Colonial men and girls dance well, better, I think, than the general run of their English brothers and sisters of the same class at home, and one seldom meets the man who considers dancing 'a bore, don't-you-know,' and spends his evening hanging on to the door-post. The waltz is by far the most popular dance, and in a programme of twenty dances the greater number are sure to be waltzes. 'Lancers' follow next, and at one time the 'kitchen varieties' among the younger folk had a great run and were certainly a very entertaining form, if apt to be slightly rougher than the ordinary. After each dance the couples promenade round the ball-room, a sight not so often seen in English houses, but due to the fact that sitting out places and cosy corners (especially if the dance be in a public hall, as most of them are) are not numerous. The absence of the Government House set, as well as of the military and naval officer, constitutes the chief difference from the Capetown Society functions. Although there is a certain amount of freedom of intercourse between young men and girls, nothing like the American freedom is permitted, and indeed in some ways I am inclined to think that chaperonage is of a stricter character than in England.

As most of the chief business houses are German, German society predominates in the town. Among the younger men perhaps there is a certain amount of cliquishness, and they spend most of their spare time

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at their 'Liedertafel,' but this is often due to reserve or want of proper introductions. Some of the German merchant-princes entertain largely, and in all matters social there is a thoroughly good feeling of *camaraderie* and friendliness between them and their fellow English Colonists. Dinner parties are not of frequent occurrence, but the Sunday evening supper is an informal and popular method of entertaining one's friends. But dances and suppers by no means exhaust the list of social amenities. During the summer afternoons, and, indeed, nearly all the year round, there are large gatherings for tennis at the clubs and private courts, nearly all of which are gravel. The annual tournament attracts visitors from all parts of South Africa and much first-class play is seen. In the North End, where most of the artisans live, there is a fine park with good golf links. In White's Road a noble opera house and on 'The Hill' a very large drill hall have lately been built; at the latter promenade concerts are given and balls on a large scale are held.

One of the chief attractions, perhaps, which Port Elizabeth possesses is its proximity to the river Zwartkops, where most excellent sailing, rowing, bathing, and fishing can be enjoyed. There are rowing clubs at Zwartkops station, and good accommodation at the hotels, but Red House, three miles further on, is the more select and to many the more pleasant place. Here there are several private residences, chiefly built of wood and galvanised iron, but most comfortable, and club houses, chief among which are those of the River Club and the Zwartkops Rowing Club. I shall not soon forget the jolly young fellows I met there on my last visit, and herewith give them greeting. Excellent sailing can be obtained in the open reaches of the river as far down as the mouth, five or six miles, and in the upper parts of the river (a tidal one for nearly a hundred miles) there is some picturesque scenery where much picnicking is done. Good fishing is to be had, and springer catching at night, if not of a very sportsman-like character, is at least very amusing. The

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modus operandi is as follows : Pick out a very dark night, when the tide is high, put on your oldest clothes, have four or more rowing boats of the heavier type, each manned by two lusty oarsmen, and bring a plentiful supply of lanterns. Row to the higher reaches of the river and then light up. The springers, which move about in large shoals, can be clearly seen [amid the phosphorus in the water, and attracted by the lights will jump at them, very often falling right into the boat. As they jump catch them in the air with 'the catcher,' *i.e.* a kind of landing net, or scoop them out of the water with the same implement. Be prepared to receive many a slap in the face from the springing fish. The shoals, of course, move quickly and deviously, and it will be some one's duty to keep a sharp look-out and direct the rowers to follow in their track. Now and then the boats lose their bearings, and 'you don't know where you are' until brought up on a mud or sand bank with a bump, and then often it will be some one's duty to go overboard and push the boat off into deep water. The work is hard but the fun good, and I have seen many hundreds of fish caught in this way in quite a short time.

The various religious and political agencies are in full swing and keep up the spirit of the excellent lady, the Lady Elizabeth Donkin, wife of Sir Rufus Donkin, who gave her name to the town and in whose honour stands a monument in pyramidal form in a conspicuous place.

Among institutions specially worth noting are the Public Library, perhaps the best arranged and managed in the Colony, and the Grey Institute or Public School, which stands high in repute.

Fruit, wool, and ostrich feathers have each their own market place, as well as hides and skins. The feather market is used also as a skating rink and entertainment hall. It will seat over five thousand persons, and has a very fine organ on which recitals are given on Sunday evenings.

Port Elizabeth is the chief forwarding port for goods

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to Kimberley and largely to Johannesburg, and a glance at the map will show what a large and important district its railways hold in their iron grasp, as Mr. Patterson used to be fond of saying. The completion of the railways took away from East London a considerable portion of the traffic carried on by the ox-wagon, though a fair amount of this has since been recovered by the opening of the river at East London, and the junction of its railways with the main line. The battle of the ports still continues, but the lion's share remains with Port Elizabeth. The opening of these railways has been of advantage not only to commercial enterprise, but to the social life of the town. The connexion between Grahamstown and Port Elizabeth is now more or less intimate. How different from the old days when the 'Cobb and Cole' coaches used to struggle over the Sand Flats with a third horse attached to the side of the two front leaders, often literally taking a flying leap over a bit of bush that intruded over the side of the road. I think the most physically miserable hours of my life were spent during that journey. Anything which tends to lessen the isolation of the towns does much to elevate a community. The enterprise of the business men is not confined to the import and distribution of goods; there is a determined effort to establish a manufacturing industry. Large explosive works, iron foundries, tanneries, machine works, saw and flour mills, oil, candle, jam, and confectionery works are carried on with profit to their owners and give employment to many men and women.

Of the suburbs of Port Elizabeth mention must be made of Walmer, a rising place, now connected by electric tram with the town. Humewood, along the sea-coast, where there is an excellent hotel, is connected by a small branch railway, and further afield we have Van Stadens, Cadles, near the Addoo Bush, a great place for honeymoons and elephants; the noble Zuurberg Mountains and forests; and the quaint old Dutch town of Uitenage, embowered in trees, roses and flowers of

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all descriptions, very warm and sleepy in the summer time but a pleasant and hospitable place for baked 'Bayonians,' as Port Elizabeth people are styled. Uitenage is noted for its pretty girls, who by their presence frequently add to the attractions of Port Elizabeth social functions, and Uitenage dances are always well attended by Port Elizabeth dancing men, who think little of the odd forty miles they have to travel to and from that town. We must not forget the discovery of great shale beds, to extract oil from which a company has been formed with every prospect of success, and before this book is in the press Uitenage may be a source of light as well as amusement and health to the great town near it.

In speaking of the resorts of the people for recreation I mentioned Cadles. Two things come to my mind about it, one the very pleasant sojourn there of the late Miss North, whom I had the pleasure of knowing well. She was on tour sketching the flowers and plants of South Africa. The results of her visit are exhibited in a special building in Kew Gardens; her 'Life' contains a special reference to intercourse with friends of mine while at this place. The other memory was of a tragic character, and I mention it partly from its intrinsic interest and partly to exemplify a feature of the country and the life in it. It occurred while I was resident in King William's Town and spread over a wide district a feeling of deep sadness. Mr. Templeton, the headmaster of Grahamstown Public School, had gone to Cadles with his newly-married wife on their honeymoon. On the first morning after their arrival they started after an early breakfast to enjoy themselves in the adjoining Bush. After having a delightful time they began to think of their return. To their dismay after walking for an hour in what they thought was the direction of the hotel, they found themselves back again to where their return journey had started. They made another attempt, but soon knew that they had lost their way. Not a creature was near. Numerous Kafir paths went in all directions. At length Mr.

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Templeton's strength gave way, as he suffered from heart weakness. Mrs. Templeton with true courage made another attempt, this time alone, to reach the hotel to bring succour to him. In order to find her way back to where he had sunk down she resolved to tear little pieces from her clothing and drop them as in the game of 'hare and hounds.' For a long time the effort seemed hopeless ; at last she met a Kafir, but he could not understand a word of English. She succeeded, however, in getting him to conduct her sufficiently on the way, and at length after hours of struggle she came in sight of the hotel. Here a momentary difficulty presented itself. The paths she had traversed had been so long and so complicated that she had torn off piece by piece almost all her clothing. Barely enough was left her to face the hotel. She, however, made a rush through to her room and before she fell utterly exhausted rang the bell. A search party was formed, and aided by the little shreds they at last, after a lengthened search, found Mr. Templeton lying dead. It is worth recalling as one of the most heroic struggles ever made by the love of woman to save her husband. In spite of this disaster Cadles remains an ideal resort for health and pleasure.

CHAPTER SEVEN

BORDER LAND AND LIFE—EAST LONDON

OLD Panmure is now the young giant of the East and bears unabashed the name of East London. Those who do its business have literally to go down to the sea, for it stands on a steep hill a good hundred and fifty feet high, smiling down on the ceaseless attack of those monster breakers which Sir John Coode pronounced the largest in the world save those on the 'West Coast.' As you approach it from the sea its surroundings have a greener and so more English appearance than those of the other ports. On the eastern side of the river mouth low, rolling, grass-covered downs rise from the beach. Over these slopes a road with well-built detached houses on each side climbs to the business part of the town. Facing the sea and just above the beach is a terrace with a good hotel hard by. An electric tramway runs down from the town and for a short way along the esplanade.

The 'river' (so called), on the mouth of which the town stands, is not so much a river as an arm of the sea, as except at flood time very little water comes down the Buffalo. It is none the less called 'the river.' It is to the East Londoner not only meat and drink but 'beer and skittles.' The town exists by virtue of it. The writer remembers the time when no steamer save tugs could cross the bar of sand that blocked the highway to the sea. These brought convoys of surf boats in which were landed all the goods from ship and steamer, and in rough weather the passengers, too. The hull of one

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adventurous craft which had made a rush inwards over the bar, and was unable even with the aid of tugs to recross it, lay like a derelict of the ocean on the bank side. A glance at the picture of the river will show now a goodly array of steam craft and sailing vessels moored at the quays, though the largest steamers, chiefly on account of their length, still remain outside the bar and land or receive their passengers in a steam launch.

On landing, you still struggle up the same old unmade steep path from the quay to the town, unless you drive round the road. Entering the little hive which way you will, you have the impression of a town in its making. Plots of land unbuilt on give an unfinished air to the place, except in the busy Oxford Street and its short offshoots. Even by the Market Square, in spite of some good buildings, the same feeling prevails. But it is not only 'in the making.' You feel sure as you watch the manner of man that 'the making' will be made. The public buildings are worthy of a progressive port, the new warehouses of the merchants are of fine proportions and substantial build, while some of the shops are quite up-to-date with fine fronts. The chief business is that of the merchant, the forwarding agent, and the produce buyer, but besides these there are several manufacturing industries in embryo, such as two large jam and sweet factories (mainly from colonial fruits), brickfields, flour and saw mills; harness is made there from Colonial leather, and rubber stamps are manufactured. The town, since the opening of the river, has increased during the last few years from ten thousand to nearly thirty thousand people, and is well supplied with lawyers, doctors, clergymen of all denominations, and last, but not least, with excellent schools for both boys and girls. The merchants import and send on a considerable amount of machinery used in Johannesburg, but their chief market is the frontier districts. In this they have a great advantage over Port Elizabeth, as the frontier has a much larger country population (blacks and whites) than the Midlands.

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East London certainly affords plenty of opportunities to the pushing man of affairs, but he needs to have brains and experience, and, perhaps one ought to add, capital. The town is full of life, not only in direct business transactions, but in the politics of business. The competition between the ports requires great alertness about the railway facilities and tariffs for the transmission of goods up country. Where Government owns the railways the exigencies of party are a factor which sometimes tends to an undue advantage being given to one port over another. Railway rates are always difficult to adjust. Mere mileage cannot settle it. The gradients, the amount to be carried, and the cost of maintenance have to be considered. The people of East London complain that Port Elizabeth is apt to think it has a prescriptive right to certain parts of the up-country trade, while the latter port thinks that East London unduly presses its claims. So goes on the battle of the ports; there is no doubt that East London is fully alive to the situation. Nor is it wanting in interest in the general politics of the country. Its members for the Legislature have always been distinguished men, like Sprigg, Brabant, and Smartt. Its nearness to King William's Town keeps up a certain interchange of life beneficial to both towns. It is a rare thing for two towns to be so near to each other in the Colony, and as both are chiefly English there is much mutual visiting. In the summer many people come to East London as a seaside resort, some take lodgings, some go to hotels, but the favourite plan is to camp out. The grassy veldt by the beach to the east of the terrace, gives ample opportunity, of which the folk from King William's Town take full advantage. Large numbers of them come down with their families, and their snow-white tents fleck the beach hills just as the crests of the breakers scatter glistening foam-flakes on the panorama of blue spread before them. An ox-wagon brings all necessary furniture. Often a whole family with their belongings comes down from some more

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distant up-country place. The holiday life is very jolly ; the young folk find companions and go off together ; the ladies of the different groups have opportunities for those mysterious confidences so dear to the better half of humanity. The men go fishing, and often get very good sport. The getting of the bait itself at low tide is a sporting business. You always run the chance of a wetting, or, in dragging the ' Rock bait ' from the interstices of the rocks, meeting the embrace of a cat fish. But once equipped with rod, line, and bait, on a good ledge of rock, it is the fisherman's own fault if he does not enjoy himself, whether he catches fish or not, but with ordinary luck he brings back something for the pot. The sea is there, the sun is there ; you have pleasant companionship not far off, and best of all the free sea air playing all about you. Then if you are so minded there are the expeditions to Cove Rock, a few miles to the west of the river mouth ; or the Nahoon River with its pretty English-looking beach ; or ' up the river ' to the ebb and flow. The family claims you in the afternoon (there is always some jollity on) at afternoon tea ; the evening meal comes on early. The sun is never late going to bed, the twilight is very short, the strong fresh air makes you sleepy, and soon all is quiet save the hoarse roar of the billows which, loud as it is, fails to keep you awake. It is an ideal holiday, taken at little expense and with much enjoyment.

The young fellows of the town, and if report says truly some of the old ones, have ways of their own. And this is partly to be accounted for by the sprightly damsels known as the ' Frontier girls.' Let no one think he has exhausted the treasures of knowledge of womenkind who has not known them. No wonder, with such a comradeship, the young fellows are quick and alert at their work, and eager at their sport. One of the original customs of this lively town is that of a novel kind of " eleven o'clock." Think of it—morning teas with the fair ones at the restaurant instead of fiery nips at the bars. Or

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the vogue changes, and it is lemonade. Really, then, are the young men paragon? Oh dear no! they are much like others, only with ways of their own. They are well-nigh all English (English with a dash of German), and it seems somehow to agree with them and keep them in good spirits. These things might give the impression that business is not taken seriously. There is really no busier place in the country. The hours of work are early to begin and early to close. This was a move on the part of the workers, and turned out well, so that time for tennis and other recreations is in the reach of all.

In speaking of the young people one's thoughts naturally fly to 'home life,' and here at once we find a vast difference from the conditions in England. An Englishman's house is said to be his castle, but a Border Colonial's house is more of the nature of an hotel. True, you pay no reckoning for your entertainment, but the doors are always open, a fact which is taken advantage of to the utmost. A family in any town on the border, or, indeed, anywhere in South Africa, lives but little within itself, and relies still less on the entertainment and amusement that its own members can provide. Not that any great formal 'party giving' is done in East London, but any one and every one will drop in casually, providing they have had some previous introduction, though on occasion the new-comers will bring that in their pocket in the shape of a note. For the most part these unbidden, yet generally welcome, guests consist of young men in the Civil Service, banks, or some mercantile office. When such an one arrives for the first time in an English town, he may, if well provided with letters of introduction, be in course of time asked to a dinner party or a dance, where possibly some few dames may raise their *pince-nez* and languidly inquire, 'Who is that?' He may thus gradually acquire a few acquaintances and fewer friends. Not so with the new arrival in a Border town. 'Have you seen So-and-So?' 'Have

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you met So-and-So?' is the query from mouth to mouth on the tennis-courts and croquet-grounds, and over tea-tables, and at the very first subscription dance he is metaphorically taken by the scruff of the neck, dragged from his short-lived obscurity, and deposited half-breathless on the polished floor, and exposed to the scrutiny of the assembled dames and damsels. Not that he minds this at all—not he! He is introduced to all, dances gaily, talks glibly, and makes friendships all the time. During the next week, clad in blue serge and brown boots (the 'Frontier' youth knows no limit to the province of brown boots), he will sally forth after his evening meal and invade whatsoever domain his fancy pleases, unblushingly sure of a welcome, pleasing as well as pleased, satisfied that he is now living his life. In the average family of two or three members of each sex the male portion will but rarely stay at home in the evening, while their sisters will vote it dull if unrelieved by some visitors. Such is the ordinary unarranged procedure, but seldom are you invited to a private function of any sort, unless a select card-party, at people's houses, for they are as a rule too small for dances. These are generally held in larger or smaller halls as the occasion requires. They never begin later than half-past eight o'clock, often earlier; the practice of looking in for an hour or so is quite unknown. The Border Colonial does not dance for desultory pleasure—it is a serious business. Very seldom during the course of the evening does a mother know the exact whereabouts of her daughter, and she very seldom cares, for she knows that her charge's head can take pretty good care of her heart. The music is good enough on the whole, and is generally provided by perspiring individuals of a musical turn, amongst whom you recognise the man who supplied you with gloves that afternoon, or maybe who shaved you. If it be a charity ball or public occasion of some sort, you will often find him sitting next you at supper, or standing *vis-à-vis* to you in the Lancers, *i.e.* if you leave the arrangement of

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your set to an M.C. Couples have an unhappy way of walking round and round the room after a dance like lost souls vainly seeking exit. No one has ever explained the origin of this custom.

Another form of entertainment is in the picnics on the beach or river, often by moonlight. If these are well organised, as they mostly are, they are a source of great pleasure. Ilka laddie has a lassie, duly arranged, and he is supposed, at any rate, for the nonce to make her his special care. These occasions afford the fair sex an opportunity to 'take an oar,' but the ladies, so proficient in tennis and hockey, are not, as a rule, clever on the water, though even here there are brilliant exceptions, which make the order, 'Eyes in the boat!' quite superfluous, but I understand that they 'know the ropes' pretty well, and steer their bark well along the stream. Many a day I have spent on the Buffalo and cheered my heart at the 'Orange Grove,' so beloved of men when out for a day on their own as a place to find food, drink, and shelter.

It will easily be surmised that clubland is not neglected. Here not alone are the standard institutions such as the East London and Panmure and German clubs, but all the 'home fraternities' find their special meeting place by the score. Some of their names are worth giving, as they show how truly British in feeling is this little community beyond the sea. Thus there are the United Irish, Caledonians, Cambrians, Sons of England, East Anglian, Lancashire and Yorkshire, Good Templars, and what not, some with handsome buildings, others struggling on in smaller halls.

Life here, as elsewhere, has its serious side, its home struggles and its home talks, its household cares and its necessary work. The poor are found that need succour, and the sick that need visiting. Those with sufficient leisure engage in the different philanthropic efforts; the churches and chapels are well attended, and are the centre of the usual religious agencies in the work, of

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which not a few of the younger members of society are 'inspanned.' And all, grave and gay alike, are responsive to the call which charity sometimes makes on time and money. But while some remain strict to old ideas, East London can hardly be called Sabbatarian. On Sundays, golf is freely played, and speaking generally, golf links, beach, and river are a very lively scene with their numerous visitors, for the people love the open air. On Saturday afternoons the capital cricket and football grounds attract large numbers both of players and spectators.

In this account I have freely used the word Frontier or Border. It may be asked, what is and where is the Border? It is not easy to define. Its chief towns are East London, King William's Town, and Queenstown. It extends from the Great Fish River to that other great fish river, the Keiskama (what splendid fish, thanks to the Messrs. Nelson, I have taken from it!), and stretches its neck up to Basutoland and the Orange River Colony. The Border man does not like it to be confounded with the Eastern Province of which it forms a part, for the Frontier was a few years ago the 'fighting line' on the extreme East of the colony. The name no longer means that, but the spirit of comradeship which it engendered still remains, and between all Frontier men there is a clanship which exists in no other part. A Western man, an Eastern province man, excites no such special feeling as, for instance, 'A Man of Kent' does in the cherry garden of England. Will the reader excuse a little local enthusiasm on the part of an old Frontier man who lived there in the days of Sandili and Kreli, whose heart was often in his mouth as he saw the young fellows, [on one occasion some of his own pupils, one of whom was killed in the fight], ride out—once at a few hours' notice—in troops from King William's Town and East London to defend the hearths and homes of the Border households? These days are over, but whenever they meet, the Frontier man still warms to the Frontier man, albeit his

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prowess is no longer shown in contests of blood with the coloured man, but in the peaceful rivalry of sport with his fellow citizens of East, West, and North.

The denizen of old Panmure returning thither from a visit to the Diamond Fields, or the Randt, after reaching Fort Jackson, wishes to talk to no one. He leans out of the carriage window with eyes strained over Lone Tree Loop and Amalinda, waiting, waiting, waiting, for the glimpse of blue. He knows so well whence it will first come over the hills of Cambridge. The stretch of breakers along the shelly strand on the western side of the Buffalo river will first meet his expectant gaze. A sudden curve of the line and there it is, and he experiences one of those rare moments in which we say 'Thank God for life!'

This fairly brings me to a little account of Colonial sports and games making the Border its special venue. The art of rowing has always been pursued with great vigour by the young men of East London, and the 'Buffalo' and the 'Leander' clubs still eagerly contend for supremacy. To one regatta to which my memory turns, boats were sent round from Capetown and Port Elizabeth (distances of six hundred and one hundred and thirty miles respectively) to contend for the Buffalo cup, but East London held her own against all comers. They were a splendid lot of young fellows, as eager for sport in its place as for the more serious side of life when that was uppermost.

One great disparity, for purposes of sport, between life on the Border and that in England is that almost all the men have some occupation. There are a few older men who have retired from the army or business, but you could almost count them on your fingers. The consequence is that almost all outdoor recreation is taken in common at the week end. The Civil Servants have the most leisure for sport, and when any visiting teams come to play cricket or football on an ordinary working day they are relied on to form the nucleus of the team to

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meet them. The selected competitors travel what would seem in England incredible distances for sport. At the recent Zambesi regatta, the Capetown crew journeyed 1644 miles to compete, the Port Elizabeth 1482, and the East London 1543. Such gatherings bear no little weight in the development of the country generally, and the regatta and gymkhana at the Victoria Falls may be regarded as a real epoch in the history of South Africa. There were some three thousand people present, most of whom had travelled long distances. The International four-oared race was won by East London, and Mr. Owen Griffith, of that town, carried off the Diamond Sculls. Long journeys are also made to compete for the various Currie cups, which carry with them the championships of cricket and of both codes of football. The last Rugby football tournament was held in East London, and consisted of teams from the following centres, beside the Border men who were on the spot :—

Capetown, 900 miles (by rail)	Western Province
Kimberley, 546 miles	Griqualand West
Johannesburg, 666 miles	Transvaal
Port Elizabeth, 132 miles	Eastern Province
Bloemfontein, 402 miles	Orange River Colony
Aliwal, 280 miles	North Eastern Districts

The teams finished in the above order, the Border men being bracketed third with the Transvaal. This brought some one hundred and twenty footballers into the town, each team being quartered at one of the various hotels. In the tournament for the cricket championship, teams journey similar distances, but the contest is carried out on the 'knock-out' system, and the matches are played in different towns, instead of all meeting at one centre. In the 'final' last year, the invincible Transvaal eleven journeyed down to Capetown (1014 miles) and defeated the Western Province men with ease on their own ground. The golfing championship matches are now held annually at Easter. The tournaments have up to the present

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been held at Port Elizabeth, Kimberley, King William's Town, Johannesburg, and Bloemfontein ; next year the venue will be at East London. Nearly all the minor towns in the country have their clubs and links in a more or less flourishing condition.

East London is the headquarters of the South African Rowing Union, and of Colonial rowing in general. The course on the Buffalo River is the best in the country, as the current is too slight to be noticeable. The regatta is held annually on the King's birthday, and crews come at various times from Capetown, Port Elizabeth, and Durban to compete for the Grand Challenge Cup, which is open to South African amateur crews. The races, which also comprise pair-oars, are rowed in clinker-built boats, the sculling skiffs being the only shells. The river is quite a gay sight on regatta day, but any one who knows Henley misses the long line of bunting and the houseboats, as there are only two or three of these craft on the Buffalo.

Athletics and cycling also have their devotees, and sports meetings are held regularly in all the Border towns. Unfortunately, there are no very good tracks. The best, which is in Queenstown, is a very fair one with four laps to the mile, and is second only to the Green Point track. There are several swimming and aquatic clubs on the Buffalo, and this branch of sport, including water polo, is becoming more in evidence all over the country. A very successful tournament was held in 1904 in Port Elizabeth.

To the ordinary cricket club in England an outside match is no great undertaking. It generally means an hour's ride in train or brake each way, and as a rule the players are back in their own houses in time for dinner the same evening. Not so on the Border. Take, for example, an East London team journeying to Queenstown to play either an inter-club or inter-town match. It means leaving at about 8 p.m. on Friday, travelling all night, and arriving at the destination in

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time for breakfast. The unfortunate secretary generally has all his work cut out to get anything like a representative team together, and, when he has accomplished this and the train has fairly started, the captain in his turn has no little difficulty on a night journey in keeping some of his men on the safe side.

Cricketers are, however, fairly moderate in their transports, but nevertheless make their presence felt. A ball often makes its appearance in the bar or waiting-room, and short catches are indulged in, and the noise will increase with the time allowed and the number of stations stopped at. At Blaney some other club is usually met with from King William's Town, probably journeying to play in East London, and wild greetings are exchanged and much conviviality crammed into the twenty minutes, and alas, the crack man is often among the liveliest. At last the train arrives at Queenstown, and our friends get out on the platform, rather subdued and very sleepy. But a bath and breakfast restore all their wonted cheeriness of soul, and a stroll round the town is indulged in. The match over and dinner done, the team start home, always in the greatest fettle, even if they lose, which is generally the fate of the visitors, as not only are the home team at full strength but they have not travelled all night. But if they do win, their gratification is unbounded, and their love for their opponents and fellow creatures in general is intense. Even-tempered, good-hearted, cheery souls, they arrive home on Sunday morning, and probably after breakfast you will find them all on the golf links, beach, or river, telling their 'pals' of yesterday's doings. During the Christmas or Easter holidays teams will go round and play two or three matches at either of the larger towns, or perhaps visit Kei Road and Tylden, and meet the country teams. Occasionally touring teams wander further afield, and, taking two or three weeks' holiday, will invade Capetown, Johannesburg, or Natal, where they will meet with a right royal reception. Everywhere do

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sportsmen extend the right hand of fellowship to each other, whether times be good or bad.

The sport of the Border is not limited to games. Horse-racing, shooting, and fishing are keenly followed by not a few. On the race-course you often see horses specially imported from England, and many a Colonist is the proud rearer of good blood animals. All three towns have their course, and their annual meetings are well supported. The big buck-hunts are things of the past. During the last Kafir War, nearly thirty years ago, the natives took to the woods and the game was well-nigh exterminated. The war over, Government adopted measures to preserve what was left. A strict Game Preservation Act was passed and a Forestry Department instituted. Now one has to get special permission to shoot a buck, except on one's own private ground. The re-stocking which was commenced is, however, a slow process. This largely arises from the fact that the Kafir is an inveterate poacher; despite all laws, he looks upon the game as his inalienable right, just, indeed, as many a countryman does in England. Sometimes, in spite of the penalty of imprisonment, as many as fifty turn out to catch a buck that has been marked down. The police are informed, but what can two or three police do against so many, some with guns, some with assegais, all armed with something, although it is unlawful for them to carry any weapon? So with due discretion the police find their duties take them elsewhere. Are there not, too, a few knowing Colonists who manage to bag an occasional buck at early dawn on the margin of some forest by the brink of a river?

But some of us can remember the days of the big hunt in the country district. The Civil Commissioner, duly importuned, and himself nothing loth, would fix a day and send round to the native head men living near the woods to be drawn, saying that so many beaters would be required. He would also let the officers and civilians know; and generally about a couple of hundred natives

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would turn up armed with assegais and sticks (knobkerries). These would form up all along one side of the wood, while the guns would be stationed on the opposite side, about a hundred yards apart, somewhat similar to the plan adopted in covert shooting here, only the 'range' or beats were much larger. The game was driven by the beaters and their dogs towards the guns, some being killed by the natives in their flight onward, but the 'buck buck,' the larger of the antelope, secured on these occasions, generally went forward, and if one was fortunately placed half a dozen shots might be got with results varying according to the skill of the marksman and the position of the quarry. Most of the Europeans at that time preferred double-barrel guns, one barrel rifled for a long shot with bullet, and the other smooth for something larger than No. 1 shot. The sport was, naturally, a bit dangerous, as one could not tell where a bullet would stop, and it sometimes found its billet in the body or limbs of one of the beaters, but although some got wounded in some of these hunts, I never heard of any of the beaters being actually killed, and most of the sportsmen were careful to use the rifle only when the quarry was fairly out in the open and none of the beaters within range.

These hunts were most enjoyable and really good sport. On one occasion, at the Red Hill, seventy-eight buck were secured; the game which fell to the first shot was the property of that gun, then a liberal distribution was made to the beaters to repay them for their work, although they, no doubt, used to get a lot of buck that went back into the wood wounded. There is still some sport left for the white man in Kaffraria, and in the private forests or farm there are still 'buck buck' and other game.

Some years ago the Government made grants to several societies in the country for the purpose of introducing trout into the several rivers which appeared suitable, and the sources of the Buffalo were fixed upon by the society of Kaffraria. The ova were imported from England and Scotland, the first two shipments being very unfortunate,

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owing to arriving in exceptionally hot weather, but the next lot did better and many thousands of young trout were placed in the rivers Buffalo and Keiskama, etc. The fish seem to do remarkably well and run to a large size. One of nine pounds has been taken in a dam on Halse's farm near the Stormberg, and several of four or five pounds in the Keiskama; but, perhaps owing to the late continued drought, sport has not, so far, been good, but there is no doubt it will be splendid, given normal seasons with decent 'spaats' during the open time for the Rods.*

But fishing is not dependent on trout and 'the fly.' How often have I searched among the rocks by the seaside, at low tide, for the red bait, and then as the tide came in stood on some projecting shelf and hooked many a fish of two and three pounds. There is also good fishing in the rivers, as many a sporting East Londoner knows. Even the rowing man, the cricketer, or the golfer is sometimes lured from scull, bat or putter to take a rod and line, and meditatively watch his float.

* A private letter from Mr. Edward Halse tells me that three trout were taken in their dam, $2\frac{1}{2}$ years old, weighing 7, 8, and 9 lb., and a year later, one $3\frac{1}{2}$ years old, weighing 14 lb. 2 ozs., which was sent to East London for exhibition. He adds that he fears the otters have killed all the rest. Traps seem of no use for catching the otters, as they are too wary. Lately carp have been put into their pans, which promise well. In the rivers, such as the Keiskama, the otter is not so much to be feared.

CHAPTER EIGHT

LIFE IN NATAL

NATAL has always been called the Garden of South Africa, and justly, for even in its wild state beauty runs riot. It may almost be said all things fair and beautiful grow there, from the graceful palm and fern-tree to the richly-scented orchid, with its fantastic shapes and colours. When the Boers in their great trek stood on the heights of the rugged Drakensberg Mountains, it seemed like a new paradise awaiting them. Below them were streams of water, now rushing down a steep, now quietly flowing over a more even channel, widening and deepening as they reached the Indian Ocean. The lower ridges of the mountains abounded in big trees. The valleys and plains, deep with pasture lands, invited their cattle and spoke of future sheep runs and plantations. Mimosa trees in clumps, and thick bush, growing more dense as it reached the sea, all covered with a blue haze, delighted the eye and fired the imagination with dreams of land flowing with milk and honey for those who might settle there. There was room among its embowered hills and meadows, twenty thousand miles in extent, for thousands, where now only a few hundred natives lived.

An account of two visits to this lovely region will give some idea of what the life of our English settlers has been and is to-day, for it was not written in the scroll of fate that the Boers should ultimately possess the land. Landing in the early spring of '78 the first impression was the total contrast to the Midland or Western scenery,

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and this was increased as we progressed inland. The whole country was like a vast tropical garden. The bar at the mouth of the river prevented the steamer from entering the harbour, so the going-ashore was accomplished by a small steam-launch, the embarking on which was effected in a basket. This was let down by a kind of derrick and you were passed down below. There was a heavy sea on, so the hatches were battened down and you felt at once like undergoing the horrors of the middle passage in one of the old-time slave ships. You were one among sixty or seventy passengers in a small cabin. Not a few felt the effects of the heavy sea and showed them, too. You were pitched and tossed together in the stifling air, so the journey in the launch, like the policeman's life in Gilbert's song, was 'not a happy one.' Disembarking from the launch you came on heaps of sand. In fact, you could see nothing but huge heaps of sand, then more sand, and this continued till you reached the little apology for a town called Durban. Even there no attempt had been made to harden the roads. None the less, there were a few substantial warehouses and places of business. A good trade was already in embryo with Kimberley and with the people inland, both farmers and natives. As yet the Zulu war had not brought prosperity to the country, so there were no buildings in the town to arrest the eye.

The Zulu war brought the flowing tide, and the Natal business men took it at the flow. Like most flowing tides the Zulu war brought many troubles to the people of Durban, but it gave the start to new business enterprise. All the troops were landed here, and while the natives marvelled at the sea children, as they called them, swarming on the shores in red attire, the mercantile houses saw their chance and took it. All the money went through the banks. This in itself was much; the purchase of stores was more, and every one with business capacity and industry made money. The town started improvements; the roads were macadamised. New business

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premises and public offices of fine proportions were built, among which was a very fine Town Hall, so that visitors in '81 saw a vast change. But a visit in 1904 brought you in contact with a still greater development. Instead of crossing the bar in a little launch, the *Walmer Castle*, a vessel of 12,564 tons, steamed right into the harbour, spurning the diminished sand-barrier. The ship was taken up to the well-constructed jetty and the passengers were met by a train to take them with no pitchings and tossings and stifling air, into the town and to any part of South Africa they might wish to visit. All along the landing-jetties were powerful hydraulic cranes and other provisions required in landing timber and heavy goods. Floating workshops were not wanting, and what perhaps impressed you most was a recently imported floating dock, so that the whole arrangements seemed as up-to-date as in the European ports. The same thought pursued you on reaching the town. There you saw handsome buildings on every side. Lunching at the club, you felt like being in Pall Mall; only the verandahs for your smoke and lounge 'went one better.' The *cuisine* was quite up to what one gets in London. Dining and sleeping at the Marine Hotel opposite, you felt the same satisfaction; everything was first-rate. The streets were alive with pedestrians of all sorts of colour and shades, from the blue-eyed, red-lipped, and light-haired Saxon to the blackest of black negro. It must be owned, too, unless you belong to the case-hardened tribe, that the sweet and delicate toilets of pretty girls, in contrast with the gay and fantastic garb of the Malay and Indian women, increased your pleasure. The turbans and shawls of these latter, red and yellow, pink, mauve, and cream in colour, contrasted curiously with the top hat and frock coat, the white drill and pith helmet, not to mention the dirty shoddy or sacking tunic of the labourer. In and out among all, the swift rickshaw boys, with their grotesque uniform, added a somewhat startling yet pleasing variety. This uniform is unlike anything seen elsewhere. It

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consists mostly of a tunic of white material trimmed with broad red braid, and short drawers to match, reaching the knee. The headgear is the climax!—short horns fastened on the head with bright-coloured handkerchiefs, trimmed all over with feathers, hair, and monkey tails, in fact, with all sorts of things as their fancy chooses. Did you ever see the like? Especially when I add that they almost all look clean and fresh. Then to see the rickshaws themselves skimming about! A Natal lady or gentleman scarcely even goes ‘just across the road’ or ‘along the street’ or ‘a few doors down,’ as we say, without stepping into one. ‘Oh come,’ you say, ‘that’s a slight exaggeration.’ Be it so, but who would realise anything without a touch of it? In sober truth, you go almost everywhere in a rickshaw. There are hundreds of them; they skim along like swallows; they only cost you sixpence for a short trip; and the recipient of that slight fare doesn’t stare at you with dumb stony malevolence, but says, ‘Thank you, Boss,’ and means it.

The principal people of the place live a little out of town on the Berea, to which suburb electric trams run every few minutes. The houses here nearly all stand in large gardens, most of them well kept with smooth lawns and plenty of flowers and shrubs. It is quite a treat to get on the top of a tram and go round the Berea. The outlook over the town and harbour is very fine, and one gets the advantage of travelling through beautiful scenery as well. A short distance out of Durban one comes on the sugar and tea plantations. The growers have been very successful, more particularly of late years, and since the Customs Convention with the other States and Colonies of South Africa has given them the advantage in duties over other Colonies or foreign countries, the production of sugar and tea are now quite important industries. How different now, too, are the inland trips, say to Pinetown! To-day it is only a short railway journey of some eighty miles. In the days of our first visit you were bumped in a post-cart, with relays of horses

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every hour, so that a galloping pace might be maintained. It was quick for horse travelling, but your head now touched the roof and now with difficulty kept off the floor. Sometimes a breakdown in a lonely spot left you with nothing but tobacco with which to console yourself for hours, while the driver went off for a fresh cart. However, those rides to a good-tempered man were pleasurable enough, as he went through some of the finest scenery in the world. Even to-day it cannot be said that the railway goes too fast to see and enjoy the country.

Society in Natal differs somewhat from that of Cape Colony. It is less Dutch than in Capetown, and less German than in Port Elizabeth. In Durban itself the social life is charming. Who that has taken part in the tennis parties and croquet sets on the Berea does not know the geniality and zest with which this side of life is engaged in? Need I tell of the horse-races, seeing that wealthy Englishmen are there? Fine English horses are imported, and sooth to say, now and then an English 'bookie;' but that guileless tribe is not in strength, and the race is all the more enjoyable with its good-tempered betting to boot. Hunts are organised on much the same lines as in other parts and the sport is good. Boating clubs, rifle clubs, and last, but not least, dancing parties, afford as fine a field as anywhere for gentle whispers of love or flirtation, mild or strong, as the case may be. Certainly up-country or town folk enjoy themselves with a charming *insouciance* in this favoured spot.

I do not think that the Natal girl has the same freedom that obtains in most Colonial society. That sort of so-called platonic friendship between the young of both sexes which is becoming more or less prevalent elsewhere, and, on the increase at home, is, I am assured, all but unknown there. The old rule remains that if any special intimacy springs up, engagement and marriage are expected of necessity to follow. Owing to the large native population, no lady is allowed to go out alone after

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dark. To put this phase of society more generally, it may be said that the same customs are observed in this respect that were the general rule thirty years ago at home, and that still prevail in the stricter circles.

The education of the white population is upon an excellent basis. The schoolmasters are Civil Servants, and as such are on the Civil List as regards retiring pensions. Moreover, their salaries are higher than in Cape Colony, and consequently their social position, as a rule, is much better. Of course, there are several cases in Cape Colony where the masters are better paid than the department stipulates. This is so in all the more important centres.

When we come to the coloured population the case is different. The disproportion is so great (viz. one in twelve) between white and coloured, that what in the old Colony is a problem waiting solution, is here a puzzle to which no one has the key. In Natal you have nearly a million blacks and half-castes and one hundred thousand Indians, with only a hundred thousand whites. Only $1\frac{1}{8}$ per cent. of the native population are in attendance at the schools, while in the old Colony there are $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. Mr. Barnett, the late Superintendent of Education, thus speaks of the matter: 'The European parents demand protection for their sons from contact with the Kafirs and the Indians, and equally from the half-breeds or "Coloured," as they are called. The "Coloured" in their turn demand protection from the Kafirs and Indians, and finally the Kafirs and Indians despise each other and can rarely with profit be taught together.' These half-castes in Natal are a very serious social factor. They are for the most part the progeny of Ogle, Fynn, and Dunn, Englishmen who lived the life of the native Zulus, married many Zulu wives, and held powers under Zulu kings, and were recognised as chiefs two generations ago by the British Government. As a rule the half-castes intermarry with each other. Their peculiar position renders them a moral prey to the lower type of European when

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they come into contact with them. They are a poor breed and increasingly idle, despising the pure native, willing neither to learn with them nor work with them, but ready enough to consort with them at the beer-shop. There are exceptions to this. I once knew one of the Fynns, a most excellent man.

Mr. Barnett thus gives us his account: 'They are loyal to British rule, willing to undertake military service, anxious to improve. But the Natal Government has, so far, done little to give them the only help likely to make them progressive and useful, a vigorous manual and agricultural training. So far as one is able to foresee, the fate of these poor people will be a very sad one. They will multiply in increasing deterioration; they will be kept alive by shamefaced philanthropy; they will cover an extending area of corruption, lowering the national efficiency.'

Bad as is the plight of the half-castes, the condition of the Indians with regard to education is perhaps worse. They are still being imported (this in spite of the vast number of natives) as farm labourers and domestic servants. Following in their wake come the small traders who pick up the business in small articles and absorb much of the profit of storekeeping. I happen to know, as a fact, that one-fourth of the house property in Verulam had, fifteen years ago, been attained by them. 'Here again,' says Mr. Barnett, 'it is hard to get on the right lines. The education for the children of these people is miserably inadequate. It is almost exclusively bookish, and just enough to keep up a supply of quick-witted rascals for small or parasitical callings.'

In another part of his report he says: 'It is an appalling fact, that in the great majority of Natal homes the place of the Kindergarten teacher is occupied by a Kafir boy or girl who may be vicious, and who is probably stupid. Most little white Natal children, the heirs of our noble and consecrated language, speak an infantile Kafir better than they speak English, and in preference

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to it. Not only are there English parents who are not ashamed to tell you that little 'Tommy or Polly can understand and speak only this miserable jargon, but there are English fathers and mothers who boast that they never allow their Kafir servants to speak to themselves or to their children in English. A more deliberately wrong-headed and mischievous practice it would be hard for empirical stupidity to invent. At the beginning of school life in Natal, little English children have often to be taught, not only to speak English, but to understand it when they hear it. They talk and think in Kafir so long, at an age so delicate and susceptible, that for the rest of their lives they escape the effects only with the greatest difficulty. Their development is often permanently arrested, and the mischief becomes inveterate because they must needs go on spending their adolescent and adult lives in an atmosphere pervaded by Kafirdom. They do not, like the Anglo-Indian child, quit the lower association and have done with it. Cases have been reported to me of pupils well-trained in good European schools reverting to their infantile associations with the farm Kafirs on returning home, and losing all the cultivation and intellectual alertness which they brought from school. A corresponding moral deterioration is almost inevitable. The use of the Kafir boy or girl drudge as nurse or Kindergartner brings about other evils in its train. The things about which the Kafir talks, innocently enough in respect of his own stage of development, are not the things which we would have our little ones habitually hear; and the traditional secular practices of the black folk are sometimes ineffably foul. These things being so, although the difficulty of securing decent white help in the up-bringing of European children in Natal is enormous, the dangers of Kafir tutelage are so great that it should be employed by no one who by hook or crook can avoid it.'

A writer in the *Critic* has assailed Mr. Barnett with great vehemence for this outspoken report. But Mr. Barnett's position for knowing was superior to the *Critic's*,

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and the estimation in which he was held is evidenced by the fact that on relinquishing his position in Natal he was, quite lately, offered the same post in the Transvaal. While speaking of the little which the Natal Government is doing to elevate the various coloured people, he fully recognises the difficulty. There is (1) the natural jealousy which the European artisan feels in having the burden of educating people in handicrafts, who will, thereby, compete with him in his own means of livelihood; then (2) the enormous expense in educating such a large number of people who pay such small fees, and contribute so little to the taxation. [A recent law compels a larger contribution from all coloured folk.] The Coolies, in spite of lack of education, make excellent gardeners, and keep Durban well supplied with vegetables. Moreover, they are good farm servants, and some of them, as at Capetown, are squeezing their way in among the skilled artisans.

There is no doubt that the Natal producers are go-ahead men. The increase in the amount of tea, tobacco, coffee, and sugar tells its own tale of the larger tracts of land under cultivation. The Natal Government, with the Imperial South African Association as its agent, has recently offered for settlement land sufficient for thirty settlers with their families at Winterton. Before doing so it had spent forty thousand pounds in making the water from the Tugela River available for irrigation. The settlements are not far apart, so there is no lack of social intercourse. No rent has to be paid for the first two years. The immigrant is sent out free and met on his arrival by the authorities and conducted to the parts allotted, which are on the line of railway, so that the produce will have easy access to the towns, where there is a good market for it. Right through this Colony the British element is largely in excess of any other European.

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Lorenço Marques, situated on Delagoa Bay, is one of the five chief ports of South Africa. Though not in the British Empire it is very important as affording the best port for some parts of it. Thus Barberton, on a slope of the Drakensberg Mountains, is only one hundred and thirty-six miles by rail from it, Johannesburg about four hundred. I am not personally acquainted with this place, but a leading resident of Johannesburg, writing to me about it, says that the improvements there have been so great that it makes a pleasant resort. His words are : ' You might well imagine yourself in a bright Continental town.' Komati Poort, where the rail enters British territory, introduces the traveller to some striking scenery, and by the Leysdorp branch opens up a country which is rich both in agriculture and in mining promise.

CHAPTER NINE

TRADE ROUTES AND TOWNS ON THEM

FIRST in order comes the route round the coast. By this way of the sea a certain amount of Colonial produce is carried from port to port, but perhaps not so much since the opening of the railways. Cases of Cape brandy and wine and baskets of grapes go eastward from Capetown, though the Frontier man prefers his 'Martell' and his 'Johnny Walker,' and generally the extra special of that. Yellow seal foreign sherry, too, is more in favour than the Cape product. From Natal eastwards comes many a bag of sugar and other produce, of which coal is an increasing quantity.

But the chief sea-carrying from Capetown is for goods from England, transhipped for the other ports, or the residue of cargo in the hold of the ship itself after the consignment for the nearer port has been landed. Even this is less than it was, as so many steamers are now chartered direct to Port Elizabeth or East London or Natal, which both take out goods and bring back wool and hides.

Starting from Capetown, the first port of call is Mossel Bay. All steamers do not put in at this little port (some go direct to Port Elizabeth); but Mossel Bay is increasing in importance, and a rail is in course of construction to the flourishing little town of George. This is one of the best built and prettiest of the Dutch towns. Its avenues of oaks in the streets and its large gardens are very pleasing. The introduction of ostrich-farming in the neighbourhood has greatly added to its prosperity, and

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this is adding to the traffic to and from Mossel Bay. From this port, whether going up or down the coast, the steamer very likely takes a few bags of oysters to its next destination. This industry is, I believe, increasing in importance. From Mossel Bay to Port Elizabeth is a short and easy run. There are no such dangerous headlands as between Capetown and the former port. There is but little actual trade between Port Elizabeth and East London and Natal, though a little produce sometimes comes down the coast from the latter port. In spite of railways there is still considerable passenger traffic by sea, and in this way it is of importance as a trade route, no less than in the carriage of goods. The railways make a considerable *détour*, and are therefore more expensive for travelling.

The coast-line is very bold, and the passage round it is attended with no little risk. The Portuguese called the Cape of Good Hope, which has to be rounded from Capetown coastward, Capo di Tormentos. Huge breakers formed by waves which successively push their unbroken way from the Arctic Ocean dash on its rocks. For this reason, and because of the dangerous headlands, which stretch out their long arms in jagged lines, the ships keep well out to sea. Many a gallant vessel has come to an untimely end through standing too near in, while if they go too far out they come into very rough seas caused by the cross-currents of the Indian and Arctic Oceans. Spite of their luxurious fitting up, life on board the steamers on their way round the coast is not of the pleasantest, either for the ship's company or for the ordinary passenger. I believe I am right in saying that when out of port, round this difficult coast, the captain seldom leaves the bridge. The very bays that form the harbours are often too rough to be at all pleasant. Yet the last time I made the passage round the coast, from East London to Capetown, the water in Algoa Bay was so smooth that you could see the reflections of the sea-fowl as they sat resting on it. We stayed there for several hours, and

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were entertained by a whale-hunt. One of these monsters, playing about, was espied from the shore, and two or three boats, well-manned and equipped with harpoons, put out after it. The playful leviathan led them a fine dance, but never allowed them to approach near enough to get a harpoon into him; as soon as they got within what seemed striking distance, he would dive down, and then appear again a quarter of a mile or more away. Pursuit followed, but only to meet with the same result, until at last he took himself off to the open sea.

Regular steamers of the smaller type used to ply up the coast to Mozambique, but these are not frequent since the opening of the Suez Canal. Small steamers run every fortnight to Port Nolloth, which is the port for Namaqualand, the capital of which, O'Kiep, is a district rich in copper, large quantities of which, after smelting, are sent by the railway to Port Nolloth, and then shipped to England.

The inland railway routes all have the same goal, viz. Kimberley, with its northern extensions through Bechuanaland and Rhodesia and Johannesburg, the trains as they go along dropping or taking up goods at the various townships. The line from Capetown serves the Western Province, and chiefly carries passengers, and brings the produce of the gold and diamond mines down to the port for shipment. That from Port Elizabeth serves the Midlands, and forwards most of the merchandise to both Kimberley and Johannesburg. That from East London serves the Eastern side; its chief carrying trade is with the countryside through which it passes, but it is already claiming some with Johannesburg. Capital arrangements are made on all the lines for sleeping and eating. Tables for two or four let down from the side, and are used either for meals or for cards. The carriages are on the corridor principle, so that you need not sit all the time. Outside, at the end of them, is a railed-in platform where you can enjoy the open air. Altogether the journey, with a good travelling companion, may be



WOOL DRYING.

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delightful. The journey from Capetown to Kimberley, 647 miles, is performed in about thirty-three hours ; that to Johannesburg, 1014 miles, in forty-eight hours. The route for both places is the same as far as De Aar, and is full of varied interest until you reach the Karroo.

The route to the Paarl, which is the first station of importance, is fairly direct, but from this point it makes a great *détour*, which is rendered necessary by a lofty and rugged chain of mountains running from sea to sea. The early settlers on the Cape Peninsula regarded these heights as an insurmountable barrier. They were at that time infested with lions and tigers, which sometimes were seen quite near to the town. The second Governor, the adventurous Van der Stell, with an exploring party forced a way over them at a spot which they called Tulbagh, which was the place selected by the engineers to take the railway over this formidable barrier. It involves a circuitous route of over seventy miles to Worcester, a bee-line to which would only be about thirty miles. There are two other passes through these mountains—Sir Lowry's and Bain's Kloof. The latter would have been the more direct course to take, but spurs of mountains between it and Worcester made 'the longer way round the shorter way home.' The Paarl is the first station which contributes to the trade traffic of the line. It is the chief place in the Colony for cart and wagon building, the yards and sheds of which may be seen among the trees as you pass along the shady street. A large amount of harness, both heavy and light, is also made, and the largest wool-wash in the Colony is here. Much fruit is grown, and the vineyards add greatly to the charm of the place. The town is seven miles in length, consisting of one long street parallel with the river Berg, which runs along the foot of the Drachenstein Range. Mountains flank it on either side, and the vineyards climb a considerable distance up the slopes, presenting, together with the oak trees on each side of the road in the foreground, and the rugged steeps above,

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a most picturesque appearance. The schools and churches are important buildings, and, as in all South African towns, there is an excellent library. In the centre of the town there is an excellent recreation ground. During the day a still kind of languor pervades the air, but almost every evening a fresh breeze comes down from the mountains. Though it is a busy place, its great length prevents bustle. The passenger train will very likely take on board some fresh fruits for the less favoured parts, while the goods train will often attach a truck with a wagon or carts for some up-country town, or on the return journey for Capetown.

The people of the Paarl are essentially both religious and political as well as business men. A strong vein of Huguenot blood, testified by the prevalence of the names De Villiers or Vill Gee and Dutoit, accounts for this. Theological discussions on topics almost forgotten in England are still pursued, but even here the pomps and vanities, such as dances and evening parties, are not ignored altogether, and the gentle art of love-making is well understood. I hail in passing, with grateful memories, some of those dear old-world people there with whom I have spent some happy hours, and especially my friends at the Wool-wash.

From the Paarl you have a straight run to Piquetberg, with the Berg River on the west and the Drachenstein Mountains on the east. On the way you pass Wellington, a few miles from which is Bain's Kloof. A visit to this place is one of the things that relieve those weary of the round of life in the metropolis. Many a jolly expedition is made, and well does it repay the visitor. With a good pair of horses you can move quickly up the whole ascent of nine miles, your eyes ravished all the way with the richest verdure growing on the rocks, moistened with many a spring, in the kloofs opening on either side, with homesteads and vineyards here and there dotting the slopes. Two thousand feet up a view of splendour awaits you. The township of Wellington and the Paarl

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nestle below, with more white homesteads on the verdant slopes. Then, stretching among the corn-growing districts south of Malmesbury, and on beyond, forty miles away, the blue Atlantic Ocean gleams. And over all is the everlasting blue of the far-off sky. On the other side, as by a magic wand, the view changes. The beetling brows of threatening rocks, with jagged edges, enclose you on every side until you emerge from the pass. This famous kloof is what used to be the highroad from Capetown to Worcester, and in the old days many a weary team of oxen have toiled up the two thousand feet, taking goods to Worcester and returning with produce. This old trade-route now knows but little traffic, as the railway takes all but what is purely local.

At Tulbagh the rail takes a sharp turn at the right. The streams from the Great Winterhoek and the nearer hills make this station a refreshing sight. Here, too, young and old from Capetown resort. They come to see the wild flowers which grow in rich profusion, and the flower shows in September. Not a few go on to the next station, Ceres Road, for a drive through Mitchell's Pass. Here the road is a fine piece of engineering; it is still in full use for the rich produce of the Bokkeveldt to find its way to Ceres Road station.

As you go along this road which is in many places blasted out of solid rock, you can still see traces of the old road, which scales, seemingly, impassable steeps, over which the dogged Boers of forty to fifty years ago, one may say, forced their wagons laden with the rich Bokkeveldt yield. At Worcester we have the same kind of contributions to trade as at the Paarl. Wagons, carts, wine and brandy help to fill the trucks. The town life is described elsewhere. Past Worcester the train assails the great Hex River mountain barrier. The last time I went this route I was lucky enough, as I lay in my berth, in the very early dawn, to catch some of the most wonderful effects of mountain scenery which I ever witnessed. It was on the down journey. As we descended

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the huge bosom of the mountain a vast snow-covered gorge seemed to rend it in twain, and lose itself in dim recesses. On either side were great slopes covered with snow. As we zigzagged down, first one side, on which the moon shone in its snow-white glory, came into view, then the other side of the gorge, on which the early dawn shed the tenderest, most beautiful pink; then for a little while the two sides were seen together, and so it went on alternating for several miles. I have since seen many a day-breaking, but none have left a deeper impression than this rich combination of moonlight with the fore-splendours of coming day.

On reaching Hex River station you have mounted the first plateau in the great northern journey. It is intensely cold, and the scene presented is intensely dreary. Sleep comes for an hour or two as a pleasant relief after you have drawn over you some extra clothing. When you rise for bath and breakfast it is the Karroo. When lunch is spread on the neat little table between you and your *vis-à-vis* it is still the Karroo; the same at tea; and when darkness comes over and the light is turned on you do but shut out the Karroo. It is a desert of desolation. It reminded me of a yarn told in Texas of a young man at a little wayside inn where business kept him for a day or two. The landlady, of the good old-fashioned sort, was scandalised because he never said 'grace,' or waited for her to say it. She intimated the same to him, whereon, at the next meal he said, 'Oh, Lord! corned beef for breakfast! Oh, Lord! corned beef for dinner! Oh, Lord! corned beef for supper! Oh, Lord! do the other thing to corned beef!' Substitute Karroo for corned beef, and it expresses one's feelings.

I remember noting, as we passed, one homestead with a few forlorn-looking trees and a ridge of water. It seemed impossible that year in, year out, any human beings lived there; but there are not a few such on this vast expanse of wilderness. The people grow quite

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content, and rather look down upon the dwellers in towns. Occasionally a few visitors drop in and shake hands, ask a few questions, sit long in silence, take a meal perhaps, and depart. I only once visited such a family. There were five sons and one daughter living with their father. An uncle, an imbecile, was kept in a hut and watched over by a Kafir servant. It was an English family, but from long living in loneliness they had acquired the silent ways of their silent land. The father was out when I reached the farm ; one of the young men took my horse, and I was shown into a comfortable-looking room. Presently we sat down to the midday meal of biltong and rice pudding. Needless to say I enjoyed it after a long ride. The young lady grew chatty after a while, and told me of her life, and asked all about the town from which I came. Later on the father returned. After first greetings he sat in profound silence for a long time, only answering in monosyllables any remark upon which I ventured. At last he broke the silence with a deep-toned exclamation, 'That man was never guilty.' He was referring to the attempted execution of a man at Exeter months before, when the scaffold had broken down three times and so prevented the hanging. I pictured to myself how, in his lonely life, the old gentleman had pondered over this dramatic incident, deeply imbued with the thought of a special divine intervention. I stayed the night, and was most hospitably entertained. In the evening I wandered out alone. The after-glow of orange and pink over the mountains took the place of the glare of light. Instead of sun-scorched sides they became solemn heights, and over all the awe of the unbroken procession of the stars. Then I remembered how this was the same Karroo which in passing quickly in the train had seemed so desolate. I once saw it after the great rains, and then it was a veritable garden of wild flowers, glowing and gladdening in the sun, bursting out after the long imprisonment like merry children out of school. This is not a book of parables, yet this

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beauty locked up within the desolation is surely a symbol which needs no interpretation.

But this is a queer diversion on a trade route, so let us get along and catch the next train at the nearest station, and then on to Beaufort West. We steam through Nels Poort, and say 'good-bye' to the grand Central Karroo. We soon pass Victoria West, where the cereals from the Carnarvon district find an exit. A few miles further and we reach De Aar, where farm produce of various kinds adds to the trade returns of the line. Here the line to Kimberley goes due north, while that for Bloemfontein and Johannesburg turns sharp to the right for Naupoort. Before you reach Kimberley you cross the Orange River; then Grasspan, the Modder River, and Magersfontein, with their memories of disaster, are all passed. The country between De Aar and Johannesburg is referred to in the chapter on the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal.

There are two routes from Port Elizabeth to Kimberley and Johannesburg, uniting at Middleburg, that to the west through Graaf-Reinet passing through the more productive regions, while that to the east being the more direct saves in its course to Middleburg about thirty miles. This latter route after crossing the Addo Bush, where the elephant still roams wild, makes its way along the valley of the Sunday River to Coernag, where it turns sharp to the right. Coernag is the station for those on pleasure bent. There is no town but an hotel, all round which the thick scrub abounds in game. I never had the good fortune to stop here except for a brief time. Nor have I visited the famous Zuurberg Pass, but I have often heard described the wonderful beauty of the views during the ascent. The scenery is said to equal anything in South Africa, and to be somewhat like the velvety slopes in the north of Madeira; if so, it is indeed lovely. About eight miles further on is the Zuurberg Sanatorium, where invalids and pleasure-seekers resort, and where game also abounds, though



PAY DAY ON RHODES' FRUIT FARM, GREAT DRAKENSTEIN.

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sport is not very safe except to the most expert sportsman, on account of the precipitous nature of the slopes and the thickness of the bush which covers them. About twenty miles on is Sandflats. How different now to cross from when, some thirty years ago, I made the journey in that terrible Cobb and Cole coach, on which I sat with only about twelve inches of room, at the extremity of a narrow seat, with a child on my knee. The line now winds about, dodging the lower spurs of the Zuurberg Mountains until Alicedale is reached, from which there is a branch to Grahamstown. About half-way between this station and Cookhouse the Great Fish River is reached, and the railway goes for many miles along its banks. This, the reader may remember, once formed the boundary of the Colony. It is one of the largest of its rivers. The thick growth and steep recesses on its extreme bank made good covert for the Kafirs in their various skirmishes with the Burgher Commandoes. Somerset East is on the eastern extremity of the Great Karroo, and is about fourteen miles from Cookhouse.

The Karroo here is much more picturesque than further west. Glen Anan waterfall, nearly three hundred feet in height, is a fine rush of water. Fruit of all kinds is abundant. Somerset East is famous as the site of Gill College, one of the important educational institutes in the Eastern Province. Leaving Cookhouse, the railway still keeps close to the river, which it twice crosses. Then comes Cradock, a town famous for its Spa, with hot and cold mineral baths. It is the centre of considerable trade in feathers, wool, hides, and cereals. The town is one of the healthiest, its great heat being much modified by its dryness. It is an Elysium for the asthmatic; for there all asthma leaves them as if with the magic touch of the air. From Cradock it is not a far cry to Middleburg, where the other railway from Port Elizabeth joins the main-line, making the famous iron grasp, as the late Mr. Patterson called it.

This other line passes through the ostrich-farming

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country. Its chief station is Graaf-Reinet, which is the oldest and largest town in the midland districts. It is a veritable Tadmor in the wilderness; a gem in the Southern Karroo desert. Owing to an abundant local supply of water fruits and flowers abound. It has some famous buildings, among others a very fine Dutch church, and its College is well known. Cricket and other games are joined in both by Dutch and English, and are well provided for. In the district round, the Angora goat flourishes, and is a remunerative culture. It is many years since I was at this town, but I understand that the thatched roofs that once made it so picturesque are giving way to the safer but less pleasing roofs of civilisation. Beyond Graaf-Reinet the railway climbs a height 6000 feet above the sea. The scenery is very fine, and the Sneuberg range, on a spur of which the town is situated, contains the highest mountain in South Africa, and forms the watershed between the rivers which flow into the Orange River, and thence to the Atlantic, and those which find their more precipitous way to the Indian Ocean. Away from Middleburg to Naupoort, and the line divides, one part going over the Orange River to Bloemfontein and Johannesburg, and the other to Kimberley, by the routes already spoken of.

The third great trade-route is from East London to Kimberley and Johannesburg. To the former the distance is a few miles longer than the Port Elizabeth route, to the latter a few miles shorter, and the traffic on this line is not so much with the towns of Kimberley and Johannesburg as with the country-side places through which it passes. The vast numbers of natives in the border districts give great scope to the trader. From East London you rapidly rise to Kei Road station, a height of 2,332 feet in forty-six miles, or an average of one in fifty. On the way there, you pass through some very English-looking country round Peeltown—large trees on rolling downs. Peeltown is an important station of the London Missionary Society. At Dohne

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large stock fairs are held. At Toise River every one used to know Mrs. Pusey and her turkeys. St. Thomas River station is 3,500 feet above the sea. The barren rocks look impossible to supply life, while the burning heat of the sun, with no possible shelter, almost suggests lunacy on the part of the people one sees alighting. Yet one time, when in the train from Queenstown, I saw two or three friends from King William's Town alight, and I heard afterwards they enjoyed a stay of a few days. From the train near here you see the Bontebok flats, with their thousand anthills, which look like huts of pygmies. These flats are famous as pastures for sheep. Above Dohne the line curves round various spurs of the Amatola mountains, and a grand view presents itself, though the precipices are to some folk rather nerve-shaking as they are whirled round them.

All round Queenstown it is mountainous. The famous Honglip may be said almost to overhang the town. Not far off is Glen Gray, the district which gave rise to the famous Glen Gray Act already described. Queenstown is worthy of note both for its public spirit, its English tone of life, and its very healthy climate. It was laid out in the form of a fortress. The market-place is in the centre, with six sides, and streets radiating from the corners; this was done in the old days when, as we have seen, the Border was the fighting-line, and Queenstown its most advanced post. The three border towns, East London, King William's Town, and Queenstown, keep up a constant friendly interchange of visits. The clergymen exchange pulpits, the doctors consult, and the various sporting teams—cricket, golf, and football—visit in turn each other's playing-fields. At any special ball visitors are sure to be found from the other towns.

King William's Town is on a branch of the railway which joins the main line at Blaney. There are no Dutch families in the town, but a fair number of Germans, the main part being British. Not many years ago it was a more important centre of trade than East

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London. But the construction of the railway from the latter place to the interior and the opening of the river have combined to give it the larger trade. But King William's Town is still a place of great activity and of no little trade. Perhaps no town affords a better opportunity for an enterprising man with fair capital, who understands his work, to start a factory in one or other of numerous branches, among which the Civil Commissioner suggested to a recent visitor brewing, bent-timber manufacturing, artificial manure and bonemeal manufacturing, etc. Excellent leather is made at the tannery, and other industries are well maintained. No town in the Colony has greater public spirit. There is plenty of amusement going on, as well as opportunities for intellectual culture. The writer has not known it of late years, but at one time regular concerts of a high order were given through the winter, and lectures on various subjects were well attended. It has excellent schools both for boys and girls. Dale College has always stood well in the University lists, and has for many years possessed an excellent cricket and football team. The ecclesiastical buildings are very good, the Roman Catholic church being one of the finest in the Colony. The windows are all stained glass, and the floor marble; the spire is sixty feet high. All round the town the German settlers have made the place green with market gardens. The natives, of whom there are 120,000 in the neighbourhood, are engaged in cattle-rearing and the growth of cereals. There is a capital library, and an excellent morning market. The town is exceedingly well built and contains some good houses, both brick and stone. It is the headquarters of the Cape Mounted Rifles, a fact which helps to keep the place lively.

After passing Burghersdorp at Albert Junction the main line makes its way to Bethulie, and crosses the Orange River and joins the Johannesburg line at Springfontein. There the three great trade-routes unite. Of these routes Capetown has the advantage of being nearest

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England, and thus affords a shorter sea journey. Port Elizabeth excels in having the shorter railway journey, which tells in goods but not in passengers, while East London has the shortest railway journey of all. Now that the river is open, and the steamers come freely up to the quays, it makes a good fight for its own share. It has all the advantage of being a fresh community of enterprising merchants. Port Elizabeth is older established and very jealous of every advance made by East London. But Natal is not behind in claiming its share. It is a far shorter journey from this port to Johannesburg than either of the other routes yet mentioned, being only 483 miles. The route from Delagoa Bay is, of course, the shortest of all, viz. 396 miles or twenty-four hours. The Natal route is at a great disadvantage in respect of gradients. A height of over 1300 feet has to be negotiated at a point between Durban and Charlestown, with a descent to the latter place of over 8000 feet. An arrangement that was entered into as between Natal and Delagoa Bay for the service of Johannesburg is giving great dissatisfaction to Natal. By it the Delagoa Bay route has an advantage of fifteen shillings per ton. One grave objection is that besides handicapping the port, it handicaps English manufactures, as the lines of steamers to Delagoa Bay are the great foreign lines. Already the foreign railway carries more goods than that from Natal.

The route from Beira to Bulawayo, and thence to Rhodesia, in general threatens serious competition with Port Elizabeth as a means of importing goods from England. At the time of writing, seventy-five per cent. of the goods from Europe come through the old Colony, but great efforts are being made to divert much of the traffic to Beira. Nor is the same attempt wanting with regard to other traffic. Port Elizabeth is being put on her mettle in more ways than one, but she has splendid business men ready to grapple with the difficulty.

Kimberley was once the goal and terminus of all the

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great trade routes. It is not very attractive to the eye, either in its buildings or its surroundings. It has no buildings which, like some in Capetown, call up memories of the far past; no great mountain to stimulate the imagination by its height or by its hidden kloofs and cascades; no grand educational institutions which are leaven to the whole country. Yet it has much to place it high in the annals of the Empire. For the town is one of the few in the whole history of the British Empire which has stood a serious siege. It adds one to the roll, and forms no exception to the almost unbroken series of successful defences of our beleaguered towns. The one hundred and twenty-three days during which the defence was maintained are richer in memories than whole generations in other places. Kimberley, Ladysmith, and Mafeking, in South Africa, as Lucknow in India, bear testimony to the same heroism, tenacity, and resourcefulness of the British when defending their own. As the inhabitants walk the streets they are themselves reminded, and can show the visitor with a just pride, of how here the great Boer gun threw its shell, and how there a place of security was afforded to the children and women. Almost every corner brings to mind some episode. Here stood the great gun forged by Mr. Labram to reply to the Boer shells. Here the tailings of the mines were raised in earthworks. There in a deep and wide mine pit the children lived most of the time. There was the scene of some narrow escape or some fatality. There stood the bridge by which, just before it was blown up, Mr. Rhodes entered the town with brave resolve to aid in its defence and share its fate, whatever that might be. There is the place where General French galloped in with his cavalry, cheered by the expectant throng.

It is something, too, that Kimberley is the chief home of the most beautiful gems in all the world. How the name Golconda fired the imagination of our boyhood when we were taught 'The diamond lights up the secret

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mine'! Kimberley has dispelled all that farrago. Its mines, far surpassing Golconda, with workings some of them 1600 feet below the surface, need other light than its gems, which lie deeply imbedded in dark-coloured mud and have to be crushed out of the 'disintegrated blue' after it has been raised in trollies, each bringing up about two cubic yards of the 'blue.'

In this diamond industry lies the main source of the wealth of Kimberley, not a little of which, in the old days of individual diggers and independent mines, used to ooze through to the Colony, assisted, no doubt, by the risky business of the I.D.B. It is difficult to say whether the growth of Kimberley was hindered by the amalgamation of the diamond mines, but there is no doubt its stability is greater. For, though other industries may be added, diamonds are the main cause of its existence, and the amalgamation of the mines prevents the too early exhaustion of this source of wealth and keeps up the price of the gems. When diamond mine vied with diamond mine for which could produce most, it was a case of 'diamond cut diamond' in a way not anticipated by the promoters of the industry. For a description of the mines and the history of the industry, however, the reader must be referred to the various guide books and other South African literature, in which it is as regular a commodity as the name of Izaak Walton in all books on angling.

Kimberley, before the war, had been fast becoming a highly civilised, if not a handsome town. It had its streets of shops much the same as now, and its Belgravia where the magnates had pleasant residences for use when they favoured the mining town with their presence. The only really noteworthy residence, however, was that of the late Mr. J. B. Currey, at that time manager of the Explorative Company, since bought up by De Beers. To Mr. Currey's abode came the nobility and gentry who were on tour from the old country. Mr. Currey's hospitality was boundless. Lords and ladies were invited

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to luncheon, and sometimes stayed for days. They looked over the mines, saw the collected diamonds at the De Beers' Office, and were often provided with a mount or a Cape cart for a scamper across the veldt. When the visitors left they always pressed their host to 'come and see them in London.' When, however, Mr. and Mrs. Currey found themselves in the metropolis they were graciously repaid with two or three invitations to luncheon or afternoon tea. Close to Mr. Currey's, on the Dutoits Pan Road, was a fine building called the Sanatorium, built by the De Beers Company, which was, in fact, a first-class hotel for the especial use of Mr. Cecil Rhodes when he visited Kimberley, and such friends and clients of the Company as needed accommodation. The Sanatorium part of the business was never very prominent. A few visitors with coughs might be met in the very spacious verandahs, but there was no medical officer in charge of the place and no special hygienic regulations or provisions.

At this Sanatorium or hotel Mr. Rhodes stayed during the siege. To keep his own brains occupied as well as the minds and hands of the De Beers workmen who remained in the town, Mr. Rhodes set about making roads through the veldt for the future use of the people of Kimberley, should the siege ever be raised. While the roads were making the Boers were firing shot and shell into Kimberley every day, and the workmen had to dodge them as best they might. Mr. Rhodes was accustomed to drive round in his Cape cart inspecting the work, and taking the keenest interest in its progress. Occasionally he would ask a friend to accompany him, and a well-known gentleman, who represented the constituency in the Cape House of Assembly, gave a friend of mine an amusing description of his accepting one of these invitations. 'Take a drive round,' said Mr. Rhodes, in his casual way, 'and look at my roads.' Now the M.L.A. was no coward, but he was not inclined to take needless risks, and, like the inhabitants of Kimberley

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generally, he walked about warily. It was, however, difficult to refuse Mr. Rhodes ; so, mentally saying ' Good-bye ' to his friends, and regretting he could not make a codicil to his will, he jumped into the cart. Mr. Rhodes took no notice of the Boer guns, but discussed freely his new roads and their objects. His faithful coachman, however, kept his eyes open, and it was not difficult, I am told, to dodge an ordinary shot. The missiles took a sweeping curve and could be seen in the air and avoided. During the whole siege the number killed was incredibly small. The danger of moving about was not very great to watchful citizens, and they grew careless of it. When the Dutch hundred-pounder, however, came into play, towards the close of the siege, it inspired no little terror. The nervous systems of not a few, kept thus on the strain, fairly broke down, for when the great gun hit anything, the effect was terrific. However, on the occasion mentioned, Mr. Rhodes and his friend got safely back to the Sanatorium from which they had started. Mr. Rhodes all the time showed no more sense of danger than if he had been driving in Hyde Park.

These roads through the veldt, constructed by Mr. Rhodes, or under his supervision, have made a great difference since the war to the driving facilities afforded at Kimberley. Winding through the veldt, apparently leading nowhere or everywhere, they give a breezy drive outside the town. To a visitor and a stranger, or to those accustomed to take the air in a victoria in Hyde Park, or to those accustomed to the rich foliage and the green fields of old England, it may seem a poor diversion to drive or canter through the open veldt. But a new inspiration is soon found in the vast open spaces, and the grand expanse and colourings of sky and cloud. About noon, indeed, the flaming of the sun on the white sand is almost blinding, but at sunrise and sunset, the visitor feels in a new world. The sun often rises in a perfectly cloudless sky, and half round the horizon is a band of reddened gold, shading off into the blue with

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exquisite tenderness. In summer, on the Kimberley veldt, where thunder-storms are frequent, dark heavy clouds are gathered all round the horizon, on which is shed a wonderful illumination from the setting sun; it is often difficult to know just where the sun is setting amid the glorious brilliance.

The war left few scars at Kimberley. The destroyed buildings were soon rebuilt, and the mines at work again. It was difficult to get adequate native labour for a time, but De Beers Company have resources in more ways than one. Their agents were soon at work throughout the country, and within a few months the Company was fairly supplied. In the book published by the Committee of Friends of the Native Races, the facility with which De Beers gets native labour is attributed to the excellent treatment of its servants, and the popularity of its compounds. Mr. J. S. Moffatt thus expresses himself: 'I have seen some statements about the Kimberley compound system in the English newspapers which give a wrong impression. From personal knowledge of its effects upon the natives, gained during my experience both as a missionary and as a Government official, I am disposed to regard it as a great improvement on the state of things that preceded it. When the digging began the young men of my mission flocked to the fields. They earned money, it is true, but they spent it in drink and dissipation. They returned with comparatively empty pockets, and greatly deteriorated in character.'

Then comes a description of the natives in Kimberley when left to themselves. 'They herded in the vilest shanties, they drank the vilest "Cape Smoke" which they bought with diamonds stolen while at work. What have we now? The compounds—men go there perfectly of their own accord, it is part of the routine of their lives, just as fishermen go to the North Sea. Some of them will walk eight hundred miles to get there. There is a shop in the compound, a swimming bath, a hospital, to the staff of which a doctor is attached. I spent one

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Sunday afternoon there. There were about 2700 men off work. No one was needed to keep order except two policemen at the gate. Some were reading books, some writing letters, two were at work with sewing-machines. Somewhat further on were natives from Portuguese territory—a heathen dance was going on. Peace and order reigned. Yet if brandy could have been obtained the place would have been a pandemonium. My opinion, as a missionary of over twenty years' standing, and as a Government official (Civil Commissioner) of another fifteen years, is, that the compound system, as conducted in Kimberley, has been one of the best things that ever happened to the natives. It has saved thousands of them from drink and degradation.'

Mr. Barnes, Government Protector of Native Labour, bears testimony to the careful and good treatment of the natives in these compounds, and of their popularity with the natives. Mr. Willoughby, missionary of the London Missionary Society, testifies to the same effect, and to the excellent arrangements for religious instruction. The men are only engaged for three months, but often ask to stop for twelve. The Committee who publish the work endorse this view, but express the opinion that the system should be regarded as temporary, and not to be extended. Of course there are objections, but the same applies to sailors on long voyages, and fishermen who are under confinement in a ship for months together. As compared with the treatment and condition of the natives in Johannesburg, the verdict is universally in favour of Kimberley.

Socially, too, Kimberley soon revived, although, perhaps, it is not what it was prior to the siege. There is a handsome club-house in the centre of the town, where gentlemen used to congregate, about six in the evening, to discuss news and politics and local affairs. Professional men, companies' officials, mercantile men, all met for a chat or a game of whist. If you wanted to find a townsman or a distinguished visitor, you always went to

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the club about that hour. These pleasant reunions, a chief feature of town life, are not what they were, and possibly never will be. Whether it is that since the war men keep to their homes more, or there are fewer people to meet, or people do not reside at Kimberley as much as they used, or that social functions change, I cannot tell, but this feature of Kimberley life has not yet been fully resumed. Nor, a lady correspondent tells me, is social life, with its visitings and dinner-parties, what it was. This, eight or nine years ago, was most active, and an agreeable element to a visitor. The varying nationalities of the people added interest to all social gatherings. There were men and women of culture from America and Germany, whose personality was interesting, and whose opinions were always worth listening to.

It is amazing how soon the habits and fashions of civilisation are acquired in the up-country towns like Kimberley. In 1872, in the days of the individual digger, and before the Companies, there were twenty-five thousand inhabitants, but very few permanent structures existed. The diggers and their families lived in tents or wagons. One visitor to the town at that time tells me that though he slept in the leading hotel, his bedroom was a mere canvas shanty, and a scurry of wind and rain in the night compelled him to make a mackintosh into a bedcover. It was shiny with wet when he woke in the morning. Ten years later the tin shanties and tents had been superseded by houses of brick and stone, built in streets. Socially, Kimberley had been born again. The rough digger had disappeared. Clubs and coteries, receptions, afternoon teas, croquet and tennis clubs, all were in full swing. Landaus and broughams began to appear in the streets. The top-hat, unless it were white, never found a home in Kimberley, or, indeed, anywhere in the Colony, but evening dress was as much insisted on at an evening party as in the cities of the old world.

Kimberley has yet bright days in front of it, bright not

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only in the firmament of light, but in the lives and hearts of the people. The intellectual activities are in full onward march. The religious movements and the philanthropic societies are in the same force as elsewhere in the Colony. And as for recreations and sports, they are carried on with the same zest as in other English Colonies.

Other industries have been added to that of mining, prominent among which are ostrich-farming and horse-breeding, for which the surrounding veldt is eminently suitable. Tree-planting is not forgotten, but the trees do not grow so fast as at Johannesburg. So long as ladies love tiaras and necklets—and when will they not?—so long as men like to see the glittering gem on their ample starched fronts or on their fingers, tapering or stumpy, so long as they delight in sealing their compact with the chosen fair one with the brightest of all gems—and when will the time cease?—so long will Kimberley flourish and contribute its due share to the advance of the great Colony for whose progress it has already done so much.

CHAPTER TEN

UP-COUNTRY TOWN LIFE

THERE is one feature of life which belongs in common to all up-country towns. The morning market serves not only the purpose of distributing food, but, like the Rialto in Venice, it affords a great opportunity for meeting and for friendly gossip among the townsmen. You rarely, if ever, see any women. There is no self-denial in turning out in the Colony in the early morning hours, for they are the pick of the day. If a man rise early in England, it often makes him bad-tempered. It is quite the other way there. Even in time of drouht the air has a delightful touch of early dew in it. Anyhow the morning greeting on the market is one of the pleasantest. The mode of buying, too, has an enjoyable excitement. Loads of wood for the fire are needed, with forage for the horses, and in their season oranges and water-melons for refreshment. Then there are the articles of food; everything except meat, milk, and groceries is sold and bought at this early hour by auction. The market-master is the auctioneer. Butter is sold straight from the farms, varying from a little over a shilling to two shillings per pound, vegetables, now and then a few bushels of apples and a few legs of buck meat (goat flesh), often delicious eating. Happy the man who has the knack of buying well—happy on the market-place, and happy on his return home to be cross-questioned by the lady of the house! Often the difficulty of buying small quantities



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may lead to the good-humoured question, 'Did he think they had nothing to do but eat cabbages all the week?' or, 'Who did he think could eat all those turnips?' This way of buying undoubtedly has its disadvantages, but rob the country town of its morning market and it becomes a dull affair.

Grahamstown deserves first place among inland towns in the old Colony. Indeed, the people of Grahamstown may be said to 'fancy themselves,' and on very good grounds. Do they not hold the traditions of 'The Settlers?' Have they not stood sieges in the early days by the Kafirs? Did they not send their contingents, led by the famous Bowkers and Barbers, to the Kafir wars? It is perhaps the most comfortable-looking of all the South African towns, not only substantially built, but with several fine buildings—the town hall with its open arches, and the cathedral with its splendid spire, without exception the finest piece of architecture in the Colony. It offers a very refined society to the new-comer with good introductions, and indulges in a fair amount of gaiety and general entertainment, seasoned with intellectual and religious life. It reminds one of a good staid English country town rather left out by the railway system. The presence in the town of the Eastern District Court, with two judges and their staff in permanent residence, the two bishops, Anglican and Roman Catholic, with the deans and minor clergy, as well as the important educational and scientific institutions, ensures a certain tone of culture. The two Government Bacteriological Laboratories have done excellent work for the Colony. Dr. Koch's investigations into 'horse sickness' were carried there to a successful issue. It cannot be called an enterprising place, but there are rich farmers round it, both ostrich and agricultural. Perhaps, taken on the whole, an English visitor would feel more at home in his surroundings there than in most places in that part of the Empire. He would, moreover, find excellent sport in the district.

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Life in Worcester differs much from that in Grahams-town, being distinctly Dutch in its tone. It is a well-watered town, and picturesquely situated under the Hex River Mountains. The vine is largely cultivated, and not a few of the grapes are dried and sold as raisins of a very fine order. Jottings made during a recent visit will give a general idea of the life in these West-country Dutch towns. Stepping out from the station, I come upon a wide square on which some ox-wagons are outspanned, while three or four Cape carts serve as cabs for the passengers just arrived. A coloured 'boy' takes my bag, and I walk into the town. The houses, which stand back from the road, with flower gardens in front, are mostly lofty and well built, with wide stoeps and verandahs overhead, up the pillars of which the roses climb with rich masses of flowers. Comfortable wicker-chairs are seen in which the family spend their evenings, or perhaps get an afternoon snooze. As I walk along I do not feel the heat because of the fine shade of the oak trees, and the eye is refreshed by a wide furrow of clear water which runs along the side of the road. At each garden gate I notice a clever contrivance for turning the water into the gardens, and find on inquiry that each householder has a right to do this for a certain number of hours a week.

I make my way to the boarding-house to which I have been recommended. The bedroom is rather bare, but very clean; the dining-room is of the same order. The first course is soup, followed by a joint of mutton at one end and fricatels (rissoles) at the other, with plenty of vegetables to accompany. I am asked, 'Will I take mutton, lamb, or fricatels?' I take mutton, seeing no lamb; my neighbour takes lamb, and is helped from the same joint, but with mint sauce added. After dinner I stroll down the almost deserted streets, but fate is kind, and I meet with a friend on the magistrate's staff, who takes me to the tennis-courts, where the youth and beauty of the town are congregated. The air is full of life—talk,

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laughter, tea-drinking. As soon as I come up the Dutch *taal* gives way to English, which is very courteous, for otherwise all speak Dutch. At any rate, the girls, who are in the decided majority, are a lively and pleasant company. On returning to my hostelry a curious sort of nondescript *Abendbrod* follows of mutton-chops, fried eggs, bread, with home-made jam of all sorts made of home-grown fruit. Whichever one takes, one wishes it was the other.

The evening meal over, my friend calls and takes me to the house of a town magnate. Here we receive a warm welcome from the elders, who are both dignified and stout, and from the daughters, who are comely and well-dressed in home-made blouses, which are of a pretty material and colour to blend with the peach-like complexion of their wearers. I smoke a pipe of Boer tobacco with the 'Oud Baas,' a desultory talk ensues on local and general politics, and at 8.30 the kindly old gentleman says 'Good night,' and retires. We join the ladies in the verandah. Occasionally one or the other goes through the French door to the drawing-room, and gives us some music or a song. All who can take their turn, the audience remaining outside. A stranger is rather a novelty, and his talk of the sea-port and his small jokes are listened to with ready laughter and eagerness. But the girls are well-informed and fairly travelled, and it is soon found that we have mutual acquaintances. After ten o'clock a move is made to the dining-room, where Cape wines, cakes, and preserves are offered. The young ladies wait themselves, as all their servants (coloured girls) have to be in location by 9 p.m. or spend the night in the police station unless bearing a special pass. Next morning at the boarding-house I am awakened by one of the servants, who brings a cup of coffee; fortunately, being alone, I need not take it, and after tasting it I decide in the negative. On inquiry I find the bath is in a room at the end of the garden, and a right good one it is; the water is turned on from the

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irrigating stream, pure, soft, and cold. I emerge duly refreshed and make for the street; it is not yet seven o'clock, but the town is all alive. In front of the house is a cart with a huge meat-safe upon it, in which hang joints of various kinds, all round which and inside too, are swarms of flies. I fly to some other part and meet the housewives on marketing bent. On return, breakfast follows—chops and fruits, the latter very delicious.

Later on I visit the native location of beehive huts, made for the most part of paraffin tins or old strips of corrugated iron; but a few of wattle and daub, surrounded by filth of every kind, old rags, and empty tins. Mangy dogs fly out at the intruder. Enteric fever lurks within, and other infectious diseases, which often spread to the town, being brought to the homes by the domestic servants. In the town there is no drainage; the 'soil' is mostly buried in the gardens. The meals follow with little variation day by day. The evenings are spent at other houses, and so a week glides quickly away among these kindly, hospitable folk. I leave the place with pleasant memories of the people and the beautiful walks taken on the surrounding slopes, but with a regret that in so pretty a spot a little more attention is not given to sanitation both in the native location and in the town itself.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

UP-COUNTRY BOER LIFE

It is now fairly well known that the term Boer is simply the Dutch name for farmer. During the recent war English people learnt to respect the tenacity and courage of the Dutch Boers of South Africa. They also learnt some of their traits of character not so worthy of respect ; a certain duplicity and cunning were freely spoken of ; their ill-treatment of the Kafir was common talk ; their want of cleanliness was taken as conclusive of a low state of civilisation. But estimates formed of people with whom you are fighting are apt to be one-sided, and not often exaggerated, on the favourable side. In the chapter on the Transvaal and Orange River Colony I have spoken much of the general condition of the homes there, but a few additional points may be referred to, and in some cases greater detail given.

In these remote homes the *Vrouw* or wife is often both mother and grandmother of the young folk in the house, for not infrequently the young married folk live in the old home. In most small houses in England this is found all but intolerable. Here, however, the silent habits of the household have their advantages. The *Vrouw* holds a great place of honour. As life advances she often sits all day long in her special seat, and if for brief periods she vacates it, no one presumes to occupy it. In cold weather she will rest her feet on a kind of charcoal stove, and that is often the only artificial warmth in the room. From this chair she rules the roost.

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Children are born without the grave anxieties and preparations in most English households. No Vrouw is quite happy who has not her dozen at least, and she often has twenty or thirty. Girls are valued quite as much as boys. Yet girls are not trained to much household work. Are there not the heaven-appointed black servants? The children run almost wild until the time comes for obtaining the knowledge needed for 'confirmation' at the age of fifteen. None the less, they are trained to obedience to their parents and respect for religion. The requisite knowledge consists of ability to read the Bible and to answer questions on a book entitled 'The Steps of Youth.' The instruction necessary is given in a boarding-school at the nearest *dorp* (village), or in farms still more remote, by a hired clergyman of the poorer sort. He is counted a poor tool who cannot prepare his pupils in six months. This may seem a short time, but when it is remembered that the Bible is read in their hearing every day, night and morning, it is not so surprising. English students will understand this if they call to mind how easy it is for those religiously brought up to acquire the power to read the Greek Testament. Without passing this examination no girl can get married, and if she fail she is greatly discomfited, for it means further pupilage. But if she succeed she receives the congratulations of friends and relatives, and, not the least, of the young men who have attained the same status, and already have their eyes on the blushing damsels from whom to select their future brides.

The celebrations of 'Nachtmaal' (The Lord's-supper) recur every three months. They afford really a great opportunity, not only for the 'Communion service,' but for the meeting together of friends, and for the transaction of business. 'A good Nachtmaal' does not so much refer to the deepening of the spiritual life as to the pleasurable excitement of meeting friends and making successful business deals. Some have spoken of this as

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derogatory to the Boer religion. To the writer it is delightfully human, in the best sense of the word. This is the only 'life' the farmer and his family see from year end to year end. The hospitality of the townsfolk is unbounded. There is no talk of hotels : room is made for every one, and a hearty welcome is given to their country cousins and friends. The better-off farmers take cottages and squeeze more than their own family into them. It is a great social, and therefore educational, experience. This fraternisation is not elsewhere found incompatible with business, why should it be here? How complete is the isolation on these lonely farms may be judged from a statement a friend of mine heard in a civil court in a country town from a young farmer in the witness-box. Cross-questioned respecting some of his social experiences, he asserted that he had only had one letter for many years, and that was from the Predicant of his church. This narrow horizon affects all the Boer's thoughts of men and things, and tells on the management of his farm and the conduct of his affairs. It is seldom that the farmer is near enough to visit his kirk on the Sunday, so that even that spur to thought and emotion is wanting. The 'Nachtmaal' strengthens the life in every way.

Though no regular house work is exacted from the girl, it must not be supposed that it is neglected altogether, for the Vrouw prides herself on being able to do anything required when the servants are absent, and this could not be the case if she had not learned it in her girlhood. This notable housewife makes the soap and candles for the family use, and in doing so has the assistance of the girls. She will even kill a sheep and dress it when she is temporarily without servants. I have, indeed, heard it said that the girls are rather fond of helping at butchering. It is not to be wondered at. It is a break to the monotony of life. This monotony sometimes leads to curious freaks. Thus on a Karroo farm in one of those sequestered kloofs on the mountain-side, one old

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farmer was for months troubled greatly with a ghost, or 'spook,' as he called it. The details remind one of the old story of the Cock Lane Ghost, where the servant-girl to relieve the sameness of her life performed similar antics. The farmer was so troubled that he went to the nearest Landroost and complained that every day refuse of all kinds was flung against his windows. The house stood quite alone. No one was ever seen about it, but as sure as he went to his siesta, or was sitting in quiet, the annoyance began, and he thought it must be a 'spook.' The Landroost sent watchers, who soon discovered that the 'spook' was the farmer's own daughter. A severe chastisement followed, and the poor girl settled down again to her old monotonous life.

One day passes much like another in these homes. The boys, as soon as they are old enough, are 'in-spanned' in the various little jobs which are not intrusted to the native servants. They thus become handy at rough mechanical work, among other things tanning hides and making shoes out of the home-made leather. These shoes are called 'Veldt schoens,' and are always worn by the Boers and their families except on special occasions, when the black boots, which the trader supplies, are brought out in all their shiny respectability. The floors of the houses are all of mud varnished over with cow-dung; this latter operation makes them smooth, and prevents the damp from rising. It also smells, but is not so disagreeable as some may think. The old thatched roof is giving place to galvanised iron. This has two disadvantages; it looks hideous, and increases the heat by day and the cold by night, but the danger of fire from lightning and other causes is lessened, and, above all, it gives less trouble. The other form of roof, found especially on Karroo farms, is the flat 'brak roof,' made of a kind of friable salt earth which, if skilfully laid, is rainproof, except in the heaviest weather, and is very cool.

Long before daylight the whole household is astir, but

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nothing is done till morning coffee is imbibed. The daily portion of the Bible is read, and prayer offered. Sometimes a hymn is sung. In most households this function is conducted with great impressiveness. After this the sheep are sent off in charge of the herd, then a certain amount of work is done in the garden or about the house. It may be making something for household use, or attending to the reims, which are, perhaps, in course of preparation. These reims, so well known to all Colonists, are most frequently made from bullock's hide steeped in water or in damp manure. The hide thus treated is cut into narrow strips about an inch wide and ten feet long. These are greased and bound together in a long rope, which is then hung from a tree with a heavy wagon wheel at the end. After hanging long enough thoroughly to stretch it and give it persistent shape, it is twisted about till all the grease and moisture exudes and the reims become perfectly dry and supple. They are made of various hides, and are used for everything where string, or whipcord, or ropes are used by the European. They mend up a broken-down wagon, they make halters for horses. The long lash of the ox-whip is made of hippopotamus hide when it can be obtained. If two things need to be bound closely together, the reim is moistened, and then, after the tying is done, it contracts as it dries just as the heated tyre of a wheel contracts in the process of cooling. This, too, is the time of day when, as the need arises, the Vrouw, helped by her daughters, makes candles or soap. By ten o'clock they have had enough work; more coffee is served; the pipes are brought out, and the women eat sweet cakes and see after the cooking. The Kafirs mostly do all details. No pudding or pastry is made, as that would involve too much trouble, but plenty of mutton, vegetables, rice, milk, and fruit are always on the table of a good house. Dinner is at noon, and after dinner every one smokes and sleeps for about two hours. This over, the men ride about the farm to see if the beasts

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are all right, and woe be to the herd who has let them stray on forbidden ground. In the old days some game was sure to be shot as they went their rounds. This overlooking done, they gallop off, perhaps, to some neighbouring farm for a little gossip, and there is much hand-shaking and more smoke and coffee. A nondescript evening meal follows, and by eight or nine all are in bed.

If you pay a call at a Boer house you probably find all the members of the family in the central room, the women and children sitting all round. You shake hands with every one without speaking, and presently, if you are a stranger, the *Vrouw* will say, 'And who are you?' You satisfy her curiosity, and silence ensues, unless you have by chance mentioned something in telling who you are that gives rise to a question. If your information is interesting more questions follow.

Let me here try to give a picture of a homestead on the banks of the Orange River, near the mouth, as it was when visited a few years ago, and probably still is. It is the kind of thing often seen even among the fairly well-to-do in the more remote regions. The house consisted of two rooms, one built of wattle and daub, with a reed roof, which the family used as both sleeping and eating room. How all managed to sleep in it, who can tell? for there was only one bed, and the family consisted of father, mother, four daughters, and two boys. The other room was built of rough planks, through crevices of which daylight was visible both on sides and roof. This room was partly used as a storeroom, one side being filled with bags of mealies, corn, and meal, old clothes, saddles, skins, etc., and partly as a guest-chamber. Here the visitor, with hearty cordiality, is invited to take his meals and sleep. If he has arrived in a wagon he will be wise to sleep in that, though his friendly host may a little wonder why he does so. The walls and ceiling of the family room first mentioned were covered with mud, 'smeared,' as already described, with cow-dung. Then there was the kitchen, a little 'lean-to'

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made of galvanised iron, with the fireplace on the floor, and a famous Dutch cooking-pot with its three feet. The furniture of the house was scanty, consisting of a table or two, with home-made stools and a chair for the Vrouw. The bed was used as a general lounge on all occasions. Besides the human family, shelter was found for the young calves, goat, kids, dogs, and cats, as well as fowls and pigeons. All made themselves quite at home, both inside and outside the house. Yet the family were a contented lot. Was there not ever round them the great, calm, glorious expanse of light and warmth by day, and stillness by night?

Just a word of the surroundings. The river here was a thousand yards wide, fringed with trees, willow, wattle, and wild tobacco. The trees gave a grateful shade for the afternoon siesta. There being no good ground for grazing the cattle on the home side of the river, all the oxen swam across to the other bank, guided by native herds, who helped themselves across with great willow logs, which they pushed before them. Owing to the strength of the current, the cattle and herds came out about a mile lower down stream on the other side. When farewell was said to the family, one could not help reflecting how man is able to adapt himself to his surroundings. Here, in this solitary life, miles away not only from any town, but from any other home, were found all the essential features of humanity; family affection, kindness to strangers, enjoyment of nature, peaceful content, and reverent worship of God:—

‘Give true hearts but earth and sky,
And some flowers to bloom and die,
Homely scenes and simple views
Lowly thoughts may best infuse.

* * * *

‘Thus I learn contentment’s power
From the slighted willow bower,
Ready to give thanks and live
On the least that Heaven can give.’

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No one who does not leave the railway lines in his travels in South Africa can get an adequate idea of the nature and life of the up-country farms. He must somehow get away and trust himself to 'hoop and tilt' through the rough roads of the 'illimitable veldt,' the vast plains of turfless grass or low scrub flanked often by the almost impenetrable 'bush.' Will the reader accompany me on such a journey, in the description of which I have drawn partly on my own reminiscences and largely from the journal of a friend? We will leave the railway from Capetown after it has climbed the great barrier of the Hex River Mountains and start on the old road over the great Karroo, our wagon fitted with all needful appliances for sleeping (if need be) and feeding, and drawn by mules with two good horses as leaders. This arrangement is always best, as the horses give a certain life to the movement of the cart, and the dash necessary to overcome obstacles and to rush up the steep bank of the deep channels of the rivers, cut by the tremendous force of the floods, which pour down uncontrollable masses of water during the rainy season. Our objective is a town north of the Orange River Colony (at the time of our journey the 'Free State').

At the end of the first day it seems as if we are in for a monotonous trip. We reflect with some concern that many days lie before us in the open with scarcely a variation—endless stretches of bush and sand with the hot sun as taskmaster; no wondrous rich tints of purple as the sunlight lingers on the misty meadow at home, no rivers meandering, 'without o'erflowing full,' for the rivers of South Africa are almost dried up during the greater part of the year, and become rushing torrents when the rains set in. Near the coast there is more moisture and the rain comes at a fairly regular season. But up-country they are chiefly dependent upon thunder-storms, and for long weary months the river-beds are dry and the earth is parched. But before the next day is passed, the comparison with English landscape, which Emerson says

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looks as if finished with pencil rather than plough, is quite forgotten. The spell of the veldt is upon us, with its hushed and lonely spaces. Day after day passes, we know we are moving along, and that at a good pace, save where our wheels plough the rough sand, but the impression is of going nowhere ; far and near seem merged into one. After a few days the way lies through a stony waste ; *koppies* with their barren sides covered with hot shining boulders flank the road. Here I draw out my friend's journal ; he says, ' Here I left the wagon while the team were outspanning and walked alone until it overtook me. The stones were burning in the sun and the space between the *koppies* as hot as an oven. I never felt such a sense of desolation. Even the bushes had disappeared, and I seemed walking among the *débris* of extinct volcanoes.'

Mounting again the wagon as soon as the animals are inspanned, we presently reach the open veldt once more, and what a sight presents itself ! The half-desert land at the season of our journey is flushed with patches of the richest colour from the flowers of the Karroo. Here I note my friend remarks in his journal, ' If the Karroo will grow flowers of such rich bloom, surely it will grow other things which man and beast need, and so it will, for the soil is rich and sometimes deep ; but alas ! the rain can never be reckoned on. The farmer thinks himself fortunate if he can find enough water for the sheep and cattle, and dares hardly think of crops.'

The farms round the district through which we have been passing are large sheep farms, some of them belonging to the late Sir John Molteno, with tenants farming under some arrangement of divided profits. We spend one night at Mr. E.'s, near Nels Poort. The homestead has spacious rooms and is well furnished throughout. The outbuildings are fine and lofty. Our journal says : ' At Mr. E.'s house we spent a most pleasant evening with the family, and heard some good music. Our host was a well-educated Colonist of English extraction, who

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gave us most interesting details of the farming industry of the district, and of the connection of the family with it. In the morning we offered payment for the hospitality we had enjoyed, but it was decisively refused except for the forage consumed by the horses. Mr. E. said that although he had frequently to find accommodation for travellers, neither he nor his father before him had ever charged them a penny, except for the keep of their horses, which he regarded as a matter of business. The sons and daughters of this family were being educated in Capetown, the sons at the South African College, and the daughters at the Good Hope Seminary, a large educational establishment of the High School type. The district about Nels Poort is one of the best sheep districts in the country, and the farms and flocks are very large. Mr. E.'s farm consisted of several thousand acres, with thousands of sheep on it.'

These details will help to give some idea of many farms which we find on the journey both north and south of the Orange River, homesteads and farms owned by Dutch as well as English, who give us a most cordial welcome to a family circle as refined as that of the dwellers in the towns. 'At one of these large and well-appointed farms,' says our journal, 'I had a little difficulty on leaving early in the morning. I had two half-caste men with the wagon; one drove the team and the other held and cracked the whip and did the cooking in the veldt. They were most respectable and well-behaved men. I asked leave of the farmer, a very intelligent Dutchman, with a fair knowledge of English, to allow the drivers to light a fire to make their morning coffee, but this request was somewhat curtly refused. I then asked for a cup of coffee for them, as the house coffee was already made and I was having mine. But the answer was very decided, "I never give coffee to black men." Without saying a word I quietly walked to the wagon and gave my own cup, from which I had just started drinking, to one of the men, and after a pause of a few

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minutes asked for another cup for myself. It was granted, but not with a very good grace, and the leave-taking which followed was not quite so cordial as the welcome had been. I never had a similar experience, and I do not think many Dutch farmers would draw the line so sharply between the white and coloured. I may note that there was an English governess in this family who spoke most highly of the treatment she received from every member of it.'

Two days more travelling and we come to a typical Boer farmer and family. In the clear air, we can see the farm miles before we reach it. A few straggling trees, willows as usual, emerge from the low bush of the veldt, and in their midst a square dot in the landscape standing quite alone. This is the Boer's house, which does not become more inviting as we draw near to it. It is just a rectangular building made of half-baked brick of a muddy colour. There are no stables or outhouses of any kind, no shelter outside the house for man or beast. We had seen some horses in the veldt as we drove along, but that was their home, and there they lived all through the winter cold. They have to be chased and caught when wanted for the farmer's cart. At that time or soon afterwards a passenger wagon ran from the diamond-fields to the nearest railway station for Capetown, many miles distant. They had relays of horses at the farms, and where, as was frequently the case, there were no stables in readiness for them, they had to be let loose in the veldt and caught before they could be inspanned, a proceeding which frequently seriously delayed the wagon, to say nothing of the temper of the team made wild by a life on the veldt. We draw up at the front of the house I have been describing, asking for leave to outspan and for forage and a cup of coffee. Of the visit to this farm my friend gives a graphic account.

'The farmer and his wife were sitting in the stoep. The man rose slowly as we approached, offering his hand for a shake. He was a typical Boer; tall and bony and

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fairly straight, with a long beard and a grave face. The Vrouw was stout and bonny, but with a face equally serious. Neither Vrouw nor husband could speak a word of English, nor I many words of Dutch, but through an interpreting friend a conversation began. He asked where we had come from and where we were going, and was curious about the railway extensions, which he evidently regarded with some anxiety. He didn't know whether the railway would bring good or ill to the farmer. He had never been to Capetown, or indeed to any other town except the one which held the nearest kirk, twenty miles distant. The kirk represented the only interest outside the farm and family which in any way affected him. There are hundreds, if not thousands, of Boers of which this may be said. The Boer with whom I was conversing had a certain shrewdness and simple courtesy which is a charming feature of the Boer when his suspicions are not aroused. If he is a sheep and cattle farmer only, and farms in the usual style, he has little to excite ambition or energy, and body and brain become equally listless, not to say torpid.'

After we had partaken of the coffee which the Boer or his wife invariably offers to the passing traveller, and while the horses were being fed, I asked him to accompany me in a look round. But there was indeed little to see. The veldt crept up to the front and back doors without paling, or fence, or outhouse, except a rough shelter for the Cape cart. The only object worth attention was the dam from which men and beasts were supplied with water. It resembled a large pond over which stretched the branches of two or three weeping willows. It filled when the rain fell and gradually dried up when there was none. Sometimes a neighbouring spring will help the dam, and give pure water for the house, but the one we were inspecting was dependent entirely, as many are, on an uncertain rainfall for its supply. There were three children hanging about another farm where we were outspanning, one a youth of

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twenty and two younger girls. They were but poorly clad, although the girls were quite clean and tidy. I asked the farmer whether they had been to school. The girls, he informed me, had been to one of the farm boarding-schools wisely provided at a cheap rate by the Education Department for children who were too far from any day-school to make attendance possible. That, indeed, is the trouble in these sparsely peopled districts, which makes a system of compulsory education impossible. Pointing to the boy, the farmer admitted that he had scarcely been to school and had to manage with such knowledge as he could pick up at home. 'And what are you going to do with the lad?' I said. 'How is he to earn a living?' 'Oh! I shall keep him on the farm and try and get him a piece of land.' This was all very natural, but he told me of another and an older son, for whom he had the same scheme of life. It is this squatting on the farms by sons and sons' families which impoverishes the farmer and deteriorates the race. It has begotten quite an ignorant and (judged by any reasonable standard) an incapable class, who hang about the farms and go by the name of 'Bijwoners' or, as the Cape Dutchman spells it, 'Bywoners,' who answer very much to the mean 'Whites' of the Southern American States. Sometimes a large farmer engages one of these 'Bywoners' to help him, but it is never regarded as taking regular employment. 'I have an empty house,' says the farmer, 'you can come and live in it with your family and give me some help if you like.' No matter how poor, the girls of the 'Bywoner' will never go into service as many a daughter of a small English farmer does. Very often the owner of a farm will get himself into difficulties by buying land for which he cannot pay, to provide for his relatives.

I turned to this second son and asked him what he would like to be, and he answered, 'I should like to go to Capetown.' But the farmer promptly discouraged such an idea, telling me with great simplicity that the

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Predicant had warned him against letting his son associate with 'Rooinecks' (red-necks) or Englishmen. There were openings at that time for intelligent youths, and I would fain have helped the lad to the life he wished to lead, but he lacked even the rudiments of education for town work.

This state of things is slowly changing, schools are multiplying and being brought nearer to the outlying homesteads, but a generation will pass away before the families of the poorer farmers are properly educated and fitted to take their part in the various occupations of civilised life. The railways afforded a good opportunity for the employment of the young men who were growing up on the farms, and the experiment was tried, but with very partial success; some had not the necessary brightness and quickness, and others lacked the steady application so necessary to railway work.

After a while we reach one of the drifts of the Orange River. It is twilight, and the scene will not soon be forgotten. The river is low, so there is no difficulty in crossing, but on the further side the banks are very high and the road up them steep, and furrowed deeply with the wash of the river recently in flood. Just before us, half way up the bank, is a huge team of oxen struggling to draw a heavy-laden wagon. The natives in charge are shouting and plying their long whips, while the oxen in the recoil from their vain efforts are falling over each other in helpless confusion. We are waiting patiently in the middle of the stream; the glowing but fast fading light reddening the reaches of water in the bed of the river. Our driver, fearing to be benighted, calls to the cattle-drivers to hold their team while he essays to pass them. Our leaders respond gallantly to the crack of the whip, and the loud shout of the driver. It is a narrow shave, but after a few minutes of desperate struggle we are past the wagon and past danger. Travellers in South Africa will recall many a similar experience. The river drifts are the most dangerous part of a journey; for the

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banks of the South African rivers are almost always high and steep and the way up them rough ; they have to be taken with a rush, while the uneven bed of the river often makes a bad and dangerous starting ground. The driver must know his drift, or he stands a good chance of capsizing the vehicle.

After a few hours' journey north of the Orange River, we are in a more broken country, with mimic mountains repeating the type of Table Mountain and the ' Couchant Lion ' which flanks it. Here we have an experience of African travel long to be remembered. It is a blazing hot day, and the sun's rays, as they smite the earth, make a visible haze of shimmering hot air, such as sometimes may be seen over the wheatfields of England on a sultry day. As we move lazily along we see in the distance between two *koppies* what seems to be a small lake of blue water, as real as one of the small bays whose blue water laves the white sand of the sea-shore. We are not thirsty pilgrims longing for draughts of water, so we can look with calm but wondering curiosity on this *mirage* of the veldt. For a full hour it keeps up the appearance of a sheet of still water, and we are able to fix its position in a sort of valley between the *koppies*. But as we descend a slight incline the water changes into a light-blue mist, and when we reach the spot itself, water and mist have entirely disappeared. As we continue our journey we look back from time to time to the space between the *koppies* ; the blue lake reappears, and even after we have travelled four or five miles it may still be seen looking more beautiful and real than when we first saw it. At other times I have seen the South African *mirage* assume various forms. I have seen it across Table Bay move the sand beach half way up the mountain in the rear, and raise the masts of a ship so that they could be distinctly seen on the other side of Robbin Island. But I have never seen it assume a more striking and lovely form than that which I have been describing ; it seemed to come and go at the wand of a fairy.

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An incident which is recorded in my friend's journal leaves a less pleasant reminiscence. 'We had been following the road with the mimic hills of this part occasionally in sight, when a thick cloud suddenly intervened between the wagon and one of the hills, completely hiding it. It was a cloud of locusts on the wing. It obscured the landscape in front, rolling over the road and far over the plain. By-and-bye we drove right through it and the flying beasts filled the wagon, beating against its roof, the mules and horses, and our own faces. It was over in a few minutes and we looked back at the cloud as it sailed over the plain. We had seen the scourge and plague of Africa. At the next farm we out-spanned and found the farmer, an Englishman, standing on his stoep, and looking anxiously for a signal from his men whom he had stationed with red flags at different parts of his farm. He told us that the locusts had visited some of his neighbours, and had devoured all their crops and swept off every green thing on the place. They are destructive, not when they are on the wing, but in walking, when they appear as foot-gangers and march in myriads like a vast army, devouring every green thing in their way.'

I once saw them in this stage of their progress, for miles on either side of the road between Charlestown and Johannesburg, when I was travelling in a stage-coach. In the early morning they seemed to wake out of slumber, making a weird movement and showing a little white patch on their bodies. The farmers have tried every conceivable device for checking and destroying these pests. They dig ditches round their farms, drive flocks of sheep over them, seek to divert them in their track by firing guns, but with very partial success. If the scientists of the British Association could only find a remedy, their names would be held in everlasting remembrance. A member of the old Transvaal Raad strongly objected to any Government measures being taken against the locust plague, because 'they were a

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judgment from the Almighty and, so to speak, a Scriptural institution !'

Another experience which greatly impressed me occurred during a brief stay at Graaf Reinet on our return journey. The district had suffered from a prolonged drought, but as I approached the town the Sneuberg Mountains were covered with heavy clouds, which were already pouring their contents into the water-courses, and at nightfall when I arrived it was raining in torrents. The next day was Sunday, and in the afternoon the landlord of the hotel came excitedly into the room where I was sitting. 'The river is in flood and everybody is going to see it.' I hastily put on a mackintosh and sallied forth. I found a great crowd assembled on the bridge eagerly watching a rushing torrent already overflowing the high banks of the river. This was South Africa all over—a water famine one week and floods the next.

The statesman and engineer, who will point the way to the equalisation of the water supply, saving and storing the flood-water against the days of drought when the earth is parched and the heavens are as brass, will be the saviours of the country. 'Throw a huge dam across the flood and hold it back in a huge reservoir' is the first thought of the spectator. But the torrent I was looking at was bringing down all the *débris* of the river and its banks—trunks of trees, uprooted bushes, drowned sheep and cattle—and it was evident that if a dam could then and there have descended across the river it would have held back some of the rushing flood, but with it a heap of solid matter that would have choked the dam in a few hours and have only made a fresh bed for the stream. Such is one of the difficulties of the great irrigation problem, which yet awaits its full solution.

A few more words on the Karroo farms, some of which we have visited, are necessary to give a better idea of what is going on to supply the lack of water. For upon this depend the character and productiveness of the farm,

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whether it be in the natural vegetation for grazing or in crops of corn. The chief source of this is the dam, which sometimes grows in width by the energy of the farmer to a full half-mile or even more. But sometimes years and years pass without anything being done to increase its capacity, and the hot African sun reduces it often to a mere muddy puddle, but still the family drink the dregs and wait on Providence for the rain. Since the introduction of ostrich-farming some of the more enterprising have dug wells and found an abundant return. These are never without a supply of water, and there is no doubt that their Boer friends will gradually follow their example as they see the greater prosperity of these comparatively new-comers. I was lately told by a friend of a farmer in the Midlands who in course of years had made a magnificent dam in a cattle and sheep farm where there is little use for spade or plough, and the farmer and his small staff have little to fill up their time. This leisure the farmer had used in enlarging his dam, so that he was able to boast that no drought had left him without water, while some of his neighbours were, either through idleness or, as he said, 'through attending to politics instead of their own affairs,' so waterless that they had been obliged to trek elsewhere. The essential unkindness of Nature in South Africa, illustrated by the alternate droughts and floods and the plague of locusts, tends, on the principle enunciated by Mr. Buckle, to depress energy. Some rise above these adverse influences and are all the stronger. Some sink below them. No one can pass judgment without due consideration of the circumstances and environments in which men work. Those who have visited the half-hidden nooks in the weird heights which abut on the Karroo, in which some of the farms are situated, will appreciate the struggle for subsistence which their holders carry on, and will cease to wonder at the lack of enterprise of men thus exiled from all contact with the outside world. But even into these sequestered corners education is pushing its advanced

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posts, and another generation will see more changes than were ever dreamed of in these remote dwellings a few years ago.

But it may well be asked, 'What about the little town or *dorp*, into the return journey from which you have so unceremoniously dived?' I purposely omit its name, and, owing to the close character of some of the experiences, prefer speaking rather of the life in general than of this particular place. It was built, like all these up-country Dutch towns, with the streets at right angles. The chief features of it were the market-place, the kirk, and the minister's house. There are but few of these *dorps*, or *thorps* as we call them, into which the modern spirit has not for some time been creeping, and this was no exception. In some it seems spontaneously springing up. Yet there are some so remote that any change is as yet hardly perceptible. But even there education is generally making itself felt. It is astonishing in what out-of-the-way places the piano is sometimes heard, while the concertina often sets the feet of lads and lasses going in a fearful joy in spite of Predicant and Elder. There are few places where the English or German traders have not introduced the modern desire for amusement. The taciturnity of the country Dutch girl, resting profoundly satisfied in her weight and stoutness, is proverbial. At an evening party in the districts as yet uninvaded by modernity, they sometimes sit round the room dressed in their best, in almost unbroken silence, listening perhaps to an occasional piece of music or song judiciously chosen. Sometimes curiosity wins the day. Let a stranger intervene, especially an English man or woman, then questions begin not as in England about the last 'play' or concert or dance, but about the most intimate domestic affairs. The men talk about their bargains and their cattle, the women with each other on more delicate subjects. The questions, however, are mostly asked with such simplicity that though they may at first come with a shock, they are not felt to

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be offensive. Marriage and its attendant circumstances is the most interesting topic; next to this, illness and death is all-absorbing, and this, even without the presence of a stranger, sometimes breaks the icy stillness.

In Dutch homes, with their large families, comparatively little watchfulness is exercised over the individual children. Even when seriously ill they will be exposed to the evening fogs and chills. Yet if death ensue the grief is most poignant and sincere. A harrowing illness in a small village fills the inhabitants with what may be almost called pleasurable excitement; perhaps it terminates fatally, and then the excited interest is all the keener (the critic might ask here, Is this peculiar to the Dutch?). Yet, be it carefully noted, this interest largely consists in genuine sympathy and true kindness. Where serious illness is present, with death drawing near, privacy is a horror to be avoided at all costs. A death-bed will be surrounded by neighbours, friends, acquaintances, and even strangers, no matter how distressing the circumstances. The relatives look upon this as a mark of respect and sympathy. Invitations are often given with streaming tears and all but speechless grief 'to come and see my wife, my husband, my child (as the case may be) die.' The failure even of a stranger to respond would deeply hurt the troubled giver of the request. A little reflection will enable one to understand how this custom arises from the isolation of these small towns and villages. I have known things very like it in our English villages. A modified counterpart is seen in the most English of the small Colonial towns, where every one attends the funerals of those with whom in life they have had the slightest acquaintance. Such times, where relatives are few, evoke sympathy from all, and bear testimony to the natural craving of man in times of stress for the support of his fellow men. It is the natural brotherhood of man asserting itself.

But dull as the days may seem in those small towns and remote farms, the child is ever present, and where

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children are there is always some glad merriment. Their little ways compel it. In a Dutch household they abound. If formal games are wanting they invent play, and they draw their elders into it, and just as the sunshine draws out the bud and blossom in seemingly impossible places, so they are a perpetual compulsion of tender joy.

CHAPTER TWELVE

LIFE ON THE FARM

FARM life in the Colony has many varieties, even as it has in England. With the educated and well-to-do farmers, whether Dutch or English, the social life has many points of resemblance to that at home, and of course many points of difference. Even in the best cultivated parts the homesteads are much further apart, and this affects the occupants in many ways. I have been, riding or driving, through many of the most fertile as well as the most barren parts, but this impression was always left. What a lonely life it must be ! Of course, the farmers near the towns have the best of it. In such cases the young folk and even those beyond that stage think little of a long ride to attend some public or even private function, while on the chief market days there is often a considerable fore-gathering. But, spite of all, the isolation tells ; and especially in the most distant farms.

For all that, on set occasions there are most delightful gatherings, both of families and friends. The advent of a visitor from some distant part generally leads to a round of visits, and if the stranger is young and of the fair sex, it is astonishing how short the distance becomes between the farms, and how fleet the horses. Riding parties are formed to visit the points of interest. Tennis racquets long unused are looked up, or new ones purchased. Dances are given, and in order to entertain those from the greatest distance, it is wonderful what can be done in the way of sleeping accommodation. I

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remember many times when the farmhouse seemed unable to hold so many guests, but room was found for all. It reminded me of the best accounts of English merry-making in the old days, such as I have heard my mother (a yeoman's daughter) describe of her young days. Beds seemed to have no limit, and blankets and sheets came from most unexpected quarters. To the very last she never lost the knack, and in times of great fore-gatherings at home the house seemed suddenly to double or treble its accommodation. It was proverbial with us that the house was never too full for another. Such is the code with many a Colonial farm. The comparative infrequency of these occasions gives a zest never known in the more formal and regular house parties. There is bright talk, and genial interchange of experiences; the men all turning out for their wash in the open, and, if there is one, a swim in the dam, the girls running into one another's rooms to borrow this and that article of toilet, and so on and so on. In the matter of distinct games the young farmer feels the change from school life. Cricket and football, except on rare occasions, are impossible. Many farms have their tennis court or croquet lawn, but these games, when always played with the same people, are apt to pall. In cases where the men and women, young or old, are given to reading, books are mostly obtainable from the nearest town library. These libraries, formed in all the towns, are partly supported by Government, and special arrangements are made in most for country subscribers. Moreover, cheap Colonial editions of many of the popular books are issued.

The isolation tells perhaps most on the younger children, not by making their life dull, for childhood tends to fun and frolic as naturally as grass to greenness, and little ones make sport for themselves with the same readiness as kittens run after their tails, but they are of necessity left to themselves. Their playmates are largely the Kafir children. They often can speak Kafir before

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they can speak English. Only the most careful mother can shelter her brood from the dangers which this life involves. Even where a governess is engaged, it is rarely the case that the young children are kept from these influences. But the results are not so bad as might be expected. True, their table behaviour is not all that could be wished, and a visitor is sometimes prone to think them a nuisance. But as the years go on the pride of race asserts itself, and the young up-country Colonist quickly acquires a certain grace of hospitality unknown elsewhere.

In the more remote farms when the young Colonist makes his first appearance on the world's scene there is no very elaborate preparation. Some old Dutch or native woman acts as midwife, as there is no time to summon a doctor from his distant sphere. It is rare for any trouble to arise. The mother has mostly led a healthy out-door life, and the infant is accordingly a flourishing specimen, and knows few ailments. If they do come they attack lightly and meet with a sturdy resistance. The phagocytes soon devour the intruding bacilli. As he grows he almost lives out of doors, and eats enormously. No need for discussion whether this, that, or the other is the best food! The young monster's appetite settles everything. Always running into danger, he seldom meets with mishaps. The boy and girl alike acquire a sturdy independence; they tackle sudden difficulties with their own ready-made devices. Hence it is proverbial that girls need less chaperonage and boys have less tendency to the grosser vices. Both know how to take care of themselves. They miss somewhat the culture and refinement of the town bred. Now and then they do not turn out well, and then perhaps they are very bad. It is doubtful if they have the enterprise of the British young men at home, but where they do possess it, it is accompanied with an unequalled energy (witness the recent football teams), often, be it confessed, attended with an unequalled self-opinionatedness and a somewhat ignorant contempt for the softer virtues.

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A Colonial farmer often boasts that he can ride any kind of horse, and he certainly can keep his seat where many an Englishman would be thrown; but one of the best Colonial riders once confessed to me on the quiet that he never felt his mettle so tried as once when, mounted on a true-bred English hunter, he faced some of the difficult places in the field, and in fact he privately asked his host next day for a smaller and somewhat quieter mount. The fact is that each countryside has its own breed of horse and its own obstacles. The Colonial horse is much smaller, seldom so well trained, but capable of great endurance, and often with vices all its own. I remember once staying on a farm to which my travelling companion and I had been carried off from a wayside hotel. The farmer met us for the first time at lunch there. 'Why are you stopping at the hotel? My farm is close by; leave your horses here and come away with me, at any rate for a week or so, Mrs. S—— will be delighted to have you.' So we were duly taken possession of—three of us, with all necessary traps. It was our first experience of Colonial farm life—rough and ready, it is true, but kind beyond words. On our return journey two fine greys were inspanned. The drive was about twelve miles back to the hotel, most of it up a mountain-side. Where it was steepest my friend handed over the reins to his Kafir coachman, and he and I got out and walked, my wife and little son remaining in the Cape cart. To our horror after a little while, just where a steep precipice descends, not a hundred yards from the road, we saw the cart leave the track in spite of all the efforts of the driver. The horses, a most spirited pair, did not approve of the steep ascent. 'It's all right,' said my friend, 'Jock is a splendid driver. He'll soon turn them.' He did; but instantly they began backing, backing, backing with various plunges over the rough ground. At last the cart was within a few yards of the precipice. By this time we had reached it, and both flung ourselves full force against the horses. What just

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happened I cannot tell, but the cart was overturned, no one hurt, and the situation saved. The horses regained their footing, trembling in every limb. 'Well! Well!' said Jock, 'just like two devils, Boss!' My friend said that he had never known them before show such temper. The simple truth was that they were young horses, never properly broken in, but such a fine pair that my host could not resist the temptation of giving us a drive behind them, never dreaming of such a *dénouement*. We led them back to the road, and they went at the ascent with complete docility.

At another time, visiting another farm, our good host sent his cart to meet us, a company of six this time, at Baily's Junction. My travelling companion and I were on horseback, the three children and the most faithful lady nurse children ever had in the cart. After all was ready we waited full five minutes before the horses would move; no coaxing, no touching up, no trying to lead them made any difference. Then they made a show of starting, but reared up instead. I did not like it at all, and was saying I thought my people had better alight. 'It's all right, Boss, it's only a leetle temper,' said Sam the driver, whom I well knew and could trust absolutely. In a moment they were off, and went the whole journey of many miles without another trouble of any kind. Yes, among these serviceable horses there are some funny tempers.

Let me here mention a little episode which will give some idea of the desolation of these parts. Near to the hotel where we were to stay the night for this cart to meet us was a low hill, the view from which I knew well. I suggested to two of the young folk to ascend and look round. I did not wish to leave the others, so said, 'I will stay here and watch you all the while, and shall be within sight and call.' The sun was getting rather low and the shadows lengthening. They walked together for about two hundred yards, frequently looking over their shoulders to assure themselves that I was in sight.

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Presently I saw them stop, look all round them, look up in each other's faces, and without a word to each other turn and run back. The weird loneliness was too great. I confess I was not sorry to see them return. We walked back to the hotel, spent a pleasant evening all together, and next day went on our journey. It was Christmas time, that is the middle of summer, and we had a delightful month in front of us. Our kind hosts met us with the most hearty welcome. The farm was one of the largest and best cultivated in the Colony, situated at the foot of the Stormberg Mountains. There were two houses. In the principal one Mr. H. and his wife and daughter and eldest son, then unmarried, lived, and with them a very patriarch in years who had reached a full century, Mr. H.'s father. The other house, in which the young son with his wife and child resided, was about a quarter of a mile away. I cherish the memory of that visit as among the most delightful in all my experience. The host was gifted with a natural courtliness of manner unsurpassed in the most refined circles, and all the family took after him, doing everything people could do to make our stay enjoyable.

Every morning after breakfast the whole family, including the younger branch from the other house, assembled for prayers, and if ever I enjoyed religious worship it was there. Mr. H. read the portion of Scriptures and the prayers with an easy grace, and a simple impressiveness in itself charming. Then each member of the household went their several ways. Mr. H. and I generally spent the morning in riding over some part of the farm. Sometimes one of the sons took me out shooting. At this I was no great adept, as I had never handled a gun since my early days, but infinite pains were taken to give me some sport, which, sooth to say, I greatly enjoyed in spite of many misses.

The farm itself was wonderful. I have in another chapter described the cornfields, which were about three miles in length, and the splendid reaping performance

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just before an imminent storm. But the irrigation works were magnificent. There were two dams, one of great size, in which we took a swim before breakfast. These dams were entirely the work of the sons with their Kafirs, aided by the father's advice. They were the growth of years. I was much struck with the device for a wooden conduit to convey the water over a part of the ground lower than that of the farm itself. To buy necessary baulks of timber for its support would have been altogether too costly. So poplar trees had been planted and allowed to grow till they reached the necessary height, and were then cut off. It should be noted that wood grows with great rapidity in South Africa. These were planted at regular intervals, and the planks nailed to the sides, and through this conduit the water flowed from the dam on to the farm.

It was upon this farm that the Tennyson Settlement took place, I believe, under the auspices of Mr. Arnold White. But the Scotch crofters did not take kindly to the irrigation, or 'arragation,' as they called it. They had been more used to draining than irrigation. A few only remain; the rest have filtered away to other districts. But there is no lack of tenants to work the soil. There are no fewer than seventy such, either Dutchmen or sons of old Colonists on the estate. The proprietor tells me that it is very difficult to initiate men who have never been used to it into the way of working irrigation.

Christmas was the season of our visit. This is the pleasantest time of the summer, and as we were more than four thousand feet above the sea level, the heat was never too great. The month of February is generally the hottest. There was always something to afford interest. More than one evening gathering took place. Neighbours rode over from the near farms, the doctor from the nearest town. The tables were lengthened, so that twenty to thirty found room, elbows a little cramped perhaps, but hearts and tongues had free play. The tables overflowed with plenty, and the guests with jollity.

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Perhaps nothing exceeds in genuine enjoyment those farmhouse gatherings, where host and hostess play their part so well. Colonial farmers have a fine knack of gracious entertainment, and their sons, often somewhat backward in education, somehow imbibe this natural courtesy. It comes from the genuine spirit of hospitality. Everybody at these times did his best. Songs, yarns, recitations, free talk, and the evening was gone and the horses saddled up for departing guests, the talk going on even while they mounted, and the ready answer to some chaff flung over the shoulder as they galloped off.

This delightful hospitality is sometimes grossly imposed upon. One bad example occurred while I was at this friendly homestead, and I give it as a sample of what South African farm life is liable to. One day my host and I drove over to Molteno to look at the coal mines. While at lunch in the hotel, a young man, well spoken but very Scotch, joined in our talk. *He said* he was visiting South Africa on behalf of the Kew Gardens' authorities to report on certain flora in that district. My friend was just then intending to plant a large number of fresh trees. Here was a chance for advice. In the end the young fellow was invited to join us at the farm. He pretended to know at a glance the order of every flower we saw. He pronounced some flowers to be orchids, which I afterwards learned from Miss North were simply the ink flower. But his profession of knowledge was universal, and his expression of it absolutely final. I detected him in more than one imposture. Once he gave a recitation as a 'little thing of his own,' which was one of the famous passages in a play of Bulwer Lytton's. I gave a quiet warning to my host. I know the sons distrusted him, but the rites of hospitality were strong. He stayed long after our party had left, and abused the kindest of hosts by at length stealing a good horse, saddle, and bridle, with which he decamped. He was pursued, and after passing beyond

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a town forty miles off, was arrested and sentenced to imprisonment.

Christmas and New Year's Day were great occasions. On one of these, I think the latter, our host gave two, it may have been three, oxen to the Kafirs to celebrate the feast. There must have been many over a hundred present, the farm labourers, their friends and families. The scene took place in sight of the house, and was one never to be forgotten. The oxen were killed and rapidly skinned. Huge fires were lighted and the roasting begun. Then the women formed a large ring and began a slow, even dance to a low, deep-toned monotone hum. Very gradually the pace got quicker, almost imperceptibly the hum became a gentle song with a subdued wail in it. Quicker came the steps, louder and brisker the notes. Quicker still, louder still; then a pace and passion no longer supportable, and the women started off in a wild career. After a spell the men came and sat round the well-roasted beasts and devoured the meat. The young farmers, however, saw to it that some was left for the women and children.

During our visit one of the well-built native huts, where the farm hands lived, was struck by lightning. There was nothing for it but to send for the witch-doctor. Every hand would have otherwise left. I rather think this is illegal and liable to fine, but it has to be done. The great man came with several councillors. First a sheep was asked for. This was killed and all eaten in course of some days by the great man himself, then two more were asked for for his councillors. Certain other requirements being fulfilled, he proceeded with his incantations. Next day my host and I rode round and saw certain long stems of straw sticking out from the hut which had been struck and those near to it. After some days the place was pronounced 'clean.' The men and women went back to their huts and resumed their ordinary life.

I used to take great pleasure in watching one of the

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brothers count the sheep. It really is a wonderful, yet of course quite ordinary, experience to see a flock of sheep, from five hundred to a thousand, leaping a gate, two or three at a time, just as fast as they can possibly follow each other from the enclosure to the pasture, and the farmer quietly turn round when the last is gone, and say either 'They are all right,' or 'There are so many missing, we must set traps for the jackals.' I used to try and count, and at last got to be within six or eight of the right number out of some two or three hundred—the most I ever tried.

One low mountain on the farm was held by a very fierce ostrich. It was fenced in. One day two of the ladies got through the fence at a remote side of the mountain to make a short cut home. They seem to have forgotten the ostrich, which was not in sight. I was walking with one of the sons near the house and saw them. I pointed them out to him; without a word he was off, his horse saddled, a long thick stick in his hand; he went across everything like an arrow from a bow. He arrived just in time, as the bird was making for the intruders on his domain with what seemed easy triumph in front of him, when lo and behold! he had a long stick to deal with and a man who knew how to tackle him. Needless to say that for the future the ladies avoided *short cuts*. By the way, the term '*A South African short cut*' is in some parts almost a proverb for an unwise attempt to shorten a process. During my many long rides in the country, I have often seen, where the road takes a circuit of a quarter or half a mile, a tempting footpath through the bush or over the rough veldt that seems a *short cut*. I have never known one really shorten the way. The traveller may be quite sure that if the road takes a circuit it does not arise from any exigency of property, but from some obstacle in the way: swampy ground or a rugged 'dongha' (a kind of ravine) to bar the path. The native on foot can get along these paths, and now and then your horse may struggle through, but

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a cart and horses never ; so in South Africa short cuts are at least doubtful. Can anything, indeed, in a general way involve a much greater waste of time than a passion for the shortest cut, whether it be to obtain something we want or to avoid what is disagreeable ?

Among other enjoyable things on these up-country farms are the riding parties. If only one young lady visit a farm, it is wonderful what a desire for riding parties seizes upon the young men of the neighbourhood. Of course, they bring a sister with them. Sisters are capital for other fellows. We had the pleasure of joining in three or four of such. A quick interchange of companions would sometimes take place as with guests in a drawing-room, but after a while the order of going would settle down. One day, never to be forgotten, a party of eleven or twelve started for a ride up the highest mountain abutting the farm, one of the great Stormberg range. It was a lovely day and we were enjoying the mountain air. 'My travelling companion' and I kept together in the ascent. Take a friend's advice and when 'going up-hill' always keep as near as you can to your tried companion. About half-way up the clouds began to gather ; near the top we heard sharp explosions like the crackling of rifles ; and on the tops of the lower heights, very near to us we saw the lightning smiting the ground, and the thunder increased in volume. All the rest, more or less experienced in this sort of thing, turned at once before reaching the little plateau on the summit. We gave our horses a touch, and in about a minute were on the top. It was like being in a fire of shells. Though no flash yet had struck our own hilltop, yet all round on the near rugged heights we had a view and felt a sensation of battle, never to be forgotten. The lightning smote the ground like bolts of liquid fire and seemed to splash up as it fell. The thunder was in quick, heavy rolls with a sharp crack. In half a minute more a fiery bolt fell on the height on which we were, within a dozen or twenty yards of us. Our descent was much quicker than our

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ascent. It was a risk to have taken, indeed, but without a risk now and then we should not see much among the mountains. We joined our party very soon, but felt a curious excitement for the rest of the day.

Another little incident brings up another phase of this remote life. After the death of our dear host some time after this visit we spent another time at the farm. Our hostess was taken very ill with bronchitis. One of those driving thick mists, almost miasmatic, had brought on the attack. In the night the cold became intense as the mist rushed along. I was called up and told that Mrs. — was dying. When I went into the room, spite of a good fire, it seemed cold, and yet the atmosphere was thick and close. They had felt afraid to keep the windows open. Indeed, it had been tried, but only seemed to make the patient gasp the more. There was no doctor within fifteen miles, and the night was fearful. Moreover, it would be hours before he could arrive, even if found at home; they had tried certain emergency remedies with no effect. As I stood by the bedside hating to be helpless, suddenly a vision of my childhood came over me. I saw my mother with a hot shovel, pouring in some vinegar to refresh one of us who was sick. Those days, my wise young friends, were before the time of carbolic acid, Condyl's fluid, Jeye's disinfectant, and all their train. I beckoned one of the family out of the room; we quickly blew up the kitchen fire, heated a shovel and poured in the vinegar near the patient. The effect was marvellous. Relief quickly came. The lady herself described it afterwards, 'It was as if a thick wall was about me and I could not draw any breath through it, then something that you held in your hand cut a way through it and brought life.' This is a simple narrative, it will help to bring up the stress of illness in these lonely places. A Cape doctor, now a famous man, once told me that men coming in the middle of a tempestuous night, with well-horsed conveyance, had offered him fees up to eighty or a hundred pounds to

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come back with them in cases where he knew he could do no good by going, and had told them so quite plainly—cases sometimes which he had visited during the day, leaving exact instructions to be followed.

Free life such as I have been describing, where no conventions need hamper you, or where convention has only its gracious side, where there are not only good horses but also a 'free veldt to gallop over, sport to entice you, air for the most part like a whiff from the empyrean heights to inspire you,' a sky with its arch of loving blue unflecked by cloud to charm you, has indeed its alluring aspect, but every now and then you are pulled up by the fact that you are a civilised man, with all a civilised man's demands, but without the amelioration to the ills and without the ready means to meet the sudden exigencies of life which civilisation gives you. Furthermore, you are without that fulness of life in the background which you have in the old country. Art, music, literature, are, indeed, practised, but you have only the fringe and can barely even touch the hem of the garment. Yet as I think of old days both in town and country life in South Africa I often say—

‘ There are strong links that bind me to thee still,
And render even thy rocks and deserts dear ;
Here dwelt kind hearts which time nor place can chill,
Loved kindred, and congenial friends sincere.’

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

TRANSVAAL AND ORANGE RIVER COLONY

WHEN the Boers in the great trek from the old Colony halted on the rugged slopes of the Drakensberg, and gazed at the scene which Natal presented to them, they were filled with enthusiasm, not only with the promised fertility of the soil, but also with the grandeur and beauty of the prospect. No such scene presented itself when they journeyed on across the Orange River and the Vaal. There grassy plains and vast solitudes of veldt alone met their gaze. But here at last, as they thought, was full scope for their set determination to live uninterfered with by the march of progressive civilisation. They sought no intercourse with outsiders, and very little with each other. Their chief ambition was to be let alone, with space enough about them to rear cattle and breed sheep, and with house-room sufficient to beget families and shelter them from the cold of night and the weather when inclement. Vast solitudes have always a paralysing effect. In thinly populated areas it is the new-comers who keep fresh the spirit of industry and enterprise. It is not only that wisdom is found in a multitude of counsellors, but the incentive to industry and to clean methods of life flourishes by companionship. '*It is not good for man to live alone*' is writ large in the history of man. Temporary solitude is good for reflection, but long-continued loneliness paralyses thought and deadens activity. It was in the natural course of things that these hardy trekkers should lose some of their noble qualities

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and every year should grow less inclined to real work. The Bible was their one preservative. For the reading of this it was necessary that the members of the family should receive some instruction. Moreover, reverent attention to its pages was itself in a measure educational to all. Caring little for general education and with no means to pursue it on their isolated farms, the reading of the Sacred Book was all in all to them. There was no other variation in the monotony of their life ; amusements, as we know them, they had none. Their forefathers in Holland and France had suffered for freedom to read its life-giving pages, and they with inherent steadfastness sought therein the bread of life.

But even this had its darker side. Their life, so near to that of the old patriarchs who like them had gone forth hardly knowing whither they went, begot in them the thought that they, as well as the Israelites of old, were God's chosen and peculiar people, and in consequence that they were superior to other peoples, and had a right thereby to appropriate the labour of others to save themselves from anything like toilsome work. There were the children of Ham to relieve them from toil ; so to them they delegated most of the hard work, both in herding cattle and tending sheep. Apathy grew into idleness, as it always does. They rose in the morning and rode round to view the cattle and sheep, and thrashed the Kafir if the tale were short or aught were wrong. Yet though regarding the Kafirs as slaves, they did not on the whole treat them badly. Of course, with no public opinion to restrain them, there were cases of gross cruelty. The wages of these people were moderately good and were paid fairly as a general rule, but cases were not infrequent in which the Boer shortly before pay-day beat his Kafir servant so severely that he ran away, not waiting for payment. Yet for the most part master and servant lived together peacefully. Their cultivation of the soil only amounted to producing just enough cereals for bare necessities. There was no effort to properly manure the

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ground or to see to the rotation of crops. No flail was used to thresh, but the cattle trod out the ears in rough and ready fashion, the men tossing the grains and husks in the air by way of winnowing. For farming such as this, large areas of land for each homestead were found necessary. A farm was almost synonymous with six thousand acres. As the population increased they simply took in more land. For were there not vast stretches of land east, west, and north? These they regarded as their inalienable right. They viewed with honest indignation the exploration of such men as Livingstone and others, and the exploits of Jameson in Mashonaland and the Chartered Company in their close neighbourhood were an abomination. The heathen were 'their inheritance' as God's chosen people. They subsequently found themselves circumscribed where they thought there was all but boundless space. Thus long before the late war their difficulties began, and increased with each successive year. For this condition of things there was only one effective remedy; this was a resolute cultivation of the soil, but to this they never resorted. There were difficulties in the way. Their long migrations had unfitted them for the persistent effort necessary to overcome them. The apathy attendant on their isolated life engendered too much love of ease; the rain, they said, did not come at the right season for agriculture, and the less intelligent of them, instead of overcoming this drought by the storage of water by dams and irrigation, regarded it as an indication of Providence that tilling the fields on any larger scale was not for them. They insisted that their sons, as they grew up, must somehow and somewhere find fresh pasture room, and this brought about irritating collisions with their neighbours. Yet the opening up of the Transvaal gold-mines created a greater demand for cereals in markets near at hand, and before the war came the more intelligent and enterprising of the Boer farmers had done something to meet the supply.

If we look into their homes we find, amid much that

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was admirable, but little promise of progressive civilisation, though their inborn characteristics, aided by their Bible-reading and devotion, kept alive a kindly disposition and a feeling of hospitality, as well as a general morality. The Boers have been charged with immorality, but the paucity of illegitimate children shows that in its grosser forms this charge is not true. Kafir women, moreover, are not the ready victims to passion which the Hottentots have been, so there are few half-caste children in the Transvaal. The dullness of their lives showed its worst effect on the women. The men at least rode out to hunt and survey the farm. The women had no such mitigation to the slow monotony of their life. All the grace and sprightliness of girlhood fled, and those who are enamoured of Carlyle's verbosity about 'golden silence' can experience it to the full in the Boer women. But silence with a colouring of moroseness prevailed with the men as well. Their children's lives were unenlivened either by regular games or training to thought or regular work. The scarcity of water and the fact that their houses had mud floors were not conducive to habits of cleanliness.

Let not the reader at once assume airs of British superiority. I wonder how many of any nation would, under the same circumstances, retain the same virile manhood which these people showed when the war burst upon this state of apathetic quietude. These people, who in their easy-going idle life had condescended to pay tribute to the native chief Secokoeni, awoke to fierce indignation. Those who had hesitated to pay taxes now suffered the loss of all things. Their intense love of the soil had never awakened sufficient industry to till it properly, but it awakened determination to defend it. The warlike spirit so long dormant woke up. The passive ignorance so injurious to the people became an active element. The ignorance which had regarded all epidemics among cattle and men as special visitations of Heaven, not to be resisted, took to horse and gun. Ignorance on horseback becomes destructive

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to every one, chiefly to the rider. The war, right or wrong, destroyed all this easy-going blankness of life. Progressive civilisation in rough fashion broke in upon this retrogressive quietude. The war intensified all the causes of irritation already at work, but it threw into the melting-pot the base metal and the golden veins. All the difficulties that had arisen before the war for want of new pasture land for their grown-up sons were increased tenfold after it. Everything fell into a state of chaos. For this the last year's guerilla warfare was mainly responsible. This involved the destruction of houses and crops, such as they were, and nearly all the stock.

Yet this very condition of things gave hopes for the future. The concentration camps which to a humane enemy became a necessity, started education on a track hitherto unknown in the Transvaal, and the children there tasted the sweets of knowledge. The Government was not slow to follow this up in its after policy. In the Orange State education has already advanced to a considerable extent, and now the Transvaal is following rapidly in its wake, and in some parts outstripping it. The smaller farms upon which Boers, Australians, Canadians, and English yeomen have been settled with more or less success will not only compel greater attention to agriculture proper, but will afford scope for schools, by the facility they afford for grouping the children. Farm schools with one or two teachers are springing up under the new *régime*. One most hopeful sign is that the Dutch teachers give a hearty welcome to their English *confrères*. No one can read the Transvaal Educational News without feeling that a new life is abroad in the land. The religious difficulty there, as in England, is serious, but with the spirit which is abroad even this will not ultimately block the way. Mr. Sargent, assisted by his able coadjutor, Mr. Fabian Ware, has done wonders in organisation, and one Board of Education now presides over both the new Colonies. It will be seen, from my sketch of the work going on in Johannesburg, that that city is not

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only fully alive to the question of education, but it is shaping out an advanced scheme of its own, which it is already actively engaged in carrying out.

The following extract from a private letter of an Inspector of Education, which I have been permitted to use, will be of great interest from the vivid presentment it gives of the kind of work being done among the Boer farms and schools. It was not written for publication, but the present writer, to whom it has fallen to inspect more than one farm school in the Colony, recognises the kind of thing described, and calls to mind the account by Mr. Barnett (Inspector-General in Natal) of how he saw a pair of feet on the side of the road as he was riding along to a school on a farm. Examining more closely, he found they belonged to a man lying drunk in the bush which flanked the road. He presently recognised the man as the teacher of the very school to which he was journeying. He hitched him on by the wrist to the side of his saddle and started on, at first gently, then at a smart trot. The man arrived in streams of perspiration, but quite sober, and the inspection proceeded. A tutorship in a farm school was often that to which a man drifted before the final drop under. But new life is bringing new methods, and better pay will bring better men. Here is the extract :—

‘A wonderful week. I left my centre on Monday at six o’clock: bitterly cold, but very bright sunshine and clear sky. We drove on and on until a huge mountain rose out of the veldt thirty miles away, not one mountain, but a mass like a clenched Titanic fist, with kloofs and ravines, covered with the new bush of the most ravishing greenness. I drove for several miles through what might almost have been an English park, and so to the first school, a vile school, run by a really bad Afrikander—able, grossly idle, casual, untidy, and vilely untruthful. But such a nice old farmer, sixty-eight years of age, lying on a couch with legs shockingly bruised by a cart accident! Hoped to be

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about in a week or so—rather bored at having nothing to do but smoke—gave me oranges of extraordinary sweetness. Then on over an appallingly rocky road for a few miles, and then over a long plain, and so on into a beck which murmured and murmured with trees on each side until at a bend the whole thing opened out, and then a few hundred feet below lay the wide Vaal, with green banks and wide streams. This next was a lovely farm, but again a wretched school. Next day down along the Vaal to the drift, where the storekeeper gave me a really good tea: he was a Hollander. This drift was a beautiful spot—the Vaal about as wide as the Thames at Richmond, and with trees right down to its edge, and beautiful water. Next day all along by the river to the worst school I have seen anywhere; then on again by the river-side, now rocky and wild, and now lovely and green-girt.

‘This is all along the Orange River Colony border, and the other side had all the romance of a foreign land, especially when we suddenly came upon a little town, the capital of a district in the Orange River Colony. From our side it looked a charming little place—red roofs, pretty church, quantities of green trees, and plenty of water, all inaccessible without a permit for horses. That is one of the troubles of the country. No stock at present can be moved from one district to another without a permit, which often means a sixty miles’ journey or so to get one. This enormously increases the poverty of the farmers and the worry of government. From there to the next station, a most beautiful place. Here we had a long parents’ meeting in the dark, in a farm which is owned by about twenty people, none of whom has an exclusive right to any portion. Back to my office by Thursday, having driven over two hundred miles and inspected four schools.’

The old saying that Rome was not built in a day is eminently applicable to the land problem in the new Colonies. The sanguine expected too immediate results.

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Many seemed to think that good settlement schemes were all that was wanted after the war. They cried, 'The land is there, the men are there, the market for the produce is there, go in and win!' Accordingly schemes were formed. Lord Milner and his advisers worked hard to solve the problem. Experts were engaged to inquire and report and form plans. Land was purchased often at exorbitant rates. It was divided into what was thought fitting areas for farms. Official returns show that for this, and land improvements, upwards of £600,000 was expended. English, Scotch, Irish settlers were found in addition to the Boer farmers. But the deserts have not yet blossomed as the rose. Many of the new settlers have returned discomfited. Outcries have resulted that the Government have worked on false lines; they had said to the new settler, 'There's the land, go, work it.' The complainants also charge the various land companies with a grossly selfish and short-sighted policy. They pooh-pooh the Farmers' Association. All these people seem to the writer to expect the melting-pot to yield nothing but the pure metal. They look at the dross and cry, 'Here's a pitiful result!' A closer examination of the residue shows, to change our figure, that from all the fret and bubble genuine crystals are forming. Beyond doubt mistakes have been made. But much has been done, and done, too, on sound lines. A condition of things, however, has yet to be created which will appeal to a larger number than even those possessed of a capital of £500, which is the amount demanded by the Imperial South African Association as a condition on taking land under its county scheme, which further requires the settler to begin paying up after the very first year his first instalment of the purchase-money. This certainly seems too much to expect.

Since this was written I have received by the courtesy of the Secretary of the Imperial South African Association a very welcome piece of information: 'Some little difficulty has been experienced in obtaining settlers with

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a capital of £500, as required by the Government ordinance, although many applications have been received from otherwise suitable farmers. The committee have accordingly prepared an amended scheme, which is now under consideration, and if their proposal is accepted they are of opinion that there will be no difficulty in finding desirable emigrants. Fourteen agricultural settlers have already been sent out, and numerous applications continue to be received.'

Certain parts of the original scheme of this Association are so admirable that it is worth while describing them in detail. A large tract of land is divided into farms. To prevent isolation, which has so often been an obstacle to successful Colonial farming, settlers will be, as far as possible, established in communities on the county system. In this connection an effort will be made, in every case, to choose the settlers from distinctive counties in the United Kingdom for each block, which will be the training ground of those who are destined to settle upon it. The settler will be assisted in his passage to South Africa, and he will reside on the farm for twelve months for a course of training in Colonial farming under a capable instructor. Thirty acres of each farm is under irrigation. At the end of the training year, after paying cost of maintenance, portion of instructor's charges, food, native labour, seeds, etc., any profits from the working of the farm will be divided amongst the settlers who have worked and who actually intend to settle on the land. It may be added further that at the end of the year's work on the actual land set apart for each settler, it is optional with him either to take up or relinquish the farm upon which he has thus worked.

Undoubtedly, in spite of all his drawbacks, the Boer farmer must form the chief element in the working of the land. Some experts go so far as to say that very few agriculturists fresh from either England or Scotland will ever master the kind of work for irrigating farms. The Government are fully alive to these difficulties. It is not

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true that they have merely said to these Boers or to the new settler, 'There's the land, take it and work it.' They have advanced money to the tune of £72,000 to assist the workers. They have found farming implements and seed and helped to build small houses. They have also imported, on a large scale, beasts of the right breed for the improvement of the stock. Not only so, but they have established more than one home farm for educative purposes both for the Boers and new settlers before taking up their land. They have sent skilled inspectors to give advice to those already settled. One thing they have not done; they have not found brains and experience for the incompetent, nor industry for the indolent, nor perseverance for the half-hearted. Education must gradually help the inexperienced and ignorant, and time, accompanied by the pressure of necessity, must weed out the unfit and evolve the fit. Here as elsewhere the somewhat slow process of evolution must be the chief factor in the work, however much it may be aided and quickened by the work of government, commercial enterprise, and philanthropic effort. Mr. Henry Samuels has a great idea of an Agricultural Bank to provide the farmer with long loans at moderate interest; but this is too speculative to draw capitalists in the present state of flux. The Government in the present condition of uncertainty can alone be the banker of the new settler, whether Boer or Briton, and such advances as they may make need the most careful guarding, or they will be squandered on the idle or incapable. Yet the scheme is not to be dismissed with a sneer. Once let settlement of the land be placed on solid foundations and it may be of inestimable benefit to the farmer to save him from the teeth of the money-lender, and at the same time yield a fair dividend to the investor.

Meantime, those of us who are deeply interested in the development of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, may rest assured that the men who have invested large sums in the various land companies are not all

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fools, that the able band of Government experts are not frittering away time and energy in fruitless effort, and that the Government itself has had and still has at heart the welfare of Boer and Briton who are trying to work their farms for the cultivation of the soil as well as to breed stock. Mistakes they have made, but he who makes no mistakes does nothing.

The Imperial South African Land Association already referred to, has purchased in the Orange River Colony about three hundred thousand acres. They know well the necessity of making advances in the early stages of the agriculturist's career and where it can be judiciously done they have not hesitated to do it. Private enterprise has been called forth in a remarkable way. An extract from a letter to the *Morning Post* by Mr. Potts, of the Land Association, makes interesting reading on this subject. It deals with Mr. Samuel's statement as to the causes of failure so far being the want of help to the Boer farmer. 'This "natural husbandman"' (*i.e.* the Boer burgher), he says, 'has by no means been forgotten, as any visitor to what was until lately called the "Carlis" settlement in Potchefstroom can vouch for. Here a private enthusiast spent many a thousand pounds, both of his own and the Government's, on the finest naturally adapted site for irrigated agricultural work in the country. That, in spite of by no means bad management, it has so far proved a commercial failure from the promoter's point of view only proves the inaccuracy of Mr. Samuel's statement. Apart from the agricultural branch, one has only to visit the stock-breeding districts of Standerton, Ermelo, and elsewhere, and see the stock sires that are distributed, to recognise that Boer as well as British settlers are well looked after in this department.' The Duke of Westminster has purchased an estate of sixteen thousand acres near Ladybrand, Orange River Colony; the land is well watered and well adapted for the growth of cereals. His special object is to settle Cheshire Yeomen upon it. The new line of railway from Wynburg on the

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main line to Johannesburg will serve it. The Duke has made arrangements for irrigation works, for the allotment of farms and the building of houses on the same plan as that in practice in the district. Happily he is not one of those men given to make haste. He examined carefully before he began, and he is not to be discouraged by difficulties. I know both from my own observation and the testimony of a friend who has perhaps greater experience with English settlers than any other, that they, from total inexperience of irrigation, take a long time and great patience to gain the necessary facility in leading the water and checking it when enough is brought. As one of them said, 'In Scotland and England drainage is what we get practice in, not irrigation.' Those who persevere will accomplish it, and the Duke, like others, must be content with the survival of the fit.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

JOHANNESBURG

'ALL roads lead to Rome' was the old saying in the Old World. 'All railroads lead to Johannesburg' is the modern rendering in South Africa. To reach this newest of new cities from the older settlements you traverse wildernesses and wastes, you zigzag over mountains, you take a bee-line over plains, you rush over ravines. Before you arrive, so long and varied is the journey that the narrow limits of the railway car seem like a permanent habitation. But when reached you find on the very confines of the British Empire a city as busy as any in Europe, and as noble in its commercial buildings. Madrid, the highest city in Europe, stands 1200 feet above the sea. Johannesburg towers 6000 feet above its distant troubled waters. This fact gives it one of the most delightful climates in the world, and accounts for the air of activity that prevails. You are told that things in the goldfields are greatly depressed. As you walk its streets or read its papers or mark its splendid newly-erected municipal buildings, some still in progress, you say to yourself, as the old Scotchwoman said to her niece who told her she had been 'converted,' 'Are ye noo? I would na ha' thocht it.' A busy murmur everywhere reaches you, echoes of the Exchange, tramp of feet, rolling of wagons and carriages of all sorts in the streets, bargains in the market-place, and behind all, like the noise of the sea, the unceasing muffled clanging of the stamps. On a cool summer evening, sitting

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in your verandah, you can easily imagine the sea just over the hill.

I have never been quite able to understand why gold-mining is supposed by a certain section of English people to be such a wicked occupation. I remember one of the kindest of English Quaker business men speaking contemptuously of the Johannesburg people, as 'a lot of low gold diggers.' I mildly asked, 'And what are all you tradesmen in this staid English town? What are your shops but so many little gold-mines? Do you sell tapes and mutton chops from motives of philanthropy, or try to fill your pockets with some of this base gold? Does it make so much difference that the gold bears the impress of King Edward?' I reminded him that every philanthropic and religious society, from the Christian Endeavourers to the 'Metropolitan Hot-muffin and Crumpet Punctual Delivery Association,' from the silent meeting house of his own persuasion to the robed priest at the altar, has its counterpart in Johannesburg. The same is true of its social life. You have the fifteen-course dinner side by side with the meagre fare of the miner. You have the doubtful morality attributed to the 'smart set' at home, side by side with the lofty ideals of the 'purest,' all reproduced; the hum of the schoolroom and the laughter of the playground; the gaiety of the dance and the solemn hush of the prayer meeting, all over again, as if it were a Little England beyond sea and plain. One thing, indeed, is wanting, the unspeakable misery of the East and West End slum and the degradation of the workhouse.

The first land laid out as 'stands' under the old gold law now forms the centre of the town, but Johannesburg as we know it to-day includes numerous townships laid out as suburbs. The whole lies on Witwatersrand (or White Waters Ridge). The main reef lies to the south and, with its long line of chimneys, extends twenty miles. The residential part extends north and east. The most fashionable quarter is called Parktown. It commands a

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fine view of the Magaliesberg Mountains, with Commando Nek (the scene of the great fight) as a prominent feature. The Ridge or Rand is the great watershed of the country. Southward flow the streams of the Orange River, down which they glide over the plains and rush down the gorges, to the Atlantic. Northward they flow to the Limpopo and the Indian Ocean. It is interesting as a geographical fact, but awkward for the supply of water, as it involves the pumping up from a distance of twenty-two miles of all the water which supplies Johannesburg, where at Zuurbekom, in the Dolomite formation, to the south west, are found vast stores of water in huge caverns and natural reservoirs, and running streams; all described in Mr. Rider Haggard's 'Underground River.' Opinions differ as to the amount ultimately obtainable, but as yet the supply is abundant, viz. two million gallons daily, while ten millions is the supposed maximum of what can be obtained.

While referring to the water supply, I may mention that this is one of the acquisitions of the newly-elected Municipal Council, the result of which is, that whereas under the old Water Board it cost 10s. per 1000 gallons to the people, the charge is now only 5s. per 1000. Perhaps no municipality in the world covers so large an area (it extends over eighty-two square miles). The work it has done is quite unique, for it has furnished in the time since the war, a ready-made city of over 150,000 inhabitants with facilities such as modern civilisation requires which it has taken older communities many years to acquire. Its last and perhaps greatest achievement has been the acquisition and entire renovation of what was known as the 'insanitary area.' This was a large space granted to the coloured people and lowest class of white men by the former Government. Its filth was indescribable. It was a continual menace to the rest of the town. The imminence of the plague facilitated the change. It was cleared only just in time. During the demolition the first case appeared in one of the houses.

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An admirable scheme of compensation to the dwellers there was drawn up by the town solicitor, Mr. Fuller Lance, fair alike to the town and to those removed. A new site was found where the natives have been located under better sanitary conditions. The first Council was nominated by Lord Milner. How excellent was its composition is testified by the work done, and by the fact that when its term of office ceased nearly all the members were re-elected. The trams are now its property. There remains for it to carry out complete drainage works, which are most imperatively demanded, as the system which now obtains, removing the refuse by cart, is a prolific source of disease. The town is built on the American system of turning all the streets at right angles. The main streets run parallel and in such wise that fine open spaces are left. The chief business is done in Marshall Street, but it is not by any means a city of one street, as three others vie with this in size and importance. Some very large buildings have been recently erected, notably the new Carlton Hotel, Messrs. Eckstein and Co.'s offices, Messrs. Cuthbert and Co.'s buildings, Dr. Sauer's house, the Rand Club, Messrs. Holt and Holt's, the Stock Exchange National Bank (two buildings), and Messrs. Stuttaford's Argus Printing and Publishing Co.'s Works. The manufacture of building materials has been prosecuted with great activity, the bricks now being made are of good class, and some of the better kinds will bear favourable comparison with those of any country. Roofing tiles and paving tiles have made their appearance for the first time from local factories, and though the latter can hardly as yet be considered a success, the former are of sufficiently good quality to command attention and fair prices.

A considerable number of useful inventions in building materials have been introduced to the local market during the year. With the exception perhaps of residences, the structures erected are generally of a better kind than formerly, and the appearance of the central portion of

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the town has been greatly improved in consequence. A large number of skilled artists and other workers in the ornamental branches of building have been attracted to the place, with no little advantage to the appearance of the buildings lately erected in the principal streets. There are now upwards of fifty architects practising in the city. At the Council's request additional means of escape in case of fire have been provided in the theatres and some of the larger buildings insufficiently furnished with such arrangements. The fire-curtain at the Empire Theatre, put in by direction of the Council, was the means of saving that place from total destruction in December, 1905. It may be added to this that the fire brigade is in an excellent state of efficiency. In a city where the white males are as five to three females, we may be quite sure that club life is in full swing. There are three first-class clubs, besides numerous others for special purposes. The Rand Club, the new buildings of which have just been opened, is a most luxurious affair, probably the finest example of brick and masonry in the city, and will compare with any London club. Close to this is the New Club, also excellently built and well equipped. On Hospital Hill stands the Athenæum, lately erected, and chiefly supported by the men of the New Civil Service. A friend of mine wickedly describes them as 'for the most part a helpless lot with red ties and high collars, with a few exceptions of really good efficient men.' If any gentleman of this club should read this somewhat sweeping description, I hope he will consider himself among this favoured few. I may say that my friend is neither a Civil Servant nor a 'Varsity man, or possibly he would look with other eyes. The building is certainly simple, æsthetic, and comfortable, in a sort of modernised old Dutch style, very largely introduced of late for residences by Mr. Baker, an architect from Capetown, who, if I remember rightly, built Groot Schuur—small windows, narrow stairs, with stoeps needlessly heavy, where six months in the year the weather is cold. They

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are whitewashed outside, and look pretty and quaint, but after a winter's dust are apt to become dingy and even dirty. The Wanderers' Club is a sporting institution with large grounds. It caters for a distinct element of town life.

In spite of difficulties, sport is pursued by a large number of Johannesburg folk. Men go far afield for the chance of a shot or for angling or fly-fishing. Lately a gallant attempt has been made to introduce trout into the streams at Zuurbekom. Coursing, too, is a favourite pastime with some, and (barring that at a certain hotel) is carried on in true sporting fashion. It was at the Wanderers' Hall that the ladies started a 'Calling Club' on similar lines to that at Capetown. In addition to monthly meetings, little boxes are ranged round the room where ladies can leave their cards for each other. The great distances make this a very convenient method of doing duty calls, certainly quite as good as the London fashion of driving around and leaving the little pieces of pasteboard; but some do not like it. They say, 'You won't call *on me* like that, will you?' These take it almost as an insult, so this useful plan seems likely to go out of fashion.

It can hardly be said that 'society' is as yet seen quite at its best, not indeed for want of charming ladies, but because, if I may venture to say so, the ladies do not trust enough to their own charms. All this will doubtless right itself with so simple and accomplished a leader as Lady Selborne has proved herself in other circles. Lord Milner, poor man, though so real a leader of men, was merely a bachelor, and was therefore for 'society' purposes like a man with one hand, and that his left. But leave out the 'smart set,' which, as I have hinted, is in more ways than one ultra-smart, and then the world of social gatherings is much like that of other places. Whatever differences there may be outside, once inside a ball-room or at a private dance or dinner-party, and the life in one place is much like another. They talk about the same

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things, get into their little cliques, flirt, slip off into cosy nooks, lose their chaperone, or the chaperones lose the chaperoned, as necessity requires. The scarcity of girls perhaps raises the rate of interest which they command. Outside the special functions the younger people find recreation in the usual ways, but at holiday times they feel a lack of places for a day's outing. There is nothing but the veldt. Picnics are practically unknown. At Christmas, when the veldt is green, Witpoortge, ten miles off, is tried. But does it suggest the 'days when we went gipsying a long time ago'? But the Briton is gallant, so dams have been made to provide an artificial water for rowing, and a restaurant and bar have been set up. But the bare mountains with 'white tailings,' the everlasting veldt, and the hot sun, hardly reproduce Rosherville, though they give it the name. Florida 'Lake,' in the opposite direction, is rather better, but to enjoy it you have to be a real Mark Tapley, which, to the honour of the race, many a one is. Henley-on-Klip is another attempt, but still it is the everlasting veldt, with dust and blaze, or dust and shivers. Still, youth carries its own light heart, and if the quondam East Londoner sighs for the good old Buffalo, or the Londoner thinks with longing of the shady sweetness of Teddington and Henley, and remembers the regatta with its bright mile of bunting in the middle of the river, and the gay and prettily decorated houseboats at the side, yet, like the Brook Green volunteer in the awkward squad, he suits his mind to his circumstance, and falls back on the merry heart.

For those more fortunate who can get away for a good spell, what sea-coast places are more enchanting than those near Natal or Delagoa? Here, when life begins to wane and the pockets swell, the jaded business man can recoup the strength of mind and body. For life at Johannesburg is strenuous. Just now all are intensely scientific; all amateur geologists, chemists, metallurgists, etc. Johannesburgers owe everything to modern science, and can hardly get away from it. The visit of the

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British Association intensified this feeling. They have an association, 'South African Association,' for the advancement of science, which they call 'S.A.³.' It is suggestive of the frame of mind. They lead the 'strenuous' life (if not the simple), but only in material and utilitarian directions, and sometimes to excess. Their business is always with them, and they seem conscious of nothing else. Hence the craving to get right away sometimes for a long spell, which seems the only rest. They are isolated in their surroundings, and distances to other places are so great that to get away at all is a serious matter. The younger men go off on bicycles for short jaunts, and have their games according to their season, some suitable for the older men; I say older advisedly, for in this new creation there are no old men. There is no 'week-end' business possible. The 'strenuousness' spoken of is reflected in the rapidity of street traffic—carriages, carts, cabs, motors, bicycles; all travel much faster than in England, and there are consequently many more accidents. Policemen are placed on point duty as in England to regulate traffic at the important crossings, but at all other places native drivers vie with, and perhaps surpass, the European in disregard of the right side of the road, or any alteration of pace in going round the corners. The bullock wagon is rarely seen in the town except early in the morning on Market Square, and even there it is not used as much as formerly. Mules take the place of oxen, and lighter wagons or trolleys take the place of the old Buck wagon. Even the Cape cart is fast ceasing from use; it is rarely used for local town traffic, the landau and light victoria taking its place. There are naturally a large number of single men who live in the clubs and private rooms, but there are also many of them who enjoy the ordinary family life. In fact, the social conditions are much the same as those of other places. The wealthy give dinner parties and dances, and many of those who are not wealthy strive to imitate them. There is a good deal of

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entertaining at restaurants and clubs on account of servant difficulties at the homes. Thus at the Athenæum Club ladies can always be invited to dinner, and at the New Club one evening a month is set aside for the purpose, and is always taken advantage of to the full capacity of the dining-room (about one hundred and fifty).

The servant difficulty referred to requires a word or two. To the wealthy, who can pay any wage and have any number of servants, white and native, this does not apply, but to the great bulk of the population, the better middle classes, it is very serious. White servants get anything from £5 to £10 per month, and it is very difficult to get any that are any good. Since the war, the South African Colonisation Society, managed by some titled ladies in England and their friends, has been sending out batches of white servants. Opinions differ as to the way it has been done. Some think that the most part are worse than useless, and that they are badly selected without any reference to practical requirements. They are entertained by the titled ladies before they leave, are spoilt on board ship, and arrive all-but useless. Of course, it is admitted that there are exceptions, and sometimes a decent girl is found. The native servants are all men ('boys,' as they are called), principally Zulus. They get £1 per week, and some of them make good, reliable servants. When these are found they are better than white servants. The trouble comes in when an attempt is made to keep both classes, say one white girl and one or two native 'boys;' yet, if it will only work, that is what is generally wanted. Native women have not hitherto been obtainable, but now they are beginning to appear. Those that have come are a slovenly, undesirable lot, who have drifted from the older Colony. The 'Cape' people (*i.e.* the coloured-born about Cape-town) do not come in any numbers, except men as cart and trolley drivers. Some of the ordinary householders who groan under the cost of living would tell you that they long to be allowed to employ the Chinaman for

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domestic service, washing, or gardening, but it is treason to think (much less utter) it. Anything of the kind is most strictly forbidden by law, and cannot be thought of. It is no part of this book to discuss the thorny question of Chinese labour in the mines. The difficulty of three races working together in such numbers must be very great. The Transvaal people must settle this question themselves, the British Government as far as necessary exercising a moderating influence.

Johannesburg is far from being an irreligious place. Not only is every section of the Church represented, but, unlike the experience in towns in England to-day, the churches and chapels are crowded in the evening, sometimes overcrowded. Maeterlinck avows that in Europe religion is waning, but morality is improving. There are, of course, here as elsewhere large numbers of people who go neither to church nor chapel. But the main custom here is golf and tennis in the morning, church in the evening; a combination which many think neither inconsistent nor undesirable. Health of body is always conducive to health of mind, while a general wholesomeness results from the reflection induced by religious observances. The Church of England has its two branches, the English Church strictly so-called (this is stronger since the influx of the new Civil Servants), and the Church of the Province of South Africa. The Presbyterians and the Wesleyans are strong, the Dutch Reformed Church fairly so, while the Congregationalists and Baptists are very active. No social superiority attaches itself to any one of the communities, except perhaps in the small minds of a narrow clique. The two most influential preachers, and the broadest in their teaching, are Dr. Furze of the Church of the Province of South Africa, and Dr. Ross, Presbyterian. The Jews are much as elsewhere. They have two or three synagogues, and the Chief Rabbi, Dr. Hertz, is an able man.

A word here may be said about the Cemetery, a fitting end of all things. It is an oasis in the desert of streets

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and dust at the north-west corner of the town, and is in the hands of the municipality. It is a big place and is beautifully kept and tastefully laid out with trees, green grass and flowers. No expense is spared, and it is all it ought to be. Soon it will be full and a new one will have to be opened some miles away by rail. 'We, the Jo-burgers,' writes a friend of mine in speaking of it, 'all hope to "go South" first and not stay here, but most of us find we have to stay.' Saturday and Sunday are days of pilgrimage for friends and mourners to the Cemetery with fresh flowers for the graves of children and others. It is a great custom all the year round, difficult in winter but yet maintained.

As there is no Poor Law and Workhouse, and as the poor are increasing in number, philanthropy has to step in. The Salvation Army do good work with their Refugees. Then for destitute children there are two large 'Homes,' the one Nazareth House run by Roman Catholics, but receiving general support, the other an undenominational Home; with various Convalescent Homes and a 'Maternity' House, more or less charitable. The 'Rand Aid Association' aims at being a sort of Charity Organisation Society. It has a Home for men and gives out-door relief. Its funds are partly provided by Government, partly by private subscriptions. The class of men it has had to deal with are largely men who served in the war and have got stranded. One of its principal features is an Employment Bureau, and it endeavours to find employment for men wherever possible. In this way large numbers have passed through it; for none are kept in the Home longer than necessary. The 'Home' takes about fifty and is generally full. This organisation grew out of the old 'Refugee Aid Committee' which looked after refugees in war time, first at the different coast towns and then on their return home.

Along the mines are small hospitals at different points, maintained by the mines they serve, and intended for natives and Chinamen as well as Europeans, but the large

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central institution is known as the Johannesburg Hospital. This is a big concern not far from Park Station on Hospital Hill. It is maintained by Government, and costs over £100,000 a year. It is controlled by a small Board appointed by Government and takes in natives as well as Europeans, and paying patients as well as free. Arrangements are now being discussed for the municipality to take it over and to build another large one. It was started under the Boer Government, and run in the first instance entirely by Roman Catholic Nursing Sisters, a curious instance of Boers assisting Roman Catholics, whom they hated. The Boer Government was always liberal to it, and it has always from the start been thoroughly efficient. It has out-grown the Roman Catholic element, and as it was found they could not work with other nurses they have now left altogether, and are taking up a nursing home in Kensington on the eastern outskirts. There are numbers of private hospitals all over the town.

Prior to the war a 'Council of Education' was formed to provide English elementary education, as the Government (Dutch) schools did not meet requirements. A sum of £100,000 was raised, chiefly from the mines, and the idea was to build schools at different points in town and along the mines. Then came the political uncertainty, and the funds were not spent. Since the new *régime* elementary education has been provided by the Government, and the above fund remains in hand for other educational purposes. About two-thirds of its present income is given to the new Technical Institute, which may very probably in the future absorb the bulk of the capital, but nothing is as yet decided. There is a scheme to use part of the capital towards endowing two good Higher Boys' Schools, which should be under local control as distinguished from the Education Department. A number of large and good elementary schools have been erected in various parts of the town, and if twice as much money has been spent as need have been to

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secure the same accommodation, that is only in keeping with the ways of most other Government Departments. These schools are entirely free, and carry pupils to a standard much higher than English primary schools, great numbers of people using them who could well afford to pay for their children's education. The class of teachers is good ; many are from Canada and some from Australia and England. It is generally thought that free education is going too far unless the principle of giving *all* education free is frankly recognised. But that is not yet the case ; it is one of the problems to be dealt with by the new Legislative Council. There are a few High Schools under Government ; they are fairly successful but not what they should be. These as yet are housed in hovels, while the free schools have palaces, and there is much yet to be done to put primary and secondary education on a proper footing.

The new departure is the Transvaal Technical Institute, which may be the nucleus of a teaching University. This is run by a Council appointed by the Governor, and funds are supplied by Government, assisted as above mentioned by the Council of Education. The funds last year were about £12,000, and this year they will be about £20,000. The Government has given for this purpose Plein Square. At present there are only iron buildings, but there is a fund of £30,000 towards permanent ones, and more of the Council of Education money may be obtained. So far a first-class mining course of four years has been organised. Both law and arts courses are now being added, and other things will follow. The Cape matriculation is accepted as an entrance examination *pro tempore*, but it is unsuitable, and as well as this there is a local matriculation examination rather more scientific, Latin being only optional (except for law and arts), and Greek nowhere. Evening classes have been started which are taking on wonderfully. There are already five hundred entries. These classes include all kinds of scientific and practical subjects as well as law, and more recently modern languages, natural history,

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biology, etc., besides a matriculation preparation course. The idea is to erect a large building to serve as a permanent Technical Institute in town. It will embrace a Public Library, Museum, and perhaps a Picture Gallery, with accommodation for all the different scientific societies ; and then the University proper, including the mining course, can go out of town, and may be placed probably between Johannesburg and Pretoria when the railway is made. Natal and Orange River Colony are anxious to come into line, and will look to this as their University ; the Cape holds aloof and the ' Jo-burger ' thinks will get ' left ' in this as in other things.

Of course in Johannesburg the British element is predominant, but there are not a few Dutch, Germans, and French. Of the Jewish element much has been said, and not a few foolish things. There are bad and good among the Jews, but as a rule they are hard working and thrifty—no loafers and no poor. They come largely from Russia, and seem a seedy lot, but they set to work and ' du zummat,' as the Somerset man says, and generally make their way. Of course, the better-off flourish largely on the Stock Exchange, and keep things going : they make money and spend it freely.

In a city of over 150,000, where, as I have said, the males are three to one, the condition of things is unparalleled. Of these 84,000 are whites, and among them the males are five to three. It seems to the writer that every female added, whether as a somewhat inefficient domestic or otherwise, must be an advantage. Certainly the likelihood of maintaining a high tone of morality is increased, for the mere presence of women, bad or good, exercises a certain moderating influence on men. Johannesburgers have not all sold their souls to gold, and very few have *sold all their soul* to anything. They have many problems to solve, and while they must work out their own salvation Britishers must not look on with Pharisaic cynicism but with sympathetic eyes, and, where they can, with helpful hands.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

BLOEMFONTEIN

BLOEMFONTEIN stands four square to the high veldt 4500 feet above the sea level. Its climate has always made it a favourite health resort for consumptive patients, but the inhabitants have done little or nothing to make the place attractive. Many years ago a relative of mine went there in search of health; and he spoke of it then as so wanting in anything to make for a stranger's comfort and cheer, that he would rather live a shorter life in England. For all that, people who stay long enough find the air so exhilarating that when once they have got into the ways of the place they elect to remain, if not in the town, somewhere in the neighbourhood.

Bloemfontein is a country town with little or nothing of the really rural effects about it which several of the Dutch Colonial towns have gathered around them. But, in spite of all drawbacks, since the war the population has largely increased; nobody seems quite to know why. The presence of a considerable military force, for which good barracks have been erected, will account in part for this. The construction of new railways will also help to explain it. The town is laid out in the regular Boer fashion, with rectangular streets and a market-place in the centre, and a Dutch Reformed Church not far off. All the chief sects are now represented by substantial buildings. In the market-place for many years the sales have been carried on in English, though the market is always opened in the Dutch language, and the prevalent

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language in the town is undoubtedly Dutch. On market-days the country Boers come trooping in on horseback, or with wagons and carts containing produce for sale. The Boers of the Orange River Colony have a scale of culture rather above that of the Transvaal. Beside the Dutch and English are many foreign residents, most of German-Jew extraction. It is surprising that a town which was the capital of a prosperous little Republic, and to-day is the capital of a prosperous Colony, should be so wanting in municipal care that it still (or did so to a very late period) presents a general untidy appearance to the visitor. Its new houses, except in a few marked instances, show little architectural taste; a certain jerry-built appearance seems to infect them. We all know the square blocks, with the little turrets stuck on them, which are found in up-country Dutch towns. The everlasting tin roofs are here painted red, with the roofs of the stoeps a bright green. It is good to notice, however, that several houses are in better taste and some new ones are being erected which promise further improvement. The Raad-zaal is really an imposing structure, standing in large grounds. The Grey College is also a handsome building. This, with St. Andrew's College, the Ladies' High School, and certain private establishments, affords a really good education.

One feature of the place are the large gardens and numerous gum, willow, and pepper trees, but the want of water in the dry season was, until very recently, a great drawback, and made gardening almost heart-breaking work. Just when your seedlings were coming on notices appeared, "No more water must be used in the gardens." The only alternative to death to the seedlings was evasion of the law. I am afraid some wicked people cherishing their flowers chose the latter course. Any way, the scarcity of water is on the way to be remedied. But why, oh why, is the Spruit from which this town takes its delightful name allowed to trickle through the southern part of the town an insalubrious muddy little stream, its

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channel full of twisted iron bedsteads and other *débris* left by the flood about two years ago, and its banks strewn with wrecked houses and broken-up sheds? Traces of the ruin wrought by that flood may still be seen (or could quite lately) in the otherwise pretty little Park.

The native element in Bloemfontein is different from that in towns in the old Colony. The blacks are mostly Basutos, and they walk on the pavements as freely as the whites. They are a most law-abiding set of people, but not yet trained to European service. In consequence of this, white domestic servants are in great demand at wages of three and four pounds a month. Dressmaking affords ample scope for an enterprising lady. 'If I were a skilled dressmaker, and a good business woman,' says a lady friend, 'I would soon make a fortune,' while a laundress with a few good helpers would be a welcome arrival. Stone is quarried in the neighbourhood, and there is plenty of clay inviting the brickmaker. A new life has of late years been stirring in the town. Education is advancing by strides. The teachers, both men and women, are not mere pedagogues, but take active part in social life; the military officers and men add a new element; the new race of Government clerks infuse fresh life. Wherever these elements combine we may be quite sure that the town life will at least not be stagnant. If any one to-day finds nothing to make time pass profitably as well as pleasantly, it will arise from some idiosyncrasy. This is an advantage many Colonial towns possess over English communities of the same size; here is a small population, not exceeding ten thousand white people, with the staff of three or four high class schools, military officers and men, with a goodly number of Civil Servants. In all Colonial towns of importance you have a concentration of energy of various kinds, which largely compensates for the lack of fulness of life in the background. You take a journey by sea of six thousand miles, and then of seven hundred

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and fifty miles up-country by rail, and you naturally expect a rather humdrum life to await you, but the average man, instead of finding less opportunity for social intercourse, finds more. His means of ordinary intellectual culture are greater than in towns at home of the same size, and his chances of recreation quite equal. It is so at Bloemfontein under the present *régime*. Football, hockey, tennis, and polo are all played. There is a good cricket ground with its pavilion, and good play, either to join in or to watch. Various gymkhanas and military sports are got up by the garrison. If you go far enough afield you have some chance for your gun. Behind the hospital are the golf links. The girls play hockey with zest, although it must be admitted that the stoutness of the Boer girls is a little check upon fast play, yet good matches are held both among themselves, joined by their English companions, and with the men and boys both of the town and garrison. The ground, with its hard, dusty earth, entirely grassless, is at first a drawback to the new-comer, but that is soon forgotten. The head mistress of the Girls' High School is quite one of the most enterprising and life-imparting people in the place. Horse-racing has always attracted the Dutch, and there has long been a good race-course with its grand-stand. As for dances, the expression of a Colonial friend of mine is, 'The Dutch girls know how to make things hum.' With the exception of a few dear old Dutch sticklers for the past order of things, there is a healthy intermingling of the people. The English will allow no anti-Dutch talk, and the Dutch seem to foster no ill-will toward the English. Indeed, the town but for the few high and dry folk is remarkably free from all cliquishness. Speaking in general terms, everybody joins in everything. As a sample, when on a somewhat recent occasion there was a Church bazaar all sects attended, and at a Jewish sale of work the church-people joined the others in giving their support.

But, after all, the chief delight to some is the drive over

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the veldt. The vast open space above and beyond, with its brilliant moon and stars by night and shining sun by day (where even the entire absence of trees, leaving the wide-spreading view uninterrupted, adds a certain exhilaration), mile after mile spreads before you, with no sign of house or fence or enclosure of any kind. The colour impression left by the country as you drive over it in the dry season is that of gleaming old gold, rich orange below, cloudless blue above. If you are enterprising enough to go abroad over it when the day breaks through the gates of dawn, you will draw into your lungs life-giving draughts, and into your eyes a wealth of beauty beyond all words, while every evening the sunset sends you home with a vision of the rose-coloured afterglow which fills the horizon.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

OCCUPATIONS AND INDUSTRIES

NOT long after I arrived in Cape Colony, about thirty years ago, I read an article in a Cape magazine, bemoaning what it called 'The debasement of agriculture.' The farmers were called upon in the interests of the country to devote more attention to growing crops and less to sheep-farming and cattle-rearing. But a man's pursuits for getting his living are founded neither on philanthropy nor patriotism. The difficulties in the way of the agriculturist are numerous and great. Wherever it is easier to rear sheep and import flour with the produce, both common-sense and political economy point that out as the course. The long droughts, the sudden storms, and the lack of water-power for grinding the corn when grown tell heavily against an extensive growing of wheat. Nevertheless, there are districts where this is successfully accomplished. This is especially the case in the district of Carnarvon in the north-west.

Mealies, or maize, are extensively grown in the Eastern Province, but the results are so uncertain that it is questionable if the home production will ever, or at any rate for many years, equal the amount imported. I well remember one year when all were jubilant at the harvest prospects. It happened that the Minister to whose department the agriculture of the country belonged was on a visit to the town in which I resided, and he said in conversation with me, 'I have never known such a promise of harvest; where other years there have



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been handsful this year there will be bucketsful.' In the issue almost all was lost through the intense heat and lack of rain. The cattle were turned over the parched-up fields. At another time I saw the entire year's growth of wheat and maize on one farm destroyed by a sudden hail-storm. In England we have our bad years, but destruction is rarely so wholesale as this. I once witnessed a splendid race between a coming storm and the reaping and stacking of the wheat on the largest wheat-growing farm in the Eastern Province. The farm was at the foot of the Stormberg, itself at an elevation of some four thousand feet above the sea. The proprietor and his sons saw from the look of the atmosphere that it was likely the weather would change. Measures were instantly taken. The two sons galloped off in different directions, and by early morn over a hundred natives were gathered and drawn up with reaping-hooks, led by the elder son. They worked with military precision and with a speed I never saw equalled. The other son followed with a gang making small weather-tight stacks of wheat. The whole (I should say at a guess about five or six hundred acres) was reaped and stacked before the storm broke. It was a magnificent piece of work and could only have been done by men of intense energy and great power of organisation. The same storm destroyed many another crop. The natives were incited by extra pay and gifts of tobacco, but more than one poor fellow lost fingers through the rapidity of the strokes. Of course, this is an exceptional case, but it gives an idea of some of the difficulties of wheat farming as well as the energy of some Colonists in overcoming them.

Market-gardening round the chief towns has greatly advanced within the last twenty or thirty years. I can remember 2s. 6d. to 5s. being paid for a cabbage at Port Elizabeth. Capetown was but little better supplied. King William's Town, owing to the settlement of the German legion in Isidingi and district, was better off. Others who have joined them have since made what before

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they came was a wild bush into a perfect 'garden of the Lord.' Too much cannot be said in praise of the perseverance of these men and women. At first they would carry in sacks their produce into the early morning market for miles, all for a result of two or three shillings. Then came little wagons, constructed by themselves of a few boards knocked together and mounted on wheels of solid wood, which they had rounded as best they could. Some of these may still be seen. At first their dwellings were mere shanties. Now comfortable cottages, often embowered with trees, are the reward of their toil. Cape-town and Port Elizabeth are now abundantly supplied, and vegetables of all kinds are obtainable at as moderate a figure as in England. These smaller things are really as important an element of growth as those items which show more largely in the published returns. They not only tend to make life pleasanter, but increase the health of the people and make living cheaper. So the earth yields its increase, in cabbages, pumpkins, potatoes. There is nothing the domestic cow likes better than a feed on pumpkins. More than once my favourite cow made an inroad into our kitchen to help the cook to dispose of them. I may here mention in passing that more than once our home-grown pumpkins turned the scale at fifty pounds. Nor must I leave the market-garden without singing the glories of the water-melon. To sit at leisure, on a hot day, under the shade of a blue gum munching a slice of water-melon is worth going six thousand miles to the Colony. You may get them in England, poor affairs at the best, but you need the heat, you need the freshness, you need the whole surroundings, and then you pronounce it a greater luxury than any elaborate salad in a sixteen-course dinner.

'*Evoe Bacche!*' was the frantic shout in the old Roman days at the harvest festival of the vine, and 'Hail the grape!' may well be the cry of the vineyards of Constantia and the Paarl to-day. No sight in the world is more tempting than the luscious cluster of the

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purple and crystal globes amidst the trailing leaf and curling tendril. I abhor figures in books. They deserve strong *Retro Satanas*. Yet with a glass of Constantia to wash them down or a bunch of grapes to moisten the dryness of the throat I venture on a few. There are in the vine district eighty-three million vine-stocks, and every year near five million gallons of wine are made, besides the distillation of brandy. Constantia is perhaps the loveliest part of the Cape Peninsula. Cool breezes blow ever across it from one or other of the flanking oceans. Trees adorn the steep slopes, while the vineyards cover the plains. Constantia wine once appeared as a regular thing on the royal tables of England. It is too sweet for the modern English palate, but it might well come in with a dash of brandy as a liqueur. Pontac, the staple wine, when kept long enough, is a fine wine and still is responsible for many a gouty foot; when well matured in wood it is as free as any of the full-bodied wines from injurious matter. Other wines, Cape sherry, hock, hermitage, claret, all find their way into the mixing houses, or are drunk as beverages all on their own. Cape raisins have of late years been highly prized in England, and doubtless will be more and more exploited. Very few grapes are grown in the Eastern Province. I have often wondered why. I grew in my own garden at King William's Town huge clusters of harnipot grapes of great size, the finest Cape grape, from cuttings obtained from Constantia. The harnipot is a large oval-shaped grape, very fleshy; they stand the voyage to England well. A friend lately sent me a large hamper full, and they arrived in perfect condition. I was a very popular man while they lasted. Was it old Colonial love or their intrinsic flavour? I enjoyed them more than the English hot-house product. Oh! for more hampers! It is a much better use than making wine and brandy of them. The grape is at its best in February, which is the hottest and driest month of the year. Phylloxera, which a few years ago devastated the

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vineyards, has in its turn yielded to all-conquering science. It is now a thing of the past. The Minister of Agriculture saw that the remedy was rightly applied and the pest has been removed.

Orange groves abound in all parts, and a graciously beautiful sight it is as one wanders among them to see these glorious sundrops caught in the trees and hanging in thick profusion from the branches. The Cape orange is equal to any for flavour and juiciness. Peaches, too, are as fine as any in the world. Apples, pears, and loquats well repay the careful cultivator. The grenadilla, with its egg-like fruit, is less known but equal in refreshment to any. Just remove the top as you do the top of an egg, tip into it a teaspoonful of sherry, stir it well, and then eat it as you do an egg; you'll find it a refreshing and delicate morsel, and the 'Queen in her parlour' will prefer it to her 'white bread and honey.' Nor must we forget the rich red pips in their juicy jelly of the pomegranate. Bananas in their palmy branches are grown in Natal and form a considerable element in the diet of Natal 'boys' and girls, old and young. Here also the pine-apple is yielded in abundance. Figs everywhere grow luxuriantly. Rise early on a summer morning, mount your horse, take with you, if you are lucky enough to have one, your travelling companion, and ride to a fig garden while the dew is still wet on the pear-shaped fruit, and then you will know their real flavour. They melt in the mouth. Take a few home in your basket carefully covered with leaves, and watch your children's delight in the early-picked treasures. Yes! South Africa is a country varied in fruits of as fine a growth as Nature tumbles out of her loaded baskets. Here, too, growing almost wild, you may pluck quinces, and if so minded make of them the homely dumpling, or mix them with the more delicate flavoured apple in your old-fashioned pie. What a list they all make, and what memories they awaken of Nature's munificence!

Although due importance must be attributed to other

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industries, farming, including both the rearing and grazing of live stock, and the raising of crops is, after all, the chief occupation of the people of South Africa. Horned cattle, sheep and goats or ostriches make remunerative employment both for the Europeans and natives in every part of the country. The most successful farmers are those who are able to make a wise combination of the products of the ground, in the shape of fruit, lucerne, and cereals, according to the soil and supply of water, with the rearing and grazing of some kind of live stock. The present depression in the country may be attributed to various causes, but the root of the evil was in the wholesale loss of cattle by rinderpest, and the slaughter of sheep to feed the armies in the field during the war. Sheep cannot supply mutton and breed lambs at the same time. The large amount of money spent to keep the army supplied prevented, up till lately, this loss being so much felt as it would otherwise have been. But now that that is a thing of the past, the loss thus sustained is making itself everywhere felt. Scab also slew its thousands of sheep, and Rinderpest its tens of thousands of cattle. It will take a long time for the farmers to restock their land. As this is gradually done the prosperity of the country will return, aided, of course, by a larger growth of cereals and lucerne. Recovery from the depression has been greatly delayed by the long and almost universal drought, which is now over.

The destruction caused by both scab among the sheep, and rinderpest among the cattle, was largely increased by the superstition of large numbers of farmers, both Dutch and natives. The natives preferred the incantations of the witch doctors to the precautions of the men of science, while the up-country farmer piously declared that all disease was a judgment from Heaven, not to be resisted by any profane human means. Superstition of this sort is more injurious than any rinderpest; nothing so much paralyzes human energy.

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But education is already spreading, and the younger generation will soon turn this superstitious folly out of the windows. Meantime, let us not be harsh in our judgments. I can remember well when I was a boy, and some of us young ones were sent away from home, because of the prevalence of scarlet fever in our neighbourhood, that my father was taken severely to task by some of the 'unco' guid' for not trusting in Providence. 'If it was the Lord's will that his children should have it they would take it, and if not they would go free.' There is no doubt that whatever evil the war has wrought, it has very rudely torn away this blind trust in Providence for what required manly effort.

Each kind of stock-rearing has its special times of interest—the breeding of the cattle, the dipping and shearing of the sheep, the plucking of the ostrich. A few years ago ostrich farming was only known in the Midland districts. The enormous profits at first realised created a great boom, and in every part of the country, fit and unfit, the industry was started. Often those ignorant of the very rudiments were left in charge of the work. I came once into close contact with a curious experience of this. A well-known merchant of my acquaintance had bought a large farm some distance from the town. He set apart a certain portion of it for ostriches; he had the enclosures arranged on the most scientific principles, purchased some very valuable pairs of birds, and fitted up at considerable expense the apparatus for artificial incubation. He put the whole under the care of the bailiff in charge of the sheep, a man who, speaking generally, had made a failure of everything he had put his hand to. But ostrich farming? Surely any one with a book in his hand could manage that. One day my friend came to me and said, 'I have just bought some fine cavalry horses; what do you say to trying one of them next Saturday, and riding out to my ostrich farm with me? I can find you a shakedown for the night.' Off we went. The ride was splendid;

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our horses were in fine fettle. When we reached the farm, the bailiff met us with a rueful face. 'Not one of the eggs has hatched out,' said he, 'this artificial incubation is all rot.' We went into the incubating room. There was a pile of eggs worth, at that time, a considerable sum of money. The following colloquy took place.

Proprietor: 'How long did you keep them in the incubator?'

Bailiff: 'I gave them three days and nights over the time.'

P. 'But how long?'

B. 'Twenty-five days.'

P. 'Why, they take forty days or more.'

B. 'Oh no! the book says twenty-two days at the outside, and the chicks come out.'

P. 'Show me where it says so.'

B. (with confident air) turned up under 'fowl incubating': "'In twenty-three days at longest the 'chicks' will come out.'" (Young ostriches are called chicks.)

P. 'But these are fowls, not ostriches. Here at the other end of the book is "ostrich incubating."'

B. 'It says "chicks," and every one knows that chicks are young ostriches'!!

The whole year's work was lost. A scene followed not quite suitable for these pages. I am afraid that my uncontrollable laughter added fuel to the fire. We rode off to the big house and to the other part of the farm, under another manager. Here more trouble awaited. A water furrow of great length had been constructed by a town engineer, for irrigating the land set apart for cereals and food for the ostriches. The opening of the furrow had been reserved for this visit. The water with due ceremony was let in; it flowed smartly along till after a circuitous course it at length reached a part where the bed was hard rock. It flowed a few yards and then stopped, the levels had been wrongly taken. The water declined to rise above its level. It became clear that a length of expensive blasting was necessary or the

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course of the furrow must be changed. Such are some of the difficulties of South African farming. Furrow-making is not the simple thing that some may think it. A man accustomed to furrow-making was found, a fresh course was taken for the furrow, and all went well except with the proprietor's pocket, which fortunately was a long one.

But to return to the ostriches. Within a week they were all sold off and the bailiff went back to his muttons.

Mr. Burton tells us in his 'Cape Colony for the Settler' that Oudtshoorn, owing to its great facilities for irrigation and lucerne growing, is first on the list of ostrich-rearing districts, then Albany and Somerset East. But in a certain proportion they are being reared all over the country south of the Orange River, and even north of it. Round Kimberley it is an increasing industry. It will, doubtless, become an adjunct to cattle farming all over the country, especially where lucerne can be grown.

The plucking of the ostrich is not an easy operation. If the herd be a large one the gathering them into the yard is an operation requiring two or three days. Once yarded, each bird is tugged along, one man holding its neck and two its wings. Then a bag is drawn over its head and the plucking begins. After the plucking the bird is a pitiable sight. It evidently feels keenly its forlorn condition, and vents its vexation in a vicious snap on the nearest man or bird as it passes. Sometimes a bird is found to be very fierce; if such a one attacks an unarmed man, the only thing he can do is to lie down. In that posture the ostrich cannot hurt him. A waggish writer has remarked it has not yet been ascertained how long an ostrich unmolested will sit on a man. On the other hand, I have seen some birds very playful. I have often amused myself by opening an umbrella in the face of one; he would go off in a circle, dancing round like a mincing maiden, then back again, and wait for the umbrella to be opened again.



OSTRICH FARM.

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The Angora goat has only been established in the Colony for about forty years, but there are now over 3,000,000. Many of these are quite pure in their breed, and the mohair obtained from them is equal to any grown in Angora itself. The common Boer goat has a special value of its own. They afford a cheap food, and they will thrive in the bush country where sheep will not. But in all the large sheep farms their great value is as sheep dogs ; only instead of driving they lead the sheep. Mr. Burton says when a flock of sheep requires to be kraaled or penned for any purpose, a couple of ' kapaters ' (castrated goats) are employed to lead the flock into these enclosures. They walk in front with a stately, dignified gait, as if conscious of the important duty they are discharging. The sheep crowd at the gate immediately behind them. It will be easily seen of what great value they are at shearing, dipping, or dosing times, when portions of the flock require to be led in succession into a small enclosure to be caught. I remember seeing on a small scale what Mr. Burton describes in reference to a flock of over two thousand sheep. A flock of about five hundred had to cross a river on a long journey from one farm to another. One man went over first by the drift, then the other launched the goat into the stream, and forthwith about a hundred sheep followed. As soon as the goat landed, the man who had previously crossed held it till all the sheep had landed, then he launched it back again into the river, which it, as if perfectly understanding what was wanted, recrossed and brought another batch, and so on till all had passed over.

Sheep farming is chiefly carried on near the sea-ports and larger towns for the butcher, but in the up-country districts the wool is the chief concern. Since the passing of the Scab Act in Cape Colony, not only have fewer sheep died, but the quality of the wool has greatly improved. The great sheep-farms are chiefly in the Eastern Province ; also in the Karroo and districts near

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the sea they are well stocked. The frequent droughts are said by some to be not without their advantage, as they keep down the number of sheep, which otherwise would increase too rapidly and become too numerous for the land to carry. From year to year great improvement is made in the breed of the sheep; not only are valuable rams imported, but such care is taken by certain stockbreeders, both in the East and at Beaufort West, that breeding animals are produced quite equal to those imported. There is a vast difference to-day from when about forty years ago Mr. Nicholson wrote that he challenged any sheep farmer in the Eastern Province to say that he was making his farm pay, adding that, so rough was the life, that no man ought to let his son stay on the farm. I have visited farms in that district where the comforts of home equalled those in a well-appointed English home-
stead.

In spite of the rinderpest, the wealth consisting in the cattle of the Colony is very great. The butter which is produced every year alone must be worth over a quarter of a million; add to this the milk, add again the beef, add again the value of the ox as the chief beast of burden, and finally, when killed, the hide. In the Colony a Kafir's wealth is reckoned by the number of cattle that he possesses. Spite of the rinderpest, there are still over a million head of cattle in the Colony itself. The efforts to improve the breed are a testimony to the enterprise of the farmer, as well as to the thoughtful care of the new Governments in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony.

The method of milking in the Colony is worth noting. No Cape cow will yield its milk unless its calf is by it. I used to think that this was somewhat of a myth, but from frequent experiment, as well as careful inquiry in all directions, I find it undoubtedly true. The method adopted is to kraal the calves near the cows, then as each cow is milked its own calf is let out from the kraal.

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Needless to say, it makes straight for the udder of its mother. After a few sucks the milker pushes it aside, and the milking goes on all right into the pail. When he has drawn what he thinks sufficient, the calf returns and sucks till the udder is dry. If the calf die the cow holds its milk, and no more can be got from it. In this case the Kafir herd sometimes resorts to a device. He takes the skin of the dead calf, stuffs it, and rests it beside the cow, which is comforted by the smell of the hide and yields its milk, but the device does not answer for long.

Branding is a great event in the cattle farm, and needs both nerve and skill. The animals are driven into an enclosure, the gate of which is made firmly secure. Each beast in turn is lassoed by one of its hind legs, tripped over on its side, and the hot iron instantly applied. Then it is let loose. In the case of a fiery-tempered young bull or cow, it needs great sharpness to keep out of its way, and often the nearest animal feels the effect in some rough treatment from the horns or heels of the infuriated beast. A very spirited account of a day's cattle branding is given in Mitford's 'Romance of the Cape Frontier.'

In the farming interest the desirability of tackling the irrigation question cannot be over-rated. But I think the Dutchman's ingenuity in adopting irrigation on a small scale has been rather overlooked. He learned this in the early days round Capetown when irrigation was under the strictest regulations, and the small stream pulled from farm to farm, the water sheriff turning it on and off. Wherever he trekked he looked for some spring or fountain, and skilfully led the water to his garden or field plot. Hence the sequestered kloofs in the Karroo hills were the spots chosen for the farms. It is a common thing for a Dutch farmer to understand the construction of a dam and the making of water furrows. It is necessary for cattle-rearing as much as for vegetation.

The mineral industry in South Africa is very varied.

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Diamonds have given birth to the town of Kimberley and to many minor towns in the Orange River Colony. The mining operations have been referred to in our account of that town. The alluvial diggings along the Vaal River produce a better class of stone, but the finds are uncertain, and the life led is very rough and disagreeable. About a thousand men find occupation, chiefly Kafirs in the employ of white men. This river digging has a certain excitement about it which no longer exists in the actual mining operation. The stones are found in the river wash, chiefly imbedded among huge boulders; a dazzling find now and then rewards the worker. But this, like other mineral industries, is now chiefly carried on by companies. Many other places have diamondiferous formations; some north of the Zambesi, and all attract a certain number of workers.

Gold mining has, within the last ten or twelve years, assumed enormous proportions. The chief life in connection with it is developed in Johannesburg, and has been fully described elsewhere. The adventurous gold prospector and gold seeker may still find scope in the Northern Transvaal and Rhodesia, where geologists say are treasures yet to be unfolded. But this is a book, not of statistics or of scientific description, but of the life of the people.

Unfortunately the labour question in the gold mines has given rise to a very bitter controversy, and many years will yet elapse before it will find solution. During the war the natives earned money so easily that they now look rather askance at the hard work and comparative low pay of the miner, and it is said to be impossible to secure white labour at wages that would enable the mine-owners to work the low-grade mines at a profit. All this time alone can work out. Meantime, Johannesburg flourishes, and is a purchasing power which will aid in the development of the agricultural interests of the Transvaal. This, indeed, is a factor which ought well to be kept in view. The successful working of the mines

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results in much more than the dividends of the shareholders, or the lavish fees of the directors. It means the advance of all the northern districts. A letter from a friend who has a farm in the North-Eastern Province says that he is taking measures to put three thousand acres under water and lucerne, with a view to sending the crop on to Johannesburg.

In this chapter I have not referred to the mercantile world, because that is not a productive but a distributing industry, and has been, in general terms, described in the sea-port towns. But there are certain productive industries springing up in the various townships, as well as the old-established ones, such as wagon and cart making and its adjunct, harness making, which have been spoken of already. The other manufactories are not of sufficient extent to speak of as yet as 'industries'; they are, however, alluded to under the various towns where they are carried on.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

NORTHERN EXPANSION

I WAS looking the other day at a map of Africa in an atlas with the well-known name of Keith Johnstone on its side. It belonged to me as a young man. The Congo is only traced on it for a few miles. The Victoria Falls are marked on a portion of the Zambesi which is dotted as guess work. The Limpopo is nearly all in dots, showing it as yet not really explored. What a contrast to all this is the account of a real live regatta at the Victoria Falls, when boats with their crews were sent from all the rowing centres in the Colony, and three thousand persons were present to witness the event !

The great Northern Expansion of the Empire in South Africa is undoubtedly due to the fertile brain and restless energy of Mr. Rhodes. His dream was not primarily of empire, but of unlocking the treasures of the earth by colonisation. Such colonisation, he foresaw, was bound to take place by one Power or another, and the British Empire fired his imagination and lay near his heart. It has been as much a law in the development of mankind that the civilised races finding themselves crowded should impinge on land left waste by the uncivilised possessors, as that in the physical world water should find its level. Rhodes had an almost passionate belief in the British Empire ; not only a patriotic love which was strong, but a belief in its greater powers of adaptability. For many years in regard to this movement northwards he was a voice crying in the wilderness.

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The English people, and largely the Colonists, only thought of these great Northern uplands as regions where adventurous spirits like Livingstone and Burton and Speke might carry on explorations, where our missionary societies might establish outposts, where an occasional trader might barter buttons for ivory, or where a great hunter like Selous might shoot big game. After the Zulu War the Boers of the Transvaal had taken advantage of the disorganised condition of Zululand, and, ever ready for any opening to trek, had seized large tracts of land in that country which they mapped out in farms, and established what was called the New Republic. This was soon absorbed into the Transvaal. Moved by this success, President Kruger conceived the daring plan of shutting up the road from Cape Colony into the interior. This scheme was hardly dreamed of as a part of Transvaal policy, even by Mr. Rhodes. He discovered what was going on when taking a journey to Bechuanaland to arrange matters with the native chief, Mankoroane, about seventy of whose farms had been unwittingly included in the survey of the boundary of Griqualand West. Mr. Rhodes found a complete cordon of Boer farms, which, if allowed to continue under Transvaal control, would have effectually barred any advance of British colonisation, or indeed exploration into the interior. Here were no isolated parties, as it had been supposed, of freebooters and adventurous settlers, but an organised attempt to hold the key to the interior on the part of the Transvaal President.

Neither the Cape Legislature nor the British Government could be made to see the importance of keeping open this route northwards. Mr. Rhodes was well-nigh in despair of succeeding in his great attempt. But at this time a movement was made by Germany which aroused the British Government from their supineness. Germany proclaimed as her territory a large slice of the *Hinterland* of Walfisch Bay. A glance at the map will show that Bechuanaland (at the time spoken of being

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gradually dotted over by little independent Boer republics, such as Stellaland and the Land of Goshen), stretches right across from the Transvaal to this newly-acquired German territory. On the very day the London Convention with the Transvaal was signed, Lord Derby, previously informed of the condition of affairs by Sir Hercules Robinson at the instigation of Mr. Rhodes, wired to him to proclaim a British Protectorate over Bechuanaland. The open way seemed thus permanently secured. Mr. Mackenzie was sent as Deputy Commissioner of the newly established protectorate. His most difficult task, says Mr. Hensman, was to make the Boer republics of Stellaland and Rooi Grand recognise the new order of things as proclaimed by England. In this he utterly failed. So serious was the state of things that Sir Hercules Robinson, in a conversation with Mr. Rhodes, actually gave expression to the belief that 'Bechuanaland was lost,' and that the route to the North must be relinquished just as it seemed in our grasp. Mr. Rhodes was determined to make a final effort. With the consent of Sir Hercules Robinson, he went up to Bechuanaland himself and Mr. Mackenzie was recalled. He found not only these republics openly defying British authority, but, with a fine contempt of the Protectorate, attacking the chief Montsioa, *backed up by a strong commando from the Transvaal*. He made at once for Van Niekirk's camp. Mr. Henson, in recounting this, says, 'His assurance and contempt of danger, in putting himself unarmed and alone at the mercy of the Stellalanders, rather took the Boers aback, while the free and easy manner in which he mingled with them, as though totally unconscious of their threatening attitude, completely non-plussed them.' Bent on prosecuting his scheme of conciliation, and yet preserving intact the British Protectorate, he strolled over to Delarey's tent one morning, and quietly invited himself to breakfast. With that hospitality which is one of the pleasantest features of the Boer character, the unexpected visitor was made

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welcome. While breakfast was being prepared, Delarey turned to Rhodes with a grim look, and said abruptly, 'Blood must flow!' 'Well,' retorted Rhodes coolly, 'give me my breakfast, and we'll talk of blood afterwards.' In the end he won Delarey over to his way of thinking. He stayed a week in the camp, during which he became godfather to Delarey's grandchild, and came away with the terms of settlement in his pocket. But the Boers of Rooi Grond, backed up by the Transvaal Commandant Niekirk, refused to agree to the terms, and President Kruger dealt a death-blow to the settlement by declaring Bechuanaland annexed to the Transvaal. The proclamation, issued in direct terms, contravened one of the stipulations of the London Convention. This was too much for the Imperial Government. Sir Charles Warren was despatched with his force. And finally, at a conference between Rhodes, Kruger, and Warren, an agreement was come to. Kruger withdrew his proclamation and Bechuanaland remained a British Protectorate. The way for the Northern Expansion was thus finally cleared of all barriers, without a shot being fired. Owing chiefly to Mr. Rhodes, all the individual titles of the Boers were confirmed on their full acceptance of the British flag. Judge Shippard, who was appointed Commissioner to inquire into and settle these titles, stated to Mr. T. E. Fuller (now Sir T. E. Fuller) that he went up with a strong feeling of doubt as to whether the Boer possessors ought to be confirmed in their titles, but after careful inquisition he came to the conclusion that Mr. Rhodes was quite right in his view that such ought to be done.

In 1885, at Khama's urgent request, the British Protectorate had been extended over that excellent chief's territory. It was on the country north of this that Mr. Rhodes had his eye, a vast tract of land extending from the Limpopo, the northern boundary both of the Transvaal and Khama's country, far beyond the Zambesi up to Lake Tanganika on the east, and the Congo Free

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State on the north. At that time it was under the iron sway of Lobengula. But there were others beside Mr. Rhodes who desired to utilise its vast tracts of unoccupied land. The Portuguese Government for the first time put in a claim to the whole of Lobengula's territory. Owing to Lord Salisbury's firm intervention, the Portuguese withdrew their claim. But President Kruger, foiled in his attempt on Stellaland, was busy with this great chief. It became a duel between him and Mr. Rhodes. Lobengula, however, would have nothing to do with the Boers. Mr. Rhodes' method of procedure was quite different from that of either the Portuguese or of Mr. Kruger. The astute Transvaal diplomatist knew that to adopt his usual plan of sending raiding parties to seize on farms would be of no avail with such a warlike chief as Lobengula. He accordingly sent letters inviting that chief to unite with him in opposing British expansion. The letters were handed to Mr. Selous, the great hunter, to interpret. They professed great tenderness for the Matabele, and endeavoured to arouse suspicions against the British. Later Mr. Rhodes heard that the Boers in the north of the Transvaal were organising a raid on a large scale into Matabeleland. An interview was at once held with Sir Hercules Robinson. The Imperial Government felt that until Lobengula should ask it, no protectorate could be proclaimed over Matabeleland. They agreed, however, to a proposal embodied in what is now known as the Moffat Treaty, by which a written assurance was obtained from 'The Dusky Monarch,' that if at any time he wished to place his country under the protection of any other State, Great Britain was to have the right of pre-emption.

It was now that Mr. Rhodes conceived the plan of a Chartered Company. The British East India Company and the Dutch East India Company furnished precedents; by the latter Cape Colony had been first settled. As a preliminary step Lobengula was first waited upon by a goodly envoy of three. They proved equal to the task,

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and a document was signed conceding to them and their representatives the sole right to search for minerals in his dominions, coupled with the right to exclude all others to whom concessions had not previously been made. In return for this he received 1000 rifles and 100,000 cartridges, £100 per month, and a steam gunboat to patrol the Zambesi. The wisdom of agreeing to supply rifles and ammunition to so warlike a monarch has been severely questioned. The next step was the promotion of the Chartered Company. The glamour of Empire-making no doubt added to any commercial expectations in causing the shares of this Company to be snapped up in the City. It can hardly be said, to be a commercial success at present, but it has opened up a country two thousand miles in length and one thousand in breadth, over which the British flag now waves. It is no part of this book to discuss the rights and wrongs of colonisation or to give any detailed account of the events which followed in this particular instance. It may, or it may not, have been the duty of the white inhabitants of Victoria to stand by while Lobengula's impis massacred the Mashonas. But it may not be out of place to ask all, before they condemn, at least to make themselves acquainted with the facts. From first to last it was, at any rate, the chief interest of the Company to avoid war, and I think no one will deny that never was so vast a tract of land acquired with so little fighting, and with no expense whatever to the British taxpayer.

The Northern Expansion, as conceived by Mr. Rhodes, included a project which strikes the imagination far more than even the acquisition of this vast territory, as ground where the overplus of population might find scope for settlement. The construction of the railway from the Cape to Cairo when first mentioned by him sounded almost quixotic, but gradually it assumed the character of a practical scheme. It is this that gives chief interest to the historic wave of the hand which accompanied his famous expression, 'All red from Cape to Cairo.' It

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was no vulgar greed of land, no claptrap flag-waving, but the grand idea of a great highway for the nations from one end of Africa to the other, a great highway not for the British only, but for all peoples, for it is common knowledge that wherever Britain has control of a commercial route it is a way open to all without partiality. The 'All red' idea has not been quite fulfilled, but there is reason to believe that in course of time the railway will be constructed and the open door maintained, although the master hand is stilled from all activity. It has already reached about two hundred miles north of the Zambesi, and is progressing one mile a day. It is only fair to say that the extension of the railway beyond Kimberley was first moved in the House by the present Agent-General, Sir T. E. Fuller, K.C.M.G. The keen interest which Mr. Rhodes took in the construction of this railway is perhaps most conspicuous in what took place during his negotiations for the amalgamation of the Diamond Mining Companies. In the final interview with the late Barney Barnato he well-nigh wrecked this great scheme of amalgamation by his resolute determination that a large sum out of the profits of the amalgamated companies now known as De Beers should be annually set aside for the construction of this railway. The interview lasted from twelve at noon one day to the early hours of the next. Barnato insisted with perfect truth that it was not 'business.' 'Certainly not,' said Rhodes in effect, 'if "business" means merely money-making, but we stand for the advance of civilisation.' In the end Rhodes prevailed, the amalgamation was secured, and the subsidy to the railway guaranteed. It is only fair to Mr. Beit to say that he thoroughly and heartily backed Mr. Rhodes in this wider view of the duties attached to capital.

The chief early development of Rhodesia itself will not proceed on the main northern line above Bulawayo, but on a branch from this town westward through Salisbury to Umtali, and thence by a short route to the

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Portuguese port of Beira. Upon the district served by this line the near future development of Rhodesia will proceed. The gold mines near Salisbury, called the Bankets Mines, are just now attracting most attention, and upon the mining industry largely rests the immediate future of the country, but Rhodesia, both by climate and soil, is essentially a white man's country for other purposes than mining, and any man with knowledge and experience and a small capital may at once obtain shelter and food ; but for more than this, at present, he depends on the markets afforded by the gold mines. And these markets are increasing their demands as the output of gold increases. This output is now approaching in value £1,500,000 per annum. This is enough in itself to make it clear that the farming industry will not have to seek far for a market for its produce.

But if we look at Rhodesia from the other side it is even more interesting. I have received lately several communications which indicate a healthy satisfaction with their lot on the part of these early settlers. Of course, many would tell a different tale. But let any one compare the history of early settlements in Australia or Albany with those in Rhodesia and the balance is distinctly in favour of Rhodesia. One tells of success in bee-keeping as an adjunct to agriculture, another of Mr. Ewing's successful work with Angora goats, but the main thing is that there are dotted all about the district indicated a number of farms doing well. Rhodesia is no longer a mere experiment ; the foundations are laid and the walls are built, as Mr. Bromwich is fond of saying. It is found to be a country that will grow almost everything. Bulawayo, with its four or five thousand white inhabitants, and Salisbury with over a thousand, are solid proofs in themselves of a background of successful settling on the land. The buildings in Bulawayo are a marvel to look at. These, it is true, have been raised by imported capital, but they indicate the absolute faith which some of the shrewdest men in the world have in the resources

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of the country, and the fitness of soil and climate for the white settler. Be it freely admitted, however, that Rhodesia is no place for the man who thinks that when he was born a law was passed that he should spend his days warm-bedded and lavender-scented. But it is a place for the pioneer with patience and pluck in his breast, with perseverance in his purpose, stiffness in his backbone, grey matter in his cerebrum, and a fair amount of brads in his pocket.

Many lions are in the way, for along with a splendid vigour-imparting air, there is malaria to be encountered, but it is being encountered and science is already dealing with it successfully. It is no worse than in some parts of Natal, Italy, and a dozen other countries. There are also pests that attack the crops, there are tiger cats for the goats, though Mr. Ewing has already checkmated these; there is, in common with other parts of the Colony, African coast fever for the cattle. But opposed to all these there are men who are everywhere proving more than their match. Rhodesia was formerly the premier cattle country of British South Africa, and when the disease has been stamped out there is no reason for doubting that she will again hold that position. Observers tell us that locusts, the scourge of South Africa, are not nearly so prevalent as in the Transvaal and in the northern parts of the old Colony. But drought is as great an enemy here as anywhere, and a recent visitation has been the cause of much loss and many a jeremiad. There is abundant proof that with irrigation schemes and the conserving of water the farmer can find employment throughout the year and get two and even three crops.

Cattle and sheep farming will hold on in spite of the same diseases and difficulties that are met with in the older settlements. The staple products will continue to be those which supply food for man and beast. But there are other capabilities of the soil and climate which are, as it were, crying for civilisation to turn them into products. Cotton, of what is termed the 'bread and

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butter' type, can be grown to any extent, and some very fine results have been obtained. Mr. Charles Wolstenholme, who has been testing the cotton on behalf of the British Cotton Growing Association, has the utmost faith in the possibilities of Rhodesia as a cotton-producing centre, and makes the following statement :—' The samples of Rhodesian cotton grown from seeds in various parts of the country have yielded the most satisfactory results possible.' ' We have applied every test, and find that the Rhodesian cotton is the duplicate of Texan cotton, which is largely used in Lancashire, and which it has been impossible to grow in any other Colony.' According to information received by the above association, Rhodesia can produce 750,000 bales per year, which is considered sufficient to steady the world's market and to protect the British cotton industry from speculations such as have of recent years hampered it. Capital to any extent is in readiness to develop the Rhodesian project, and the only difficulty that is anticipated is that of coloured labour for the plantations. A number of experts who have inspected the samples agree that they are of an excellent character, and may be grown in such abundance as to justify a prediction that Rhodesia will in the course of a few seasons provide a final solution of England's cotton problem.'

Rubber trees grow wild, and already in the Melsetta district south of Umtali have been successfully produced in plantations. Tobacco, both of the Virginian and Turkish order, has been grown and prepared of such a fine character that experts say it can only be equalled by the finest grown in America and Turkey. This is not a book of statistics, but it may be worth noting that in the year ending April, 1906, there was to have been an increase in the output of 300 per cent. over former years. The figures in the *Cape Agricultural Journal* (p. 152) state that 147,353lb. of tobacco were grown. ' I compute,' said a first-rate authority to me personally, ' the increase for the season 1905-6 to be 300 per cent.'

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It is worth any one's while to go and see the beautiful samples at the Company's museum in London Wall Buildings.

In point of beauty and vastness the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi challenge comparison with anything in the world, while the ruins of the temple at Zimbabwe, the origin of which most authorities ascribe to the Arabs in very ancient times and others to the Kafirs at a more recent date, are of interest enough to make a journey to see them well repaid to all interested in such things. But not alone by way of attracting visitors are the Falls an asset to the Company. Great hopes are now being entertained that they will before very long be utilised for supplying power to the Witwatersrand. Leading American and Continental engineers and experts on the subject have already been consulted, and give their opinion that the plan is quite feasible and likely to prove a commercial success. There is plenty of money forthcoming either to take the power from the Falls as they are, or to increase the amount by the construction of a canal, by which means a million horsepower could be produced.

No one can read the story of the Northern Expansion, or dwell on the work now going on in the mines, the adventurous prospecting for both gold and diamonds, the railway speeding on to the copper districts, the hundreds of farms of various kinds, some dotting the sides of the railway and some self-contained in the remote districts, without the feeling that the spirit of life is abroad and has breathed upon what was only a few years ago a vast region of desolation. Here, as in all British expansions, the civilising agencies, both religious and educational, are at work. Churches, chapels, schools, libraries, hospitals with efficient staffs, newspapers, clubs, and friendly societies all testify to mental and moral activity. Let me repeat that all this has been accomplished with no monetary aid from the British Government and with no expense to the British taxpayer.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

CAPE INSTITUTIONS

It is well known that the Cape Colony has now enjoyed responsible government for about thirty years. The Legislature consists of a Governor appointed from home, a Legislative Council of twenty-three members, and the Legislative Assembly of eighty-two members elected every five years. The laws administered are the Roman-Dutch modified by various Acts of Parliament and certain placats issued before the days of Parliament. There are six Ministers in the Cabinet, who are appointed by the Governor and responsible to the Cape Parliament. The comparatively recent appointment of a Minister of Agriculture has proved of great value. It is hoped and believed that, with his valuable staff of inspectors, aided by the bacteriological laboratories, the wholesale ravages of disease both among crops and cattle will be things of the past. Under his auspices the best modes of farming are brought to the notice of the farmers. The *Agricultural Journal*, the organ of the Department, gives scientific information and accounts of experiment in every branch, and it may be said with certainty that the farmers are becoming fully alive to the importance of the new methods recommended.

The members of the House have expenses allowed them for travelling and for residence in Capetown during the session. Without in any way touching upon politics, it may be mentioned that the present Government, at the head of which is Dr. Jameson, is very much hampered

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by the financial difficulties resulting from the present depression. Retrenchment is everywhere the order of the day.

Coming next to ecclesiastical matters. By the judgment of Lord Westbury, then Lord Chancellor of England, the Church in the Province of South Africa was pronounced free of any State control such as the Church of England enjoys or labours under, according to the views that people take. It appoints its own Bishops. There is no doubt that it exerts a great influence in the Colony.

Among the Dutch, the Dutch Reformed Church is all-powerful ; its form of worship is much like that of the Free Churches in England. The Synod, composed partly of laymen, exercises immense influence in every part of South Africa where the Dutch are found. The *Kirkraad* enter the church dressed in black, with white ties, with the minister, and sit in pews near the pulpit. The 'Nachtmaal,' elsewhere described, is held every three months. It is a season of great interest, not alone for its solemn rites, but as a meeting of friends and relatives. If you, after the service, follow some of the groups, you will come upon some singing hymns much in the same spirit that you hear the Sunday excursionists in the North of England. A little further on and you come upon a wagon, where the father of a family is conducting the evening devotion. But as you move quietly along you are pretty certain to disturb a youth and maiden doing what almost all have done in their turn, *i.e.* repeating the old tale to each other. But their by-talk is not of their last dance, but of the special merits of their span of oxen or their difficulties in mastering the Catechism, and their triumph or failure in the examination for confirmation, which it is necessary to pass before they can be married. It has a curious effect in the up-country districts at the season of 'Nachtmaal,' after the Boers with their families have retired, to turn to the quarters of the natives ; here you find a different scene from that which has been enacted by the whites—

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sometimes hymn-singing, but more often dancing and merriment to the tune of a fiddle or concertina. During the day, between the services, a most active business is carried on both among the farmers themselves and at the various stores. Here they will be in full swing, examining and making comment on the articles for sale, but at the first note of the bell for next service the women drop the piece of soft goods which is the object of their desire, the men will drop the axe the edge of which they are trying, seize the hymn-book, and off to church. One well used to this sort of thing remarks, 'The store keeper must be a smart man who is sure that he is paid for all the goods that leave his premises.' It sounds rather cynical, but the writer has no means of testing its truth. As soon as the various services are over, the oxen are inspanned and the wagons are off with their human freight, all the family furnished with a subject of conversation for another three months, some of the young with a new secret joy, others, alas! with a burning disappointment.

During the three months' interval before the next 'Nachtmaal,' examinations are held of all the young people who have attained the age of fifteen. The nature of this examination has been described in the chapter on the Transvaal and Orange River Colony. Once passed, the young folk become full church members and are then, and not till then, eligible for marriage. The momentous importance of it will therefore be easily recognised. The nervous strain on our young English people when waiting to know the results of the examination is about enough. I speak feelingly myself both from personal experience and from being with young fellows at such times of waiting. I have seen young men with ordinarily indifferent airs turn pale to the lips when failure is announced and literally dance with excited joy when successful. Now if there be added the naturally greater nervousness of the female temperament, and the fact that marriage (the only thing to which a Boer girl has to look forward)

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depends upon the result, the chagrin felt at failure will be well understood. These details show the intimate relation between the ecclesiastical and the civil life of the people. It gives greater power to the minister than that in other Protestant countries.

There has never been any real secession from the Dutch Reformed Church in South Africa, but there is a sect within the Church which demands notice. The Doppers, as they are called, are the Quakers of the body. They eschew all ornaments in dress. Let worldly people trouble about what clothes they wear, their clothes are always black; they often wear crape to remind them of death. The men wear the old Quaker broad-brimmed hat. In their services they sing no hymns; they are not inspired; they drone out the psalms in sepulchral tones. Everything about them is meant to be symbolic of humility of heart. That is their only pride. Socrates said to the cynic Antisthenes that he could see his pride through the holes in his cloak. You can see these people's sense of superiority in their garb of humility and their spiritual exaltation 'in their groaning state of body.' Their very children are infected. These 'laughless souls' destroy all mirth in their young folk. A burst of laughter is frowned down in common life as merriment would ordinarily be in the chamber of death. No Dopper boy can ever 'play,' and as they do little work they are, as a whole, a sorry crew, fat, self-indulgent, retrogressive. The Dopper carries his severe ideas even to the kind of Bible from which he reads. A Bible with clear white paper and gilt edges would be suspected of heresy. The only class who like these people are the storekeepers, who make them pay for their peculiarities, and in truth find them honest in their payments. They are very high in their Calvinism, and have some doubt of salvation except in the Dutch language printed in old black letter.

The ordinary Boer and Dopper alike have a natural distrust of the administration of justice in the English

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language. Education is, however, gradually overcoming this, and if English is not forced on them it will gradually win its way as at least a civilised if not very religious tongue.

Each other section of religion has its several institutions—the various Nonconformists their places of worship, the Jews their synagogues, and the Mohammedans their mosques, but nothing differentiates them from those in other religions.

A Colony in itself is an Educational Institute, but, like schools, it sometimes cramps and sometimes draws out all that is in a man. I know men, to-day occupying high posts at home, and fulfilling all that their position demands with distinction, who but for their Indian, South African, or Australian experiences would in all probability have remained in comparative obscurity for want of what perhaps may be called the adventurous training which Colonial life affords. England's advantage as a colonizing power is not limited to finding new fields for its surplus population. The number of capable public men is due largely to this wider school for training. History furnishes many examples. Present-day life is full of such men. None the less, on a certain class of mind the influence is narrowing and depressing. In speaking of the educational institutions of the Colony too much importance cannot be attached to its Public Libraries. One of these is found in every place where the population is enough to make it worthy of the name of a town. There is no such facility for getting books in small English towns. Taking names of the smaller ones at random, Cradock, with a population of between four and five thousand, has a public library of over seven thousand volumes; Aliwal North, of between two and three thousand, has likewise a good public library; Burghersdorp, with only one or two thousand people, also has its public library. Sums rising from two or three thousand pounds to more than twenty thousand have been spent on the buildings in which the books are

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housed. Books of all kinds may be found. While I was a resident in King William's Town as much as £100 was spent in one order exclusively on books of reference. Up-to-date biographies, books of travel, and novels are everywhere procured, while the highest class magazines, such as the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Contemporary Review*, as well as the more popular ones, are in circulation. The library committee is chosen by the subscribers at an annual meeting. Not infrequently at these annual meetings either the chairman, or some townsman fitted to do so, gives a short lecture on some literary or other subject of interest. A public character is given to these libraries by what is called the pound for pound principle, the Government giving up to a certain limit a pound to every pound of subscription. At the head of these institutions is the South African Public Library at Capetown, with its forty thousand volumes of modern books. Attached to it is the Grey Library of five thousand volumes, mostly rare and valuable (the gift of Sir George Grey), among which are original editions of the works of Shakespeare, Spenser, Defoe, and manuscripts, some richly illuminated, dating from the ninth century. The collection of the *native* literature of Africa, Australia, and New Zealand is unique in its completeness.

The Press, moreover, in South Africa as elsewhere, is an important element in education. The general tone of the newspapers is excellent, while in the conduct of some of them have been men whose names stand high not only in South Africa but at home also. At King William's Town there is published a paper in Kafir, the editor of which is himself a Kafir, whom I knew personally, and who is a very clever man.

The schools and colleges are, however, at the foundation of the education of the people. The staff of these various institutions have sometimes an educational force beyond the boys and girls whom they teach, and often introduce a more modern tone into the community.

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The Cape system of school education is worth more than a passing word. The general scheme was first introduced by Sir John Herschel, the astronomer, at that time resident in the Colony. It was enlarged and improved by the Act (in force until 1905) of 1865. By this Act three classes of schools were formed under Order A. (*i.e.* the European school), and in each case half the salary was paid by the central Government up to a certain limit. The rest was made up by the fees of the parents, special arrangements being made for those unable to pay. The subjects taught are much the same as in English institutions of the same class. The schools are under the management of a board elected by the local residents, subject in some things to the control of the Superintendent General. Religious instruction may be arranged for by the board of managers if they wish, but it must be given out of the legally appointed school hours. A regular system of inspection is carried on by men who have to report to the Superintendent General on the progress of the pupils, and the suitability of the school buildings and their fittings.

There are in this scheme three classes of schools. The curriculum in Class I. embraces all the subjects of what is called a liberal education. Testimony is borne to their general efficiency by the good position taken by many of the students who come home to complete their professional and more technical education. In some of the schools of this class, the pupils are prepared not only for the matriculation examinations, both of the London and Cape Universities, but also for the higher subjects required for taking the degree of B.A. For this purpose special grants are made in cases where the staff is sufficiently qualified, and where pupils are in attendance who are sufficiently advanced to avail themselves of the opportunity given. Class II. consists of the schools which teach only the elementary subjects. Class III. is the farm school. Wherever twenty pupils can be found a Government grant is given up to a certain amount,

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always provided a similar sum is guaranteed by the local committee of farmers.

This system of guarantee was an essential feature in each class of school. Hitherto this guarantee has been required from the various School Committees. By the Act of 1905, however, a different plan is adopted to meet whatever expenditure the School Committee may make over and above the fees paid by the pupils. The Divisional Council or the Municipal Council (in a municipal area) find one half and the central government the other half. The Act further provides that such expenditure must be strictly within the lines laid down by the Department of Education and after the accounts have been duly audited by its officers. These School Committees are in future to be appointed by regularly elected School Boards. The enforcement of compulsory attendance within limits strictly laid down by the Act is left entirely to the discretion of the School Boards. One important and much needed alteration made in this new Act is that no School Committee can in future of its own action dismiss a teacher. It must first submit its intention to the School Board, and, further, the confirmation of the Department must be received before the dismissal is carried out. The old Committees, though for the most part well fulfilling their task, had too often capricious and rough-and-ready ways of their own both in appointing and dismissing teachers which will in future be impossible.

The vexed question of native education cannot be discussed here ; but the following provisions are made for it. Government grants are made to the various mission schools on condition that they are applied to purely secular teaching. There are also State-aided Kafir schools, but the chief work is done at the various mission stations. Chief among these is the great institution of Lovedale by the Presbyterians. The Church of England at St. Mathew's, Keiskama Hoek, has a flourishing establishment under the skilful and energetic guidance

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of Rev. Mr. Taberer. The Wesleyans also have an important institution at Lesseyton. Certainly, as regards the safety and progress of the Colony, the work performed at all these stations is a signally important branch of the system of education.

Besides the schools under Order A. in which the higher education is given, there are several colleges, first among which stands the South African College, Capetown, the excellent work of which is referred to in the account of 'Life in Capetown.' Among other improvements in education every one will hail the greater attention that is being given to technical subjects. It is all very well for boys to be trained to read how Aeneas carried his father on his back from the ruins of Troy and conducted the remnant of the Trojans in their wanderings until they arrived at Latium and founded what afterwards became the Roman Empire ; or to rack their brains over abstruse quadratic equations or the mysteries of conic sections. In a country like South Africa, with its pests of locusts, its plague of droughts, and its difficulties of irrigation, some practical teaching is wanted as well. The same energy which the Transvaal is giving to technical instruction in mining engineering is needed in the Agricultural Department, and signs are not wanting that the Colony is waking up to these needs. Large boarding-schools for farmers' sons, where technical instruction is mingled with the more general subjects, is a crying need. The fees to the parents should be as low as possible. Not only should the aid of public grants be liberal, but surely there are Old Colonist men of great wealth, some living in England and some in South Africa, who would be willing to apply some of the money which they made there to the advancement of such a great purpose. I believe such would be forthcoming if a well-organised scheme on a sufficiently wide scale were laid before them.

The Colonial youths have proved themselves over and over again to be made of sterling stuff. I have always felt towards them genuine admiration ; some of them have

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left with me an abiding love. Personally I could wish for no finer lads to mingle with and teach. Idlers, of course, there were, but many genuine students who were also capital cricketers ; boys with as fine a moral tone as any in the world, manly fellows to whom my heart warms as I write. It is worth making great sacrifices to ensure a clearly defined and suitable training for boys who on both sides inherit such noble qualities. In one case from men who by their tenacity and skill saved Holland from the sea and delivered her from the iron yoke of Spain, and in the other from those who have made, perhaps, the greatest Empire the world has ever seen out of their rough island home.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

*RACIAL INSTINCT FOR SPORT**

THERE is no doubt that the younger generation of the Dutch in South Africa have taken to British sport with more whole-hearted enthusiasm than any other nation. The French play football to a great extent, but it is the dramatic side of the game that mainly appeals to them. They like the outward manifestation of the manly vigour that is required for the exercise of this sport. A Frenchman is in the seventh heaven if his jersey gets badly torn, and he will hang on to a few remaining shreds rather than don a new one. He takes a keen delight in ear-caps, knee-straps, and all such outward and visible signs of the fierceness of the combat he indulges in. Tradition has it that the French try-getter always does a sort of march past the pavilion. But he never takes the game really seriously.

The Americans take sport seriously enough, but they do not seem to have the sporting instinct; they play simply and solely to win, and not for the sake of the game itself. They think defeat spells disgrace, never mind how strenuously the conquered have fought, and when defeated they are apt to look to some outward cause for explanation rather than admit inferiority. Many an American would readily confess to having tried to bamboozle his opponent out of a win, but he would sooner die in his tracks than hold out his hand to congratulate a better man. Doubtless this is not the

* Contributed by Mr. G. K. Clive Fuller.

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case with all Americans, and especially not with the men of Harvard and other Universities, but men of this character push themselves forward so prominently that they are apt to be taken as samples.

Now the young Dutchman makes a fetish of his games, particularly Rugby football, and it is just the game that he loves. During the winter months he plays Rugby, talks Rugby, thinks Rugby, and probably dreams Rugby. Away out in the country, beneath the shadow of the rugged and picturesque Drakenstein, or in the beautiful valley of the Paarl, you may see bands of youngsters playing the game, and goal-posts are nearly as numerous as telegraph posts. And the players are nearly all Dutch. When a small boy holds a birthday party, the amusement takes the form of football.

Clubs are formed amongst the small fry, and great encounters take place. And the game is played properly. All these youngers have been in one time or another to Newlands to see Stevie Joubert, Japie Krige, or Paddy Carolin, and they have carried away vivid recollections of the prowess of these heroes. They are always imitating them, and striving to emulate them. Thus they go on until they go to school, and then, I am afraid, they think far more of football in particular and athletics in general than of books, albeit the Dutch youth is by no means a dunce.

But he knows his football by heart, and on Saturdays he is torn between conflicting emotions, for, dearly as he loves to play for his own club, so dearly does he love to watch the great encounters between Hamiltons, and Stellenbosch, and other senior clubs. Happy is he when he at last earns a place in the fourth team of some organisation belonging to the Union, for then he enters the vast arena of Cup football, when every game he plays has a meaning, and is shown in the various logs that appear in the papers from time to time.

I must say, also, that the Dutch boy has at present the sporting instinct pure and simple. His love of

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football is too great to allow of him taking any mean or unfair advantage. A generation is now springing up that kneels at the shrine in this fashion. No little self-sacrifice and self-denial is practised. Systematic training is indulged in, early hours kept, and no opportunity lost to gain some fresh knowledge of the game, and perfect that knowledge by practising it with unceasing energy.

Marvellous is his knowledge of the game, and thoroughly well-versed is he in its lore. He knows all the names of the great players both at home and out here. He has the form of all the clubs to a nicety, and he spots as instantly if Cardiff or Newport plays a new half-back as if it were his own native Stellenbosch or Paarl.

As most of his *confrères* also take kindly to the game and soon become adept at it, our hero has a tremendous tussle to fight his way from team to team. Not only has he hard work in gaining his place, but also in keeping it, for he knows well that even as the faltering wolf is devoured by his stronger comrades in the pack, so will the slightest slackness on his part cause the substitution of another in his place.

Japie Krige and boy De Villiers have now retired from the Stellenbosch three-quarter line, and a brother of each of the departed heroes has promptly stepped in, and according to the Press have already proved themselves worthy of their spurs, and little inferior to their great predecessors. So Stellenbosch's line still stands—Loubser, Krige, De Villiers, Stegmann—to all intents and purposes as great as ever.

Curiously enough their failing is in the forward line. To look at the Dutchman one would take him to be the ideal forward. Heavy and fast, if he only understood the game the Scots might well look to their laurels. But the young Dutchman has given his whole affection to the Welsh game. Those who do play forward, play merely to their backs. It is the vulnerable spot in the Western Province armour.

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I have laid stress on football in my remarks as, taking them all round, the Dutch are far more devoted to the Rugby game than any other. But I know some of them who are just as much in earnest over cricket. They could write down the Nottingham or Middlesex eleven or any other county team just as easily as they could name their own club mates. They know Hirst's batting or bowling average for seasons past, and will tell you all the leading incidents in the test matches during the last five years. Jackson's famous over is just as well known to them as to any one who was present at Lord's on that eventful day, and they could give Lord Hawke a lot of valuable assistance in picking an English team to do battle against their own champions.

But as yet they have not made their mark in this game as they have at Rugby football. Football abounds with their names both in the 'Province' and in the Transvaal. In cricket—good as many of them are—they have not yet reached high-water mark. J. J. Kotze is the only Dutchman amongst the team now touring England (1907). A lot of people are apt to think Reggie Schwarz is of Boer nationality, but only those who have not set eyes on this typical Englishman, for he is not even a Colonial. They are apt to make the same mistake about Vogler, who is of German extraction.

Our young Dutch friends also make their presence felt on the athletic ground and track. They are fine runners and jumpers. But above all their prowess, shines forth their honest love of British fairplay. In this they are British to the back-bone, for it seems to be innate in them and part of them. It may be that they are young at the game. May be they have yet to learn guile, and that in time to come they will show on the football field that 'slimness' for which they are so noted in the more serious paths of life as to have coined the very word itself. But I do not think so. Somehow they separate sport from everything else, and play it just for sport's sake. They are keen to win, but they do

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not place victory above everything, and they enjoy the game thoroughly even if they lose.

Whether this healthy love of sport they have developed will assist in bringing them nearer to the English race I cannot say. It may be that this generation of footballers, when they become fathers of families and see their grandsons engaged in friendly contest at Newlands and the Wanderers, will forget the old blood feud. It is certain that these same footballers now cherish no animosity towards their English fellow-sportsman.

In fact, the racial feeling is absolutely non-existent among the many devotees of football in South Africa. Mr. Louis B. Smuts, President of the Western Province Rugby Union and President of the Capetown Cricket Club, is, and always has been, well loved by every English sportsman in the country, and fought on our side in the struggle which we now hope is being forgotten.

It may be that the men who play the game—as these young Africanders do play the game—will prove to be genuine sportsmen and will recognize that the future of the country lies in the fostering of the feeling of amity between English and Dutch. No doubt this feeling is fostered on the football field, and if they will only carry it to the veldt we shall all say, ‘God speed.’

Mention may also be made of the great interest which the Cape Malay takes in both cricket and football. On both the classic enclosures at Newlands, whether on the more picturesque ground on the farther side of the railway, shaded by the tall pine trees, devoted to cricket, or on the more business-like football ground nearer the mountain, with its line of huge stands all along one side, the red fez of the Malay is an outstanding feature of the ‘bob-a-nobbers.’ In each case he predominates amongst the ordinary crowd. At the football enclosure, as well as the open ground along the touch-line on the side nearest the station, he also has a covered stand that looks end-on to the ground. And there is

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little about the game that he does not know, and very little escapes his watchful eye. He also plays, and many clubs are organised by the swarthy brethren. He is very fond of fancy names, such as Good Hope or Perséverance, which he pronounces with the accent on the second syllable.

Cricket is, however, his first love, and his allegiance has never wavered. For one thing, he loves the warm summer months and the luxury of lying outstretched on the greensward idly watching his favourite pastime. Not that he does not play, too. Saturday morning's paper is full of fixtures and names of Malay cricketers, and if you are in the vicinity of Adderley Street Station at about 1 p.m. on that day, you will see hundreds of Malays foregathering in white trousers and boots and blazers and the inevitable fez.

At batting he is no great adept, but he is a nasty bowler. I have seen Malay bowlers at the nets at Newlands upset the wickets of many a great English batsman time after time, and many good judges considered that Hendricks would have made a great name at home. But the authorities wisely decided against the experiment; and the Malay still plays by himself, though he, too, is a sportsman.

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